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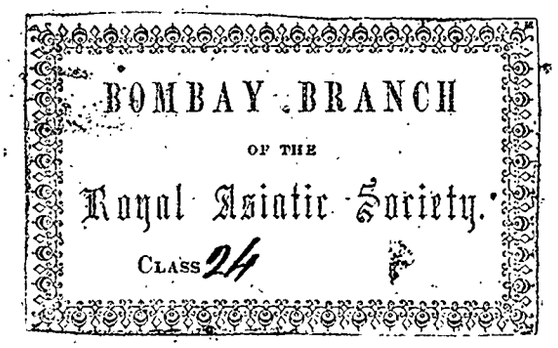

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PUNCH

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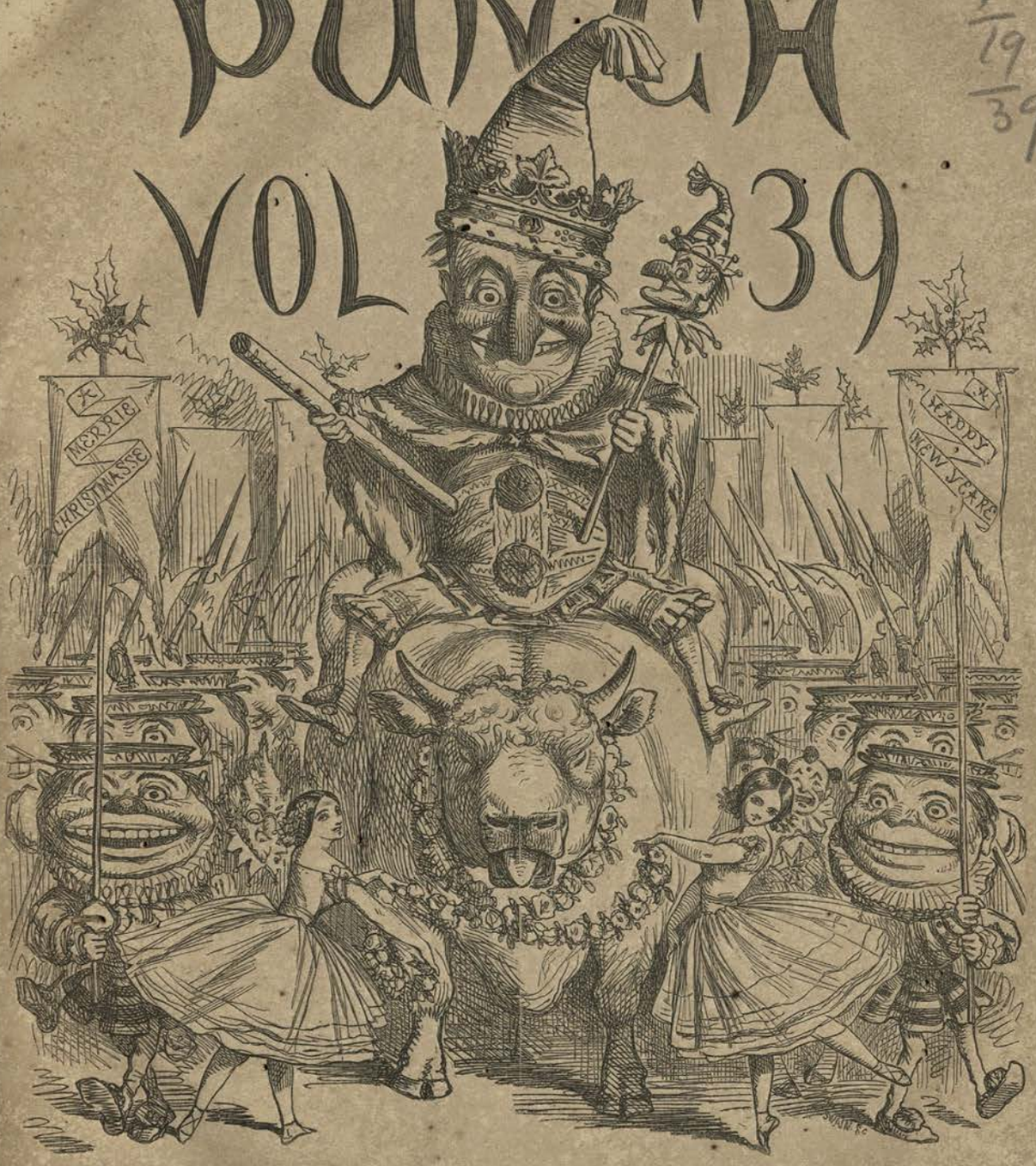

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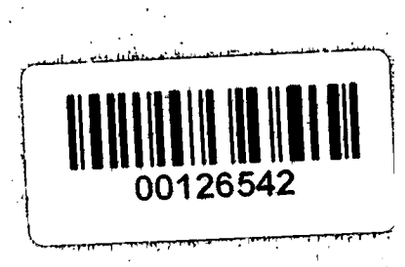
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PREFACE

THE GREAT REFORMER CONFUCIUS AND THE GREATER REFORMER, MR. PUNCH, MEET IN THE CATHEDRAL OF PEKIN.

PUNCH. Hail, most illustrious, preposterous, and antibilious philosopher! I forget your honourable and distinguished Chinese name.

CONFUCIUS. My ignoble and contemptible appellation in the vulgar language of this unworthy country is spelt KOONG-FOO-TSEE, oh, nine times to be venerated and idolised PUNCH! The intolerable Jesuits converted it (I entreat your pardon for speaking again on so miserable a matter) into the ridiculous Latin word by which I am ticketed in literature.

PUNCH. Odoriferous and beatific KOONG-FOO-TSEE, I trust that your adorable wife and your unapproachable son are well.

CONFUCIUS. Elaborated and interminable PUNCH, it is fitting that the microscopic details of my insignificant history should escape your lordly recollection, and that you should not accord in the golden amber of your celestial mind a place for such undignified flies as my objectionable old woman and my unappreciable brat. Else you might remember that I turned them both out of my abominable doors, in order that I might be undisturbed in my philosophic meditations for the good of China.

PUNCH. Ah! so you did, most philanthropic, and thereby you transcended myself, who only beat my wife and threw my baby out of window. But still we are brothers, and I am ecstatic at meeting you in this place. I hope that the hymns of the West, once more chanted in the Cathedral of Pekin, have not been offensive to you, KOONG-FOO-TSEE.

CONFUCIUS. Nay, most considerate, I rejoice that a war which began in smuggling ends in psalmody.

PUNCH. None of your scoffs, most analytic. Do you not see that it is to your own teaching that the Chinese owe any little inconvenience or humiliation they may have sustained?

CONFUCIUS. Telescopic and retrospective PUNCH, may I be eviscerated if I see anything of the kind.

PUNCH. Thou wert *monops inter cæcos*, KOONG-FOO-TSEE, but I may now remark, that there thou goest with thine eye out.

CONFUCIUS. My object is truth, O PUNCH, and I would humbly request elucidation of thy proposition.

PUNCH. Thou didst write a heap of books, KOONG-FOO-TSEE, and thou didst preach a heap of sermons, and thou didst make some seventy thousand disciples, of whom seventy-two were Stunners and ten were Out-and-Outers.

CONFUCIUS. My contemptible public history, O PUNCH, seems at the ends of thy aristocratic fingers.

PUNCH. No, Sir, I have nothing there but eight Chesterfieldian nails, which I flatter myself are neatly cut by the affectionate scissors of the partner of my expenses and heart. But I have perused your Life. You founded a system on which became based the morals and manners of China.

CONFUCIUS. All is serene.

PUNCH. No, Sir, all is not Serene, and what serenity has endured for so many centuries has not been the repose of virtue, but the stagnation of impotence. You taught passive obedience, the divine right of Kings, and an outward and artificial morality, which, in combination with your theocratic doctrines, made the Chinaman an automaton. So he has become vicious and helpless, and we have been obliged to invent Armstrong guns in order to rectify the defects of your system. Now, *you* are shut up. Or do you want to argufy?

CONFUCIUS. O, concise and irresistible! I am convinced. I knock my head—theoretically—ninety-nine times on this pavement, and own myself duller than its thickest stone.

PUNCH. Enough, KOONG-FOO-TSEE, when a gentleman apologises, no more must be said. And how do you think we have put together the Chinese Puzzle?

CONFUCIUS. Well, O PUNCH, the war is over, the Chinese will have to pay some five millions of pounds sterling, and trade will be thrown open. But I confess that a great deal more is wanting, before it can be said that the West has done its work for the regeneration of the East.

PUNCH. Proceed, apostle of the Blue Firmament, which, as you ought to have known, is not blue at all.

CONFUCIUS. Can we all be Punches? Let me say that China wants a Teacher.

PUNCH (*colouring deeply*). It may be so.

CONFUCIUS. A Teacher who can do what I failed in effecting. One who, from the elevated platform of a magnificent intellect, can survey mankind from the spot on which we stand to Peru, wherever that is—

PUNCH. It is in South America, and is situated between 3° 30′ and 21° 28′ south latitude, 68° 20′ and 81° 20′ west longitude, you ignorant old bloater.

CONFUCIUS. I don't care. A Teacher, I say, who combines the sternest justice with the kindest affection; Custom, and Faith, and Power who spurneth, from guilt and fear whose heart is free, ardent and pure as day who burneth, for cold and dark mortality—

PUNCH. If you are going to spout SHELLEY all the afternoon, I shall light a cigar. I always take smoke with my poetry.

CONFUCIUS. You know whom I was endeavouring to describe.

PUNCH (*modestly*). Acting up to the precept GNOTHI SEAUTON, I do.

CONFUCIUS. Then, do your duty, O Magnanimous, and be the Guide, Philosopher, and Friend of China.

PUNCH (*covered with blushes*). My dear KOONG-FOO-TSEE, I will. I am just sending out to the world in general, and Pekin in particular, my

Thirty-Ninth Volume.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

NOVEMBER—no, *June* (at least the Almanack says so) *the 25th, Monday.* LORD STRATHEDEN, the son of the LORD CHANCELLOR, made his maiden display as a Peer, and with success, filially beating the Government of which his Governor is a member. There is a place on the east coast of Africa called Mozambique. There is a place on the south-west of Europe called Portugal. The former is a station belonging to the latter. The Slave-trade is largely favoured, despite professions to the contrary, by Portugal. LORD STRATHEDEN thinks that if England keeps a Consul at Mozambique, he could keep an eye on the slavemongers, and in some sort shame the Portuguese into pretending to be a little more earnest in repressing the traffic. The young Lord wisely brought down two big guns to fire upon the Government, and DR. WILBERFORCE and LORD BROUGHAM both blazed away with great effect, the latter taking the opportunity of laying into the Americans for their treatment of the Negro. SOMERSET snapped and GRANVILLE grumbled, but STRATHEDEN was stubborn, and on division HER MAJESTY'S Government were defeated by 11 to 6, and an address for a Consul was decreed. "Weel done, my bairnie," murmured the CHANCELLOR. "I'll say ye're nae just sic a Sumph as the unrighteous hae ca'd ye."

In the Commons there was a Scene. The Bankruptcy Bill, the great measure of the year, was placed in imminent peril, and (*Mr. Punch* must say) unwisely, by a sudden fit of imaginary justice with which divers Members were seized. The bankruptcy system has always been a blunder, and the last legislation for amending it made it horribly worse, so much so that the Mercantile World contemns and neglects the Court. SIR RICHARD BETHELL, laudably desirous to cleanse the Augean stable, proposes to turn a stream of some six hundred clauses of new law into it, and among the arrangements of our legal HERCULES, there is a provision for relieving the fund contributed by the estates of unfortunate bankrupts from certain compensations, rendered necessary by the absurdities of former legislation. It certainly seems hard that the country should throw on the suitors the costs of mistakes made by the country's own representatives. And considering that the sum itself is but about £20,000, and is yearly diminished, it was not much to make a fuss about. But SIR HENRY WILLOUGHBY and some others made fight, and with some claptraps about the hardship of taxing the people for a Court they do not use (what do the Conservatives say when the same argument is employed about the Church of England in Ireland?) they managed on division to reject this part of the plan by 111 to 98. MR. MALINS, a leading Conservative, told his friends they had been voting in perfect ignorance of the subject; a polite remark seconded by MR. BRIGHT with the intimation that they did so upon many other occasions. SIR HERCULES BETHELL then declared that he would not go on with a scheme that had been thus mutilated. This made a great sensation, and finally he was prevailed upon to say that he would give the House another chance. The debate was to have been resumed at the end of the week, but the beestly weather has produced the same effect upon the ATTORNEY-GENERAL as upon most other people, and he is ill. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL, however, stated on Friday, that the measure is to be proceeded with.

A Game Certificate measure was agreed to, on the distinct understanding that it was to afford no new protection to Rabbits, against which class of our fellow-creatures several Members spoke very bitterly. The Church Property Bill had been much opposed, but on LORD JOHN RUSSELL (whose family is an authority on the question of Church Property) explaining that it was not at all confiscatory, it was read a Second time.

Tuesday. The new and able Archbishop of York, DR. LONGLEY, came out in the House of Peers in his elevated capacity, but on a subject connected with his old diocese, and the application of ecclesiastical tin to local purposes. Many Lords talked, and the Archbishop carried the Second Reading of his Bill, which is a just one.

Ireland had the Pull in the Commons to-day, the morning sitting being chiefly occupied with an Irish Landlord and Tenant Bill, and the evening opening with a much more interesting affair—namely, a personal debate. MR. CONOLLY, Conservative, delivered a great Philippic against LORD CARLISLE, Lord Lieutenant, declaring that he was a very bad Viceroy, and made very objectionable appointments. One great crime of LORD CARLISLE'S, in the estimation of his enemies, is his having made a MR. LYLE Lord Lieutenant of Londonderry. MR. LYLE is a Master in Chancery, and in every way a suitable man for the appointment; but he was so obnoxious to the vulgar Irish Squires, that, when he presented himself as the representative of the QUEEN, none of the Grand Jury rose to receive him. The idea of paying any attention to the opinion of men who knew no better than to insult their SOVEREIGN, through her officer, is too preposterous to occur to anybody but an Irish partisan. There was a good deal of scoffing at LORD CARLISLE by other speakers, and COLONEL FRENCH abused him

for "inaugurating a Turkish bath, entertaining at dinner a troop of theatrical performers, and a horse-tamer at breakfast, and attending the opening a shop in Grafton Street, where he drank a glass of champagne and made a speech to the assembled shopkeepers and astonished cabmen." MR. GREGORY made a spirited and convincing defence of the LYLE appointment, and LORD PALMERSTON and MR. HORSMAN spoke up warmly for their friend LORD CARLISLE. Of the legions of incidental matters dragged into such a debate *Mr. Punch* would despair to treat, unless he published a double supplement and an appendix; but on the whole LORD CARLISLE came off very well. A case of local distress in Ireland next came on, but MR. POPE HENNESSY could not show that there was any reason for Imperial interference.

The Monster, MR. SIDNEY HERBERT, then introduced a valuable Bill for Improving the Militia Laws. The Militia are not to be seduced into the regular Army, and the object is to make them a separate and reserve force, to be embodied only in case of emergency. The Monster made an admirable speech, and his proposals were received with merited applause.

Wednesday. The Bill for relieving the poor creatures engaged in Bleaching and Dyeing Works was considered in Committee, and very much hindered by those who, as MR. EDWIN JAMES told them, thought that children were sent into the world for nothing else but to be used up in manufactures. But very large majorities were ranged on the side of humanity.

Thursday. A singular act of homage was paid to the House of Lords. Their Lordships were sitting in the morning in Appeal, when some poor Indian, whose untutored mind was utterly overpowered by the spectacle of so much wisdom and gravity, set up a yell, and, pulling out a knife, proceeded to offer himself up as a sacrifice to the Idols of the Nation. However, the operation was prevented, and the votary, being removed to a neighbouring hospital, was found to have done himself no particular harm by his preliminary to a Happy Dispatch. In the evening their Lordships talked about Breakwaters, and decided that nobody knew anything at all upon the subject.

The Commons were occupied all the evening with a debate upon the important Indian Army Fusion Bill. Among the statements that were made was an astounding one to the effect that the Officers of the Line and of the Local Service being called as witnesses on the question of fusion, the former all testified one way, and the latter the other. Hereupon *Mr. Punch* would like to tell a little true story. There was a collision case to be heard before the Court which sits in London to settle when ships are justified in running down one another. A certain sailor's evidence was wanted. He was at Dover, so it was resolved to send down an affidavit, which JACK could make there. The London official who had to prepare the affidavit was not sure as to which side JACK's evidence was to favour, and therefore to save time and trouble he prepared and sent Two forms of affidavit, directing that the sailor should be sworn to the one which he believed consistent with truth. Of course they were in direct contradiction, one saying that the wind was S.S.W. and the smashed vessel going in one direction, and the other that it was N.N.E., and that she was steering in the other. The affidavits were duly returned by the Dover agent, who wrote, "You did not make it clear which you wanted, so I have sworn him to both, and you can use which you like." It is a very sad thing that sailors should be so heedless, but of course the story has no other application. The debate was adjourned, after a vain struggle by LORD PALMERSTON to prevent that course, so PAM said it would be a shame to keep the SPEAKER up while they squabbled.

Friday. In the Lords there was another exposure of the conduct of the Admiralty. Somebody said in society the other day, "Don't be uncharitable. Everybody has got something good about him, except my brother BOB." The country will soon learn to say that every Body has something good about it except the Board of Admiralty. Its behaviour *in re* TROTMAN'S Anchor was the charge to-night, and LORD HARDWICKE put himself in a very proper rage with the Government.

In the Commons, MR. WALPOLE brought up the Report of the Select Committee, appointed as Buffer to prevent collision between the Lords and Commons on the Paper Duty question. It was ordered to be printed for consideration. Of course Parliament has to wait for its typography, but the newspapers have the thing at once, and *Mr. Punch* is able to state that the Report mentions a variety of cases that have no bearing on the present difficulty, and a few that have some affinity with it. It recommends nothing, and there will be a good debate on the subject, especially as LORD JOHN RUSSELL and MR. GLADSTONE join MR. BRIGHT in his view that the Bull-dog ought to be set upon the Mastiff.

SIR G. C. LEWIS made a lame apology for the conduct of the police in not chastising the ruffians who hunt the choristers and other tools of the Puseyite fools at St. George's-in-the-East. There was another Irish debate about an alleged act of LORD LEITRIM, who is said to have seized a Roman Catholic chapel on his estate in that county, and thereby provoked a riot. A good deal of very liberal and proper sentiment was expressed about the duty of landlords, of any creed, to afford tenants, of any creed, the means of performing worship in their own way. But Ireland is a curious place. A Catholic and a Protestant gentleman, over their Lafitte at the Club, will, of course, express themselves most tolerantly and affably as to the above duty; and if a Mohammedan gentleman happened to draw up his chair to theirs, while he took his iced sherbet, the three gentlemen would be all agreed upon the propriety of perfect liberality. The Mohammedan gentleman might probably carry out his view, he not being so far advanced in civilisation as to let his priests and his women dictate to him. But when the other two got back to Ireland, and proceeded to act up to their professions, and the Catholic talked of giving a site for a Protestant church, and the Protestant mentioned that he should build a Catholic chapel, what a Burst there would be from Priests, Women, and Families! Those only who do not know what are the sentiments and powers of dogged Popish pastors and perspiring Evangelical pastors in Ireland, will be disposed to abuse the poor tolerant gentlemen for not fulfilling the vows made over the libation of Lafitte. So saith *Mr. Punch*, Tolerator yet Legislator-General to the Universe.

THE BOYS OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

"There have been considerable disturbances among the Irish papal recruits at Macerata, in which shillelaghs were freely used, and the police, who interfered, were severely beaten."—*Our own Correspondent from Rome.*

WID a stick in my fist, an' a pipe in my cheek,
Holy father, I'm come to resthore ye:
But bad cess to yer pay—sure what's four-pince a-day,
And divil a more—barrin' glory!
Thim Croats and Hungarians, and Swiss and Bavarians,
Slaves and naygurs is easily made, oh!
But the differ we'll tache, if such docthrine you prache
Us Boys of the Irish Brigade, oh!

Our Clargy they promised us iligant fare,
Hoigth of pratees and lashins ov whiskey;
But dirty *polenta* and sour *ordinaire*
Sure'll niver keep boys bright and frisky.
And a clane lock o' hay I'd prefer, any day,
To the feather-beds here for us laid, oh!
Where there's no sleep for catchin' thim fleas that sets scratchin'
The Boys of the Irish Brigade, oh!

As for faction, fair, patthern,—the divil a one!
I'd as lave be a Turk or Circarsian;
As shut up here at dhrill, wid no fightin' nor fun,
Till blue-moulded for want o' divarsion.
On my coat-tails who'll thread? Thry a crack at my head?
Whoo! NED JOYCE! is't yourself! Who's afraid, oh!
Out shillelaghs! Whack! Crack! Whoop! Sure this is the knack
Of us Boys of the Irish Brigade, oh!

THE BOURBONS' BLUSH.

THE boys of Palermo are naturally amusing themselves by disfiguring and demolishing the statues of the Bourbon Kings. According to the Special Correspondent of the *Times*:—

"One, bolder than the others, climbed up with a provision of charcoal and blackened the faces, exciting no small hilarity among the idlers and promenaders."

This was a satirical young wag. In giving the marble visages of the Bourbons the semblance of ebony, he evidently meant to signify the perjury by which those tyrants have rendered themselves infamous in breaking faith with their subjects, and to express their characteristic readiness, in taking an oath, for instance, to maintain a constitution, to swear till they are black in the face.

"These Irishmen."—*John Bull.*

MR. IRWIN, who brought the successful action against the Member for Galway to obtain compensation for having professed to introduce the latter to Swells, announces his own belief that his education in mechanics must have been sadly neglected. He thought he was going to use a Lever, but found he had got hold of a Screw. The remark is an impolite one, and though *Mr. Punch* professes no violent admiration for an M.P. who (according to DOD), "will support any Ministry that will make Galway a Packet Station," *Mr. P.* will not be sorry should MR. IRWIN's theory of motive power be modified after a motion for a new trial. We don't like the Touting System, especially when applied to public objects—as the Wiscount says "Tout *le contraire.*"

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.—"Gentleman!—ar yer got ar a copper to relieve a poor man?"

THE FEMALE ORPHAN'S FRIEND AND ADVISER.

Sir Adonis Crœsus Crichton begs to inform friendless orphans of the softer sex that he is no longer open to receive their matrimonial tenders. Out of about a thousand applicants who answered his advertisement as soon as it appeared, he has thrown the handkerchief to the most beautiful and most worthy. He sincerely hopes that all the fair competitors for the possession of his hand and the partnership of his opulence, may find husbands as rich as himself, and almost equally handsome, intelligent, virtuous, and kind, who will make them as happy as he makes Lady C. That fortunate lady, who had lately no relations whatever, has now the equivalent of any number centered in himself. Sir A. C. C. would advise his interesting correspondents to advertise their peculiar recommendation to the notice of judicious marrying men. Delicacy need not be in the least compromised, because the advertisement may ostensibly describe the candidate as wanting any ordinary situation or employment. All that is necessary is an opportunity of announcing that there exists a certain marriageable young person who will not entail a mother-in-law upon the gentleman who may espouse her, or bring him any immediate addition to the members of his family.

AN ANSWER TO IMPERTINENCE.

That Clause in the Census Bill which provides for a return of religious professions has called forth a good deal of opposition. The system of asking impertinent questions has been already carried by Government to an insufferable extent, and must be checked. "How much have you got a year?" seems the height of impertinence, but "What's your religion?" is a higher flight still. It exceeds the audacity of any clown in the most outrageous pantomime. We are crying out upon Puseyism and Popery, whilst a Confessional and an Inquisition are growing up in our midst. Walker will probably be the denomination under which persons who like to keep their doctrinal opinions in their own breasts will for the most part be disposed to return themselves. They may, however, do better than that. Let everybody who desires to resist the attempt which ignorant fanatics are making to destroy the Christian liberty of the subject by compelling him to observe a pseudo-Jewish Sabbath, return himself as an Excursionist, in order to signify that he is at any rate not a Sabbatarian.

France and Naples.

M. Prevost Paradol is fined and imprisoned for writing an abstract political pamphlet reflecting on tyranny. Sicilian political offenders are crucified. The French have some reason to be content under an absolute government; they might be worse off.

A Planetary Pervert.—In consequence of the long-continued cloudy sky, which hides all the stars, a report has got about that Venus has actually taken the veil.

A FABLE FOR SMALL GERMANS.

My lit-tle dears, there was once a French Wolf—very grey, and gree-dy, and lean, and sly. Near the wood in which he lived grazed a large flock of sheep, in the charge of a great many small dogs, who were al-ways snarl-ing and bit-ing, and quar-rel-ling a-mong them-selves. The old Wolf knew that he was more than a match for any of the dogs sin-gly, but he was a-fraid if he ven-tur-ed to at-tack one of them, the o-thers might for-get their snarl-ing to join in a league of de-fence a-gainst him. There was one large dog in par-ti-cu-lar, cal-led "Prince," who had long war-ned the rest of the pack of the com-mon dan-ger to all from the old Wolf, and had done his best to make them a-gree bet-ter; "for so sure," said he, "as the Wolf suc-ceeds in keep-ing us at log-ger-heads, he will take us, one by one, with-out dif-fi-cul-ty, and when he has eat-en us up, he will have his own way with the sheep."

But they would not mind his words, and some of them growl-ed at him, and said he was a trai-tor, and on-ly wan-ted to get the sheep to him-self, and that the Wolf was an hon-est beast, and loved the small dogs, and would do the sheep no harm.

The Wolf, knowing that if he could only suc-ceed in gain-ing over the big dog Prince he might eas-i-ly mas-ter the small curs one by one, was always very po-lite to Prince, and used to send him civil mess-ages, in-vi-ting him to take coun-cil with him, for the ben-e-fit of the o-ther dogs, and the sheep. For a long time the big dog on-ly grow-led and trot-ted the other way when-e-ver he saw the Wolf ma-king to-wards him.

But at last, find-ing the Wolf would take no de-nial of his in-vi-ta-tions, he sent him a let-ter, pro-mi-sing to meet him.

The Wolf was de-light-ed, and said to his cubs, "Now I have the big dog at last." And off he trot-ted to the place of meet-ing. It was in a thick wood on a hill, with an old cas-tle built at the top. The big dog was at the gate of the cas-tle, and when the Wolf came up, with a grin that show-ed his long, sharp teeth, he said—"Walk in, my dear Wolf; I am so glad to see you." Then the Wolf put his paw on his heart, and said, "Dear Prince, I have been wait-ing so long for this hap-py meet-ing. I do feel so fond of all you dogs, and of those dear sheep you watch so well, you can't think. I have a plan, by which the small dogs will be a-ble to do their work, so plea-sant-ly and so ea-si-ly. What a shame it is, that the poor lit-tle beasts should be so hard work-ed, and kept out in all wea-thers, guard-ing their sheep from the wick-ed wolves that sur-round them. Now you are a great dog, and ve-ry strong. Sup-pose you took the work of the small dogs off their hands, and kept all the sheep your-self. They might sleep in the sun, and you and I would take care they had plen-ty of nice bones and paunches; and mean-while we would guard the sheep to-ge-ther."

Then the big dog laugh-ed and said, "A nice plan, in-deed! How ve-ry kind you are! Here are all the small dogs just in-side the gate. Per-haps you will be kind e-nough to tell them the nice lit-tle plan you have just told me, and see how they will like it." Then the Wolf be-gan to feel very awk-ward and un-com-fort-a-ble, and felt that the big dog had led him in-to a trap; and he curl-ed up his mouth in-to what he meant for a ve-ry sweet smile, and said, "No, thank you, dear Prince. I think I will not say any-thing to them to-day. I have not got my speech quite rea-dy." Then all the small dogs, who had heard all from in-side the old cas-tle, be-gan to yelp and to laugh, and to wag their tails, and to set up a cry of, "How ve-ry kind you are, dear Wolf, to think of ta-king the charge of our sheep off our hands!"

So the Wolf, see-ing his plot was de-tect-ed, sneak-ed off with his tail be-tween his legs, and from that time the small dogs knew that Prince was their true friend, and were jea-lous of him no long-er, and made up their own quar-rels, and the Wolf was fain to keep his de-signs a-gainst the sheep in the dark, till he could find a bet-ter time for put-ting them in ex-e-cu-tion.

HOW TO MAKE A SPLENDID INCOME.

Thanks to Mr. Justice Willes, this process is now easy to anybody who can raise the preliminary Five Pounds. The journals say—

"It has been laid down by Mr. Justice Willes, that a banker is bound to pay on the production of the half of a cut note, even without an indemnity."

Therefore all one has to do is to get a £5 note, and cut it in halves. Present one half, and under the authority of Mr. Justice Willes, demand the money. Do the same with the other half. Turn each £5 into a note, and cut each note, and repeat the presenting process. So go on until the banks close. An industrious young man with £5 and a pair of scissors may now render himself independent in the course of a week. Thanks, Mr. Justice Willes.

A Servant on Spiritualism.—It is fortunate that rapping spirits, which seem very tricksy beings, do not seem to be able to move street-knockers. Otherwise we should continually be going to answer a rap at the door, and coming back, saying, "Please 'm only a ghost."

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

Policeman (who, we are bound to say, is extremely civil). "WHITE TICKET, MA'AM? LETTER H!—YES, MA'AM. QUITE RIGHT. OVER THE HURDLES, IF YOU PLEASE!"

VICTORIA'S MID-DAY REVIEW.

THEY tell us a tale that we dare not ignore;
That deep in a glade we have hunted before
A Tiger is waiting to spring,
And so we come up to our QUEEN, as of yore
Our fathers came up to their KING.

The beast that is lurking is fiercer, they say,
Than the Tiger our fathers brought grimly to bay,
And rolled in his blood at their feet,
And therefore we come to our Lady to-day,
The vow of our sires to repeat.

We come, but it is not in plaint or in fear—
Which, which did the QUEEN, proudly marking us, hear
In the voice of that thunder-toned shout?
We come but to show her what Hunters are near
For the hour when her bugles ring out.

We come with firm footstep, as Hunters should tread,
With the glaive by the side, with the plume on the head,
With the heart where a Hunter's should be;
And each with the weapon of weapons most dread,
Most dread in the hands of the Free.

Nor idly we come in a holiday pride,
With arms unaccustomed, with sinews untried,
To deal with a savage so fell;
We know from our sires, when a savage hath died,
His Hunters have quit them right well.

And we come that the Lady of Kingdoms may know,
In the day, should it chance, that her bugles shall blow
She shall find Hunter-Soldiers astir;
And the men whom her signal shall launch on the foe
Shall be worthy of dying for Her.

From the Loom, from the Mine, from the Forge, from the Mart,
From the cells of stern Science, the halls of fair Art,
From the homes of calm Learning, we come;
Who grudges his brother a brotherly part
In our work—let him hence, and be dumb!

Some say the War-Tiger is scared from the fight;
And some that his courage hath quailed to a blight
From the scent of our fresh-flowing sea;
And some that he is but a monster to fright
The folks near his home. It may be:

But our fields they lie open, our gardens are rare,
And those we love better than life wander there,
And our babies are crawling about;
And none of us all is so brave as to dare
To leave certain questions in doubt.

So we come in our thousands, from cot and from hall,
And from thousands again who are ready at call,
Should once the War-Tiger be seen,
And this is the errand on which, one and all,
We come up, to-day, to the QUEEN.

Did they daunt the brave Hunters in years have gone by,
That foam on his fangs and that fire in his eye,
As he rushed in his rage on the spear?
No, thus, ever thus, the War-Tiger should die:
Come, Tiger, the Hunters are here.

The blood-thirsty growl and the roar are in vain;
If the savage attack us, the savage again
Shall writhe in a merited doom;
There's the steel for his flank, and the ball for his brain,
Come, Tiger, and spring on thy tomb.

BEST REST FOR THE QUEEN'S RIFLE.

A SCHOOLMASTER SLIGHTLY ABROAD.

CONSIDERATE as *Mr. Punch* is at all times, he would not think of troubling a Schoolmaster with any work in addition to that of his school, until the holidays had set in. But now that our Young Friends are at home, *Mr. P.* ventures to ask MR. H. E. JANSON, of Brighton, what is the exact meaning of the following note, which he inserted in the *Times?*—

"*To the Editor of the "Times."*

"SIR,—I beg very distinctly to contradict a statement in MR. CLERY'S letter to the *Times*, that I have ever threatened to cane young VANSITTART, or that I have ever held a stick over him. My practice is very different to this, as I may confidently appeal to all my pupils.

"I remain, Sir,
Your Obedient Servant,
"H. E. JANSON."

"106, *Lansdowne Place, Brighton.*"

"My practice is very different to this," says MR. JANSON, in questionable English. Then what *is* MR. JANSON'S practice? *Mr. Punch* hopes, and believes, that MR. JANSON (whose haste to deny brutality does him credit) means that he does not wop his boys. But from his letter it might be inferred that he does not "threaten," or "hold a stick over" a culprit, but lets into him at once, like one o'clock. Or is it the stick which is repudiated, and is the "different practice" the use of a trifle from the tree *Betula, vel betulla*, not nearly so pleasant a refresher as one at BIRCH'S, in Cornhill. Not pausing for a reply, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to the last part of the letter. "*As* I may confidently Appeal to all my pupils." If any pupil of MR. JANSON'S brought him such a sentence as this, it is possible that the youth might make a vain Appeal against orders to "stay in" all the afternoon, and consider LINDLEY MURRAY on Prosody. Suppose, all the boys having gone home, MR. JANSON should beguile his leisure by improving his composition. *Mr. Punch's* zeal in favour of education will be regarded by MR. JANSON as ample excuse for troubling that gentleman with the hint.

MR. PUNCH AND THE FRENCH ORPHEONISTS.

LAST week *Mr. Punch*, as representative of England, fraternised with the French Orphans, as by some English *literati* the Orpheonists were called. As the Romans to MARK ANTONY, he first "lent them his ears," and them gave them his hands, clapped in thundering applause. Their performance far exceeded all that had been promised of them, and in the thunder of *Punch Tonans* their triumph was complete.

On the merits of their singing *Mr. Punch* need not dilate, for he could scarcely print a word of praise without committing plagiary, so amply has the subject been recently discussed. Enough to say that these French singers sang with such distinctness that, to English ears, their French was perfectly intelligible; and as near three thousand tongues were wagged for each one word, it may be fancied with what practice and precision they were drilled. Not being used of late to hear the French sing small, *Mr. Punch* was struck especially with the piano passages; and, without meaning a pun, he came to the conclusion that, in the singing of the Orpheonists, their piano is their forte. *Mr. Punch* has long been used to consider the Cologne Choir unapproachable in this; but had he now to give the prize, he rather thinks that he would have to halve his golden pippin, and award one aureous moiety to his new friends from France. The faultless manner, too, in which they kept up the true pitch was, as a musical wag remarked, the true pitch of perfection. And not less to be praised was the finish of their Swells, which were as exquisite as those of "Wegent Stweet" or "Wotten Wow." In short, as

"Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing."

so did the French Orpheonists with the sweet music they discoursed make *Mr. Punch*, and some few tens of thousands of his countrymen, nod their heads in pleasant approbation of their efforts. (Parenthetically, too, *Mr. Punch* must give one word of commendation to the Guides; for he felt that, with such guides to accompany a chorus, the march to vocal victory was easy of accomplishment.

By way of a finale to each of the four concerts, there was such cheering and such handclapping, and such waving of hats, handkerchiefs, parasols, and programmes, that experienced *Mr. Punch* had both to rub his eyes and twitch his ears before he could believe that he was not deceived by them. A scene of such excitement is so rarely seen in England (before dinner at least) that *Mr. Punch* could scarcely bring his senses to put credence in it. With a sort of friendly rivalry the audience cheered the singers and the singers cheered the audience; and the oldest and the coldest morning concert-goers present gave vent to their enthusiasm without feeling they lost caste by it. Indeed they so warmed up that the fire of wit was kindled, and some brilliant things popped out of it. For instance when French gallantry sent forth a shout of "*Vive la Reine!*" a British wit at once flashed forth the sparking sally, "Ah, *we've la Rain*, indeed! You may well say that, my boys, seeing that we've scarcely had a dry half hour these six months!"

And these—*Mr Punch* could not help seriously reflecting, while his heart, big with fraternity, bumped against his waistcoat—these are the Allies who by this time had been enemies, if statescraftsmen and soldiers had been allowed to have their way. These are the two nations, the one deriving some of its old blood from the other, who are said to be in nature like as dog and cat, and to have only the feeling of vindictiveness in common. Surely nations would keep friends if they were left more to themselves, and surely statescraftsmen and soldiers who would hound on the French poodle to attack the British bulldog, should be hissed off the stage as the bad genii of the peace.

But if there be one thing more likely than another to foster kindly feeling between Englishmen and French, it is by letting them compete in friendly rivalry of art, instead of stirring them to deadly rivalry in arms. Were Festivals of Music internationally appointed, nations would live more in harmony together, and "Discord, dire sister," would be swept from off the earth.

Wherefore *Mr. Punch*, in the name of all the peacemakers, tenders thanks to all concerned in the Orpheonist invasion, which he regards as the in-bringing of a new era of peace. It will be no fault of Old England if "*La Nouvelle Alliance*" does not take root in her soil, and "*France! France!*" if left alone will surely strive to foster it. By instituting this first of Anglo-French peace festivals the Sacred Harmonic Society has shown itself a Peace Society; and indefatigable MR. BOWLEY, the prime mover in the matter, should have a statue large as life for bringing it to pass. How much Income-Tax might be saved, were musical invasions to supersede the chance of martial ones, *Mr. Punch* will leave to MR. GLADSTONE to determine; and he will likewise leave that gentleman to introduce into his Beer Bill a clause allowing our pale ale, for the use of all French singers, to be sold them free of duty upon either hops or malt. With which last thought for their welfare, *Mr. Punch* again shakes hands with his French friends LES ORPHÉONISTES, and, as usual, speaking as the mouthpiece of All England, he bids them not *adieu*—but, in no long time, *au revoir*.

NEWLY-DISCOVERED WORK BY MR. MACAULAY.

"The following curious advertisement lately appeared in the *Bristol Mirror*:—'If the gentleman who borrowed the fourth volume of MACAULAY'S *History of England for a Fortnight*, some two years since, is determined not to return it, he had better apply to J. R. T., Mirror Office, for the three remaining volumes, which will render his set complete.'"

ON the contrary, he had better send the volume he possesses to MESSRS. LONGMAN, who are probably unaware of the existence of the work in question, and might like to include it in the new edition of MR. MACAULAY'S productions. *Mr. Punch* also would like to see it, being curious to know what Fortnight in the History LORD MACAULAY selected as the theme for his brilliant illustration. Perhaps it was the immortal fortnight in 1841 that beheld the birth of *Punch*. Anyhow, the Bristol gentleman should let the world know something of this *History of England for a Fortnight*.

Compensation for All or None.

THE House of Commons has discountenanced the proposal of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to afford compensation to the officials who will be superseded by the enactment of his Bankruptcy Bill. Why, indeed, should those gentlemen be compensated for their prospective loss any more than the Publicans whose gains may be diminished by the Wine Licences Act? Honourable Gentlemen, perhaps, are disposed to refuse compensation to anybody whatever, on the twofold principle that what is sauce for goose is sauce for gander, and that, as enlightened financiers hold, the cessation of liability under Schedule D is a sufficient set off against the ruin entailed by loss of income.

BRITAIN'S BEST BULWARKS.—If there are any works which are powerfully defensive to the nation, and tremendously offensive to all its enemies, they are those which, now amounting to thirty-eight volumes, are published by *Mr. Punch*, at 85, Fleet Street.

COUSIN JACK. "*Cousin Henry, do you like Grammar?*"
COUSIN HENRY. "*I don't know, Cousin Jack; I never* tasted it!"

HEART AND HEAD IN THE CORPORATION OF LONDON.

AT the Common Hall of the Livery of the City of London, MR. ALDERMAN ABBISS and MR. LUSH having been, with the usual formalities and row, elected Sheriffs, the latter gentleman made the following neat and appropriate speech on the occasion:—

"MR. LUSH admitted that he had no claim to the office upon the score of any great ability. It was not, he said, possible for all men to be PEELS or GREYS, GLADSTONES or GRAHAMS; but it was possible for all to be honest men, and he promised to act honestly in the discharge of his public duties, and to use his utmost exertions to sustain the honour and dignity of the office."

It has been said that when an office is conferred upon a man, he is usually also inspired with the abilities necessary to discharge it. Worthy MR. LUSH need not fear that his talents will be inadequate to the requirements of the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. These have been usually considered to be amply insured by the proof of intelligence competent to the numeration of hobnails, and mechanical faculty sufficient to chop sticks. The duties which the Sheriff is called upon to perform are not such as to render a competitive examination a very necessary condition to eligibility to the Shrievalty. If anything of the kind were requisite, it would perhaps be a trial, on the part of candidates, of their comparative proficiency in the use of the knife and fork. The successful competitor might be the one who showed himself the best man "to carve a capon and eat it." If it were possible for MR. LUSH to be a PEEL, a GLADSTONE, or a GRAHAM, it might not be desirable, at least for the Corporation of London. Some of those statesmen might be too strongly disposed to trouble their fellow-citizens with projects for municipal reform. We wish MR. LUSH every success in the attempt to display, as an honest man, his moral splendour, which, in a civic dignitary, will amply compensate for almost any deficiency of intellectual brightness.

Sentiment at the Opera.

"THERE is a Tier for all who dye,"
For all who dye moustache and hair,
And that 's the Third Tier, where the eye
Of girls below can't see the snare.

A CI-DEVANT JEUNE HOMME.

A PLEA FOR RAGGED PLAY-GROUNDS.

THE maxim that "*nullum tempus occurrit Regi Punchio*" is quite enough of an excuse, if any at all be needed, for KING PUNCH now to signify his Royal approbation of a speech made by LORD SHAFTESBURY some short time ago at a meeting of the patrons of the Field Lane Ragged Schools. After speaking of the progress and success of that establishment, his Lordship turned from ragged schools to talk of ragged play-grounds, a subject which has more than once engaged the Royal pen and pencil of KING PUNCH; and while discoursing on this theme, his Lordship laudibly let fall the following observations, which KING PUNCH will for posterity preserve in the embalming amber of his type:—

"It was stated in the House of Commons the other night, that in our metropolitan prisons there were forty-two children, under thirteen years of age, who were confined there for playing at marbles, or at driving hoops, or at a game called 'tip-cat.' No doubt it was quite necessary that these games should be prohibited in the streets, where they were dangerous, and horses might be frightened, or the passengers' eyes might be injured by them. But when we had an opportunity of opening as play-grounds large places in London, where poor children might enjoy their sports without any danger, was that advantage to be taken from them, and were we to go on imprisoning the children because they indulged in a natural and proper propensity where they could. (*Cheers*)."

Tip-cat, hoops, and marbles, are nuisances, no doubt, to adults who never play at them, and KING PUNCH has more than once severely suffered from these pastimes. Indeed, he rarely shows himself at any of the Courts (he means those of St. Giles's rather than St. James's) without having his Royal eye half knocked out by a tip-cat, or being tripped up by a hoop trundled between his Royal legs. But whatever may be done by crusty old curmudgeons, KING PUNCH would never dream of prosecuting his small torturers. Though what is sport to them not seldom proves almost the death of him. His Royal breast is moved by no vindictive feeling; on the contrary, KING PUNCH maintains that children must have play, however he may suffer by it. Playing is a natural necessity of life to them, and play they must and will, pass what laws we may to punish and prohibit them. If we deny them proper play-grounds they will play upon the pavements, and no one but a BOMBA would imprison them for playing there. But are there no spare places where poor children might play, without annoyance to the public? Why should not vacant Smithfield be made a ragged play-ground, instead of being turned into a noxious dead-meat market? LORD SHAFTESBURY for one will not see its site so desecrated, and KING PUNCH for another will take care to defend it. This is how the children's champion throws his gauntlet bravely down, and boldly sounds his challenge against all civic comers:—

"He did not know whether in that room there was present any worthy citizen or member of the Corporation of London; but if so, he (LORD SHAFTESBURY) now gave him due notice that he would contest this point tooth and nail, and step by step, so long as he had any breath in him: he would resist any attempt to give up one square inch of the site of Smithfield Market for any other purpose than for the health and happiness, the security and recreation of the population of London."

Bravo! good LORD SHAFTESBURY! You speak up like a man on behalf of London children, and on behalf of them KING PUNCH now thanks you for your speech. In carrying out your promise to defend the site of Smithfield, your Lordship may rely on the assistance of KING PUNCH. By KING PUNCH'S pen the pens of Smithfield were demolished, and with the same steel weapon KING PUNCH will now defend its site against the butchers' steel. Having cleared away the beasts that used to make day hideous with their bellowings and bleatings, KING PUNCH has little wish to see their place of meeting haunted by their ghosts; and this he fears might be the case were a market to be opened there, for the barter of the carcases of their defunct descendants. Far rather would KING PUNCH see the site of Smithfield market stocked with living children than with cartloads of dead meat; and he therefore boldly echoes the defiance of LORD SHAFTESBURY, and proclaims War to the Knife! against those greedy citizens who would make Smithfield a catering-place for the civic knife and fork.

The Incapable Knights.

THE QUEEN has been kindly selecting Ribbons sent from Coventry. How the Services would gain if HER MAJESTY would add to her kindness by sending to Coventry certain parties whom her predecessors have selected *for* Ribbons.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXI.—MORE ABOUT THE LADIES OF THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES.

ALTHOUGH the ladies of this period were doubtless censured by their husbands for extravagance in dress, we really think them far more moderate than some of their descendants. We could, for instance, cite a register to show that sixty shillings only was the cost of a new robe; and we could also quote a warrant which was issued by KING JOHN, ordering the purchase of two robes for the Queen, whereof each was to consist of five ells only of cloth. When one reflects that in these days of unconscionable crinoline as much as twenty yards is far too little for a dress, one can't help wishing one could take a leaf out of KING JOHN'S book, and limit one's JEMIMA to the six yards and a quarter with which a Queen in the twelfth century was, doubtless, well content.

The robe, as we have said, was an undergown with sleeves, and it appears that, during JOHN'S reign green was generally considered the most fashionable colour for it. Hence we may remark, that pretty girls who wore it might have been asked why they resembled the fields in the *Creation*; the answer, of course, being, that they were "*With Verdure Clad*," and, no doubt, "delightful to the ravished sense" of their admirers. Express mention of this colour is made in both the warrant and the register referred to, and we likewise find allusion to it in the accounts given of the flight of WILLIAM LONGCHAMP, Bishop of Ely, who was Regent during RICHARD'S absence in the East. We learn from MATTHEW PARIS that the Bishop ran away* "disguised in a green woman's tunic;" but who was the "green woman," whose robe he ran away in, the writer of this passage does not proceed to say.

FEMALE COSTUME. TWELFTH CENTURY. FROM THE PORTRAIT OF BISHOP LONGCHAMP, IN A BLACK LETTER COPY OF "YE HUE AND CRYE" OF THOSE DAYS. (VERY SCARCE.)

Over their robes on swell occasions the ladies wore a mantle, which was splendidly embroidered, that of QUEEN ELEANOR being sprinkled with a lot of golden crescents. Under this, or on ordinary days perhaps in lieu of it, they wore a closely-fitting garment, which being richly furred, was called pelisson, or pelisse; a name said to be derived from *pelletier*, a furrier. KING JOHN orders a grey one, with nine bars of fur, to be made up for his Queen:† and we learn, from an old jest book, that when she tried it on the King made some mild joke about her being in the pelisse.

A garment called a *bliaus* (whence, doubtless, the modern *blouse*), is also mentioned at this period as being worn over the robe; but it appears that the word *bliaus* was only another name for the surcoat or supertunic. For winter use, we learn, the *bliaus* was lined with fur; but we cannot say if it was waterproofed for summer, as, were it now in wearing, it certainly would need to be.

The *wimple*, of which mention is first made during KING JOHN'S time, was an under-veil or kerchief wrapped round the head and chin, and at times completely enveloping the neck. For the nuns and poorer classes it was made of linen, and fastened on the forehead with a plain fillet to match: but the swellesses all wore it of gold tissue or rich silk, and had their fillets jewelled with gems which, COX remarks, some jew 'eld not unfrequently in pawn for them.

The *peplum*, or veil, was worn over the wimple; and above them both was often placed a diadem or garland, or else a small round hat or cap. ISABEL, the sister of KING HENRY THE THIRD, is described by MATTHEW PARIS as taking off her hat and veil, so as to let the people see her face, which, if she was pretty, was a vastly proper action in her. We find too, from the famous *Roman de la Rose* (a poem we shall have more fully to refer to), that at times a floral chaplet was worn besides the diadem or coronal of gold, as bears witness the couplet:—

"Ung chappel de roses tout frais
Eut dessus le chappel d'Orfrays."

This fact is also mentioned in another ancient poem, with which some antiquarians may perhaps be less familiar:—

"Shee wore a wreathe of roses,
Ye Knighte when firste shee mett,
A golde garlande eke hadde shee on,
To make her spiffiere yett."

We regret to have to add (but Truth must not be sacrificed, though gallantry might wish it so), that the ladies of this period were by no means so attentive to their hands as to their heads, for though they took great care to dress and decorate the former, they were actually so vulgar as to leave the latter naked! By the old illuminations the clearest light is thrown on this appalling fact, and we have read in black and white abundant other proof of it. Thus, when KING HENRY, in the well-known ballad of "Fayre Rosamonde," mentions as his reason for going down to Woodstock, that he merely wished to get some gloves made for his wife, "ye furious queene" throws instantly discredit on the statement; and knowing that those articles of dress were not in fashion, with a woman's quick sagacity she jumps to the conclusion that:—

"Gif hee went thir for Glove-makyng
Itt was withoute ye Kr!"

For further illustration of this love-story or glove-story, we may well refer our readers to the Gallery of Illustration; where the tale of "*Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda*" will be classically told them by one JOHANNES PARRY in what, if not a parody, may at least be termed a Parrydy.

QUEEN ELEANOR AND FAIR ROSAMOND. FROM AN OLD ILLUMINATION. (IMPROVED.)

* We surely need not caution our enlightened readers against believing the surmise of COX, the Finsbury Historian, that it was from his creditors the Bishop ran away; nor need we refute the further supposition, that it was at Runnymede that LONGCHAMP set off running, in company, as COX conjectures, with JOHN LACKLAND, whose Estates had just been confiscated for his helping TITUS OATES to get up the Rye House Plot.

† "It appears from this, and from the warrant above quoted, that husbands in these days used to order their wives' dresses. Were this custom of the 'good old times' to be revived, what mints of money might be saved, and what preposterous absurdities of crinoline be spared us!"—*Punch*. "And what *frights* you *stingy creatures* would be sure to make of us!"—*Judy*.

DONNYBROOK IN THE PAPAL STATES.

SOME of the Irish papers state that DR. CULLEN has thought it necessary to endeavour to stay the rather overflowing tide of emigration to Rome. This is not unlikely. CULLEN is probably well enough acquainted with his countrymen to perceive that his master the POPE may find too much of an Irish contingent too much of a good thing. Pugnacity is well known to be a very prominent feature of the Hibernian character; and if LAMORICIÈRE cannot immediately find his Emerald Islanders a foe, they may very possibly take it into their heads to choose antagonists for themselves. Generosity, however capable of perversion, being another of PADDY'S principal qualities, it may happen that when the Irish auxiliaries of HIS HOLINESS discover that they have been humbugged by their priests, and crimped by those fraudulent ecclesiastics for the support of a shameful despotism, the enemy whom they will select will not be United Italy. It may, indeed, be expected, that the slogan of *Erin Go Bragh!* will ultimately be raised under the banner of GARIBALDI.

Puseyism in the Police Office.

THE riots at St. George's-in-the-East have not been stopped by having frequently been brought before the Thames Police Court. While the Rector of that parish persists in the puerility of playing at Popery, it is not likely that those disgraceful proceedings would terminate even if his Church were situated in the district of Worship Street.

COSTERMONGER. "*Now then*, you—*vere are you a-driving to?*"
'BUS DRIVER. "*Why, can't you see? To Paddington—I'm sure it's writ up big enuff!*"

GENEROUS BEING.

"A SHEET OF TISSUE PAPER FOUR MILES LONG.—A sheet of tissue paper has been exhibiting at Colyton, Devonshire. It measures in length four miles, being 21,000 feet long, and is in breadth 6 feet 3 inches. The weight of it is but 196 lbs. It was manufactured in twelve hours."

This is not a tissue of lies, but is entirely true. The paper was made by order of *Mr. Punch*, and is now cut into squares for wrapping up the gold watches, rings, studs, chains, and other ornaments which he is always bestowing upon his Young Men in acknowledgment of brilliant literary or artistic efforts. Such are his generosity and their genius that the paper will not last him above six months.

Rubrical Costume.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to the REV. BRYAN KING, and recommends him to buy a quire of foolscap wherewith to make caps for his choristers, and also a suitable covering for any other head which he may feel it to fit.

THE UMBRELLA RIFLE.

MR. PUNCH begs to call the attention of Volunteers in general to his newly-invented weapon, the UMBRELLA RIFLE, which has been introduced by him expressly to meet the requirements of the present rainy season. With that modesty which ever is attendant on true genius, *Mr. Punch* will frankly own that his invention was suggested by a well-known apparatus, which combines those useful implements the parasol and whip. By cleverly adapting this ingenious idea, *Mr. Punch* has introduced an instrument for Riflemen which will prove at once protective and destructive, and will shield them from a soaking while it provides them with the means of opening a hot fire. The umbrella being fixed near to the muzzle of the rifle, the ribs, when not distended, will lie flat along the barrel, and will be covered in fine weather with the usual oilskin case. No impediment will thus occur in taking aim, nor will the handling of the rifle in the least be interfered with. As soon, however, as a shower comes (as on marching or parade days it is almost sure to do), the order can be given to "Uncover Umbrellas," and the men may stand at ease and defy the threatened ducking.

Mr. Punch need not dilate upon the benefits and comforts his invention will confer on Volunteers who wisely use it; but as economy is (said to be) the order of the day, he may just point out how vastly his new instrument will help towards it. It has been calculated by a most eminent military mathematician, that every time a Rifleman gets soaked through to the skin (which happens on an average three times out of four that he ventures on parade) five shillingsworth of injury is done to a new uniform, and as much as three and sixpence worth of damage to an old one. Whenever he gets "washed, just washed in a shower," not less than one and ninepence worth of gloss is wetted off him: while, since it is proverbial that

"London rain
Leaves a stain,"

as few as half-a-dozen drops of it will take out of him at least a shillingsworth of shine.

When to this account is added the saving of expense in cabbing home from wet parades, and of doctors' bills for curing cramps and coughs and colds, and the hundred other ills that humid flesh is heir to, *Mr. Punch* feels proudly sure that his UMBRELLA RIFLE will prove to be the cheapest and most comfortable weapon that has been ever introduced to the notice of the nation, and no Volunteer's equipment will be thought complete without it.

A drawing showing the invention as it appears in use will be shown for a few days in the window of the Punch Office, when as well as afterward, copies may be had, price threepence, at the counter, or fourpence if impressed with the Governmental stamp.

N.B. MACKINTOSHED PERCUSSION-CAPS for the Wimbledon Meeting should be immediately applied for. Also ask for *Mr. Punch's* IMPERVIOUS SHORT-PIPE COVER and WATERPROOF CIGARS, which have been expressly manufactured for bad weather, and are essential to damp Riflemen when "marching easy" in the wet.

A PROFESSOR IN THE "HUE AND CRY."

UNDER the head of "Extensive Robberies of Cash, Plate, and Jewels" the *Morning Post*, the other day, enumerating a glut of crimes, of which information had been received the day before by the Police, states that the Authorities of Scotland Yard had been apprised—

"That the Rev. W. S. CHALKLEY, a Wesleyan preacher, had gone off with £5,000, which he obtained by fraud and forgery as Secretary to the Lancashire Mutual Loan Society. The discovery of CHALKLEY's delinquency has created much scandal among the Reformed Wesleyans, of which body he was a member."

There must be some mistake in this announcement. The idea of any Wesleyan preacher bolting with money with which he had been entrusted, is absurd enough; but the conception of a preacher who is not merely a Wesleyan, but even a reformed one, committing such an offence, is too ridiculous. It is incredible that an ordinary methodist parson should be a rogue, and quite out of the question that extra-sanctified methodism should be consistent with double-dyed rascality. We cannot believe that Brother CHALKLEY walked his chalks with the funds of the brethren. At least, let us hope that if there is any truth in the report that MR. CHALKLEY has "gone off with £5,000," the fact simply is, that the Rev. Gentleman, being a bachelor, and having been successful in the pulpit, has eloped with an heiress of that amount, who is now MRS. CHALKLEY, and rejoices in the congratulations of all the other reformed young methodist ladies who are privileged to sit under her husband.

THE PRACTICAL HOUSEWIFE.—"Sir," said, speaking of his wife, the husband of a lady whose mind was exclusively devoted to domestic affairs—"Sir, she would have made a dumpling of the apple which revealed the law of gravitation to NEWTON."

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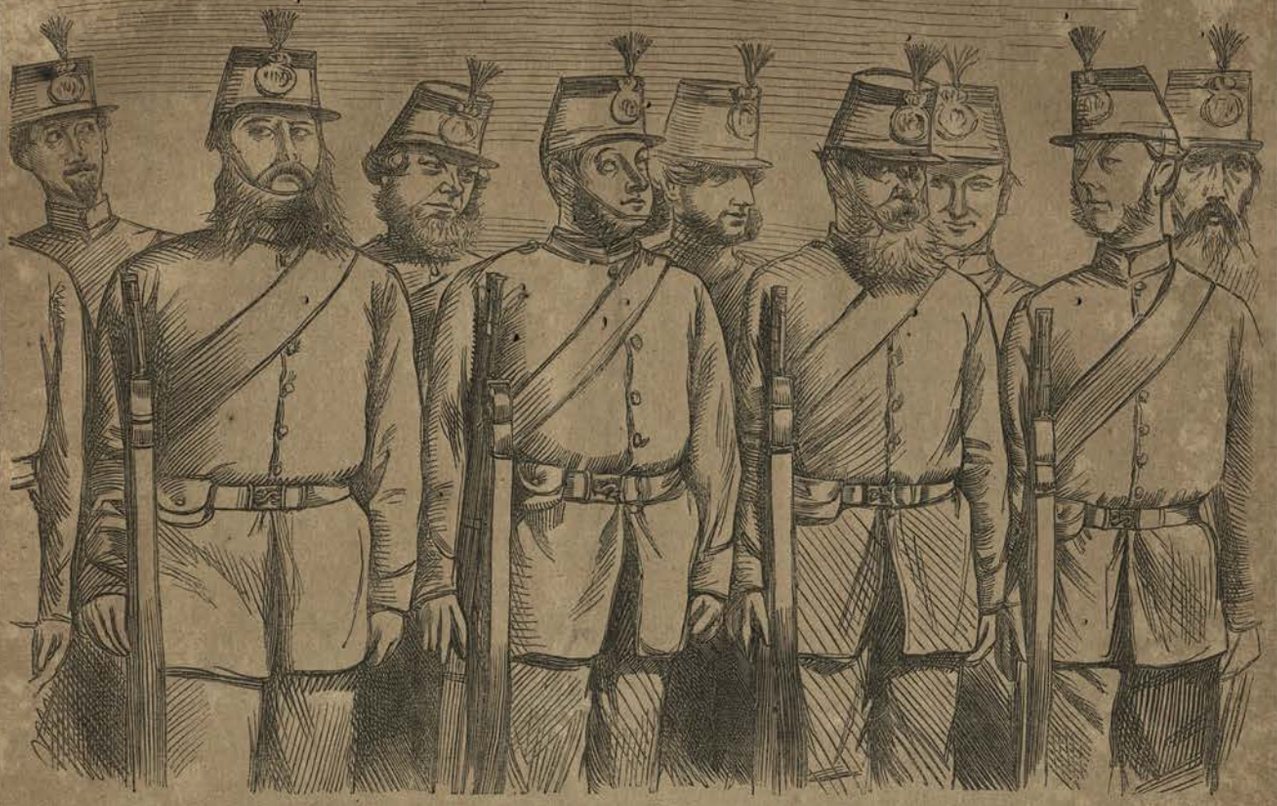


DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

COMIC MAN OF THE COMPANY (in a stentorian whisper). "*Eyes left! There's a Ballo . . . . . on!*"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 2. *Monday.* MR. PUNCH, not now speaking in lightness, but on the contrary, as the Wiscount says, *seriatim*, observes that this has been a remarkable Parliamentary week, and that mention of what took place on its penultimate and antepenultimate days will be made in the Constitutional Histories that will be read when *Punch* himself shall be the only surviving representative of the Victorian Age. LORD MACAULAY'S New Zealander—no, let us give the eternal and unborn heathen a little peace—but this is a week to be remembered, and therefore *Mr. Punch* erects to it a memorial, *ære perennius*, and though now purchaseable for a ludicrously small amount of that metal, will one day be worth the weight, in gold, of the three largest George the Third pennies that were ever shied at a mudlark at Greenwich.

On the Monday the noticeable incident in the Lords was the extraordinary obstinacy of the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. When small men deal with great subjects they usually display an arrogance proportioned to their incapacity. The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH conceives that he has a mission to direct England as to the mode in which she shall educate India. Wise men have thought that during the present state of the minds of the natives of India it is better that we should gradually prepare those minds for the reception of Christian teaching, than at once begin with the Bible. The Duke thinks differently, and insisted to-night on bringing forward a motion on the subject. The leading Representative Men in the Lords begged him not to do so. LORD SHAFTESBURY, for Evangelicalism and Missionary Societies, LORD ELLENBOROUGH, for Indian Governments, LORD GRANVILLE, for the QUEEN'S Government, LORD DERBY, for the QUEEN'S Opposition, and LORD BROUGHAM, for Common Sense and Experience, all urged this request, but in vain. The Duke was stubborn, and made a long speech, and his motion. The severest rebuke which can be read to a gentleman was then administered. No answer was made him, but LORD BROUGHAM without a needless word moved the Previous Question, which means (*vide* your DOD) that a formal method was taken of getting rid of a subject which a meeting has no intention of discussing. The Duke was dropped as flat as his own speech.

In the Commons, the first move was made in the Important Game to which *Mr. Punch* has adverted, LORD PALMERSTON giving notice that he should on the Thursday call attention to the Report of the Committee on the interference of the Lords with Tax Bills, and should propose certain Resolutions.

The debate on the Indian Army Fusion Bill was resumed and continued by MR. RICH (the late MR. HENRY DRUMMOND'S Little Pig that squeaked because lacteal nourishment was not attainable by it), SIR DE LACY EVANS, who stood up for the loyalty of the English soldiers in India, and urged that they had been treated unfairly and ungraciously in the arrangements of the transfer of the Army to the QUEEN, MR. MONCKTON MILNES, who protested against our Lust of Centralisation, and divers other military and lay figures, and the second reading of the Bill was finally carried by 282 to 53. There was a nursery rhyme of *Mr. Punch's* demigodlike infancy, a rhyme descended from the time of the Civil Wars, but which he never has been able to connect with the history of the period:—

"High diddle diddle and high diddle ding,
The Parliament soldiers are going to the King."

Infants of the present generation may have this transfer and fusion business stamped upon their butter-like memories by a variation upon the above beautiful couplet:—

"High diddle, diddle the soldier so green,
The Company's Soldiers are sold to the QUEEN."

Tuesday. The Bill for providing means for settling disputes between Masters and Operatives (this does not mean Maestri and Opera-singers, Wiscount) was read a second time in the Lords, but declared very unsatisfactory. A Bill for creating a Native Council in New Zealand, for settling Land disputes, was read a second time, on the Government's motion. It is to be hoped that it provides for civil and polite conduct on the part of the Members towards each other. We shall perhaps read of references to "the Honourable Member with the Blue Tattoo," and that "the Speaker then retired and eat his grandmother; after which the Council resumed."

After some military debates in the Commons, they got themselves

Counted Out. Some Gas Bill dodge was said to have something to do with the affair.

Wednesday. Good MR. HUBBARD,
He went to his cupboard,
And put in his neat little Bill
(On the vext Church Rate question)
At civil suggestion
That the measure amounted to *nil*.

A very good Bill for taking the mismanagement of country roads out of the hands of slow, stupid, and stingy boors, and transferring the duty to a responsible Board that could be made to understand a subject, and to feel a kicking for neglecting it, was read a second time by 203 to 120, MR. HENLEY, as usual, growling and grumbling against any change in any existing system. For a man of real sense, HENLEY is the best type of an Obstructive that is presented in the House of Commons. He knows enough to do very great mischief, and, as somebody told him more truly than civilly, he worries Bills like a great ferret with a rat. It was very fit that such a Stick-in-the-mud should oppose a measure for making roads passable, and this sentimental excuse is the only one that *Mr. Punch* can invent for him. Then came another thing considerably to be regretted. Does anybody know what a Marine Store Dealer is? He or she, for the women are worse than the men, keeps a filthy little den, usually covered with vulgar, flaunting placards, tempting servant girls and the like with visions of fine clothes in exchange for "odds and ends," and with doggerel verses such as:—

"If you want a bit of luck
Come to MOTHER HABAKKUK,
Bring old bottles, bones, and rags,
And she will fill your money-bags."

But this is merely a blind. The real business of the rogue is to buy, for as little of course as will be taken, anything that a servant, a child, or an apprentice, can bring. The Marine-Store keeper is, in fact, a receiver of stolen goods, and half the juvenile crime of our cities is attributable to these wretches, who not only receive the produce of thefts, but hint to their customers what thefts are easiest and most profitable. The Police Magistrates would have the utmost pleasure in seeing them all transported, but unluckily they are themselves in no peril of such an *exit*, though they annually send hundreds and thousands to our gaols and convict-ships. Various attempts have been made to give the police some hold over the rascals, but the means have not been very effective, and the fearful demoralisation business goes on. A Bill has been introduced this session for dealing with them, but in the natural desire of the framers to make it as stringent as possible, they have so devised it as to make it operate against honest trades-people. SIR G. C. LEWIS remarked that it was true that "Marine Store Dealers were to a great extent dealers in stolen goods," but he did not promise his aid in amending and carrying so needful a measure. He *did* promise, however, to consult with the Magistrates.

Thursday. That poor old creature, LORD NORMANBY, did a little cackling against GARIBALDI and the Italians; but the aged goose only succeeded in eliciting from several Peers a warm tribute to the humanity, as well as to the bravery, of the Dictator of Sicily. NORMANBY on GARIBALDI is like an old black beetle crawling on a lion's mane.

In the Commons, LORD JOHN RUSSELL mentioned that PRESIDENT BUCHANAN had recalled GENERAL HARNEY from San Juan. This HARNEY has been trying to get up a collision between the English and the Americans at San Juan. He is so fond of bloodshedding that he once flogged a woman to death. The PRESIDENT has very wisely removed this man, and all seems likely to be serene until the question of ownership shall be decided between the Governments. LORD JOHN also stated that our Commander, off Naples, knows exactly what to do in the event of an insurrection.

Then began the discussion upon the Resolutions moved by LORD PALMERSTON, in assertion of the Rights and Privileges of the House of Commons. As *Mr. Punch's* Parliamentary History is about the only one which anybody now reads, and will be quite the only one which will be read by Posterity, he deems it fit, in the exercise of his Absolute Wisdom, to insert those Resolutions in this place. They are these:—

"1. That the right of granting aids and supplies to the Crown is in the Commons alone, as an essential part of their constitution; and the limitation of all such grants, as to the matter, manner, measure, and time, is only in them.

"2. That although the Lords have exercised the power of rejecting Bills of several descriptions relating to taxation by negativing the whole, yet the exercise of that power by them has not been frequent, and is justly regarded by this House with peculiar jealousy, as affecting the right of the Commons to grant the supplies and to provide the ways and means for the service of the year.

"3. That, to guard for the future against an undue exercise of that power by the Lords, and to secure to the Commons their rightful control over taxation and supply, this House has in its own hands the power so to impose and remit taxes, and to frame Bills of supply, that the right of the Commons as to the matter, manner, measure, and time, may be maintained inviolate."

The debate which followed, and which lasted through Thursday and Friday night, was remarkable in itself, on account of the attitude into which the House, by addressing itself to such a subject, put itself in regard to the House of Lords, and also on account of the fact that while LORD PALMERSTON, the Premier, virtually defended the conduct of the Lords, and stated himself content with the proposed protest, MR. GLADSTONE, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL, the Foreign Secretary, took an opposite course, MR. GLADSTONE desiring "Action," and LORD JOHN "reserving a right" to do as he might see fit. It is not improbable that such a Split, on such a question, may lead to a solution of continuity in a certain Cabinet, but we shall see. There is no doubt about the fact, for the ultra-Liberals are pouring their fiercest abuse upon LORD PALMERSTON, as a Faithless Chief, a Traitor, and all sorts of sad things, and lauding MR. GLADSTONE and LORD JOHN as something a little better than any Patriots of past ages who have died for their country.

LORD PALMERSTON moved the Resolutions in a speech of much tact, dexterity, and good sense. He was vehemently cheered—by the Opposition.

MR. COLLIER, learnedly and lengthily, censured the Lords, and warned the House to be on guard.

MR. CONINGHAM was not content with merely recording resolutions, and was for forcing the Peers to give way.

MR. SCULLY thought that passing the Resolutions was all that could be done.

MR. LEATHAM was contemptuous about precedents, denounced the Lords, and had something to say about CHARLES THE FIRST'S head.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE made fun of the grammar of the Resolutions, and declared them intended to patch up a Treasury quarrel.

MR. EDWIN JAMES called the Resolutions lame and impotent, and the act of the Lords a usurpation.

MR. GLADSTONE taunted the Opposition for not speaking, called the Resolutions mild and temperate, but thought that the House would do well to vindicate its rights by action. He spoke vehemently, and was vehemently cheered by a portion of the Liberals.

MR. WHITESIDE, roused, fired off one of his ready salvoes of good slashing sarcasm, and demanded whether it was desired to subvert the Constitution.

After some speeches of no particular mark, and a smart one, against the Lords, by MR. STANSFELD,

MR. DISRAELI complimented the PREMIER, and approved the Resolutions, but defended the Lords, and poured a quantity of ridicule on MR. GLADSTONE, and upon the Split in the Liberal party.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL thought that the Lords had used their power in an unprecedented manner, and declared his no-confidence in LORD DERBY'S leading. The debate was adjourned, and resumed next night by

MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR, who was not satisfied with the Resolutions.

MR. HORSMAN delivered a spirited defence of the Lords, and castigated MR. GLADSTONE for playing tricks with finance.

MR. BRIGHT abused MR. HORSMAN, made a very effective speech in favour of the Budget and the French Treaty, and said that the House was about to abase itself before the hereditary chamber.

Excitement followed, two divisions on adjournment were taken, and the motions for it were defeated by 433 to 36, and 369 to 52, and then

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AGREED TO LORD PALMERSTON'S RESOLUTIONS.

RESOLUTION *v.* ACTION.

SAYS PAM, with his smile, friends or foes to beguile,
And his jaunty elocution,—
"You may trust all to me, my dear GLADSTONE, you see,
I'm a man of *resolution*."

Says GLADSTONE, with gloom in his eyes of doom—
And a smile—not of satisfaction:
"*Resolution*, dear PAM?—That 's all S. H. A. M.
I am a man of *action!*"

Says PAM, "Say you so? Then 'tis well you should know
That the Lords your mistake to correct meant;
And the *action I'll* take, if a rumpus *you* make,
Is an action of *ejectment*."

Action of Damages; England *v.* China.

THE estimate of the sum we shall have to pay towards defraying the expenses of the Chinese War, amounts to £3,800,000. That is all the damage that has yet been done by our naval and military operations in China. It is much to be feared that all the future damage which may be caused by those proceedings will affect only ourselves. We may pursue the Chinese; but are too likely to catch only the Tartar portion of the population.

AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.—TO MR. PUNCH.

SIR,—The *Morning Star* publishes a most extraordinary correspondence between MR. COMMISSIONER HILL, Recorder of Birmingham, and the REV. EDWIN CHAPMAN, on the one part, and a personage oddly denominated SIR SAMUEL CUNARD on the other. From these premises it appears that an American lady, MRS. C. E. PUTNAM, with her son, MR. EDMUND T. PUTNAM, and party, consisting of a lady and gentleman, respectively named SMITH and CASSEY, having taken first class passenger tickets for England on board the steamer *Europa*, CAPTAIN LEICH, were, a few days before the steamer sailed, served with the following notice:—

"*British and North American Royal Mail Steam-packet Company. Office, 99, State Street, Boston, Oct. 27, 1859.*

"For your information, we desire to inform you that a separate table will be provided for yourself and party on board the *Europa*, hence to Liverpool, where everything will be furnished you that first cabin passengers are entitled to; the person who applied for your tickets did not state the fact that the party were coloured, otherwise we should have informed you.

"Should this interfere with your expectations, please apply at this office at once, and we will refund the passage-money. Respectfully,

"Mrs. E. Putnam and party, Salem." "(Signed) E. C. and J. G. BATES.

"The arrangement above indicated, MRS. PUTNAM states, was enforced during the voyage. She says, in a letter to an English gentleman:—

"During the whole voyage we were not allowed a seat at the table. . . . And during the last few days of our voyage we were obliged to sit in the ladies' cabin by ourselves, and servants bring us food as if we were criminals, when we had conducted ourselves with the strictest propriety. The captain committed a great wrong in submitting to the dictation of an American agent. Yours, &c.,

"(Signed) C. E. PUTNAM."

"Now the above particulars, and more to the same purpose, were communicated by MR. M. D. HILL and MR. CHAPMAN to the party mysteriously entitled SIR SAMUEL CUNARD, together with the respectful expression of a hope that, as the chief proprietor of the American line of packets including the *Europa*, he would prevent the repetition by his agents of the conduct of which they were guilty towards MRS. PUTNAM and her friends. To this communication no answer was returned. A second appeal obtained the following reply:—

"*Bush-hill-House Edmonton, June 29, 1860.*

"Sir, I have received your letters of the 8th and 28th inst.

"I do not see that any advantage would result from discussing the subject matter of those letters, therefore I must decline entering into any correspondence on the subject. "I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"S. CUNARD."

"The Rev. E. Chapman, Durdham Down, Bristol."

"Surely the writer of the above letter, signing himself S. CUNARD, is plain SAMUEL. It is impossible that he can be "SIR." SAMUEL. To be in case to bear the title of SIR, he must needs be a British subject; whereas it is manifest that S. CUNARD is a regular Yankee. No Englishman could possibly be capable of such subserviency to the wicked and absurd antipathies of the American populace, as to permit, on board any vessel under his control, the continued perpetration of the infamous insolence which MRS. PUTNAM declares to have been practised on herself and her friends by the authorities of the *Europa*. Any SIR SAMUEL CUNARD would have written at once to MR. CHAPMAN, apologising for the base brutality of his servants, and promising to take care that no ship of his should ever again be disgraced by such atrocious truckling to the prejudices of American snobs. The author of the foregoing refusal to entertain the question of putting a stop to a system of outrages upon justice, humanity, freedom, and English civilisation, can only be one simply MR. SAMUEL CUNARD; SAMUEL unadorned; SAMUEL, without a handle to his name; SAMUEL, the genuine nephew and countryman of Uncle SAM.

"Yours, &c.,

"STAR AND GARTER."

A Fly-Blow.

BUTCHER'S meat is high, and accordingly the working classes have very reasonably resolved to abstain from it. If, however, in consequence of this resolution, the butchers are prevented from selling their beef and mutton off their hands, and this hot weather continues, butchers' meat will soon get still higher.

OUR FACETIOUS FRIENDS.

PUNCH has sometimes been found fault with both by ignorant and timid persons, for venturing to poke his fun at our near and dear allies (who might be held still dearer if they were not so expensive to us). Stupid people say the French don't understand a jest, while timid ones declare they are so thin skinned and so sensitive that they cannot take good humouredly a harmless laugh at their expense; and, as an element of enmity, one might as well propose to crack a rifle as a joke at them. How far away from truth are these absurd Britannic notions, may be shown by this brief extract from one of the few dozens of French pamphlets lately published, which by their friendly tone and truthfulness have by no means less astonished than they have delighted us:—

"It is absolutely essential to the existence of the British Empire that the entire class of peasants of Ireland should be maintained in a condition which renders them perfectly docile and easy to decimate when they grow too numerous, or not disposed to bring recruits to the army. They who are of opinion that the English is the basest and most horrible tyranny which ever scandalised the earth will probably form the wish that her indispensable support, Ireland, shall be taken from her."

The statement that "the English is the basest and most horrible tyranny which ever scandalised the earth" is really, to our thinking, so exquisitely ludicrous that one might fancy that the force of funning could no further go, were it not for the still funnier remark directly following it. But that Ireland should be viewed as really being England's "indispensable support" is an idea which is so flattering as well as so facetious, that we should almost feel inclined to give the writer an engagement did not the interests of our readers prohibit such a course.

THE STOOL THAT WAS NOT MEANT TO BE STOOD UPON.

OUR PREMIER he made a Precedents' stool,
With three legs, as neat as could be,
Out of old HATSELL wood, the workmanship good,
And the turning masterlie.

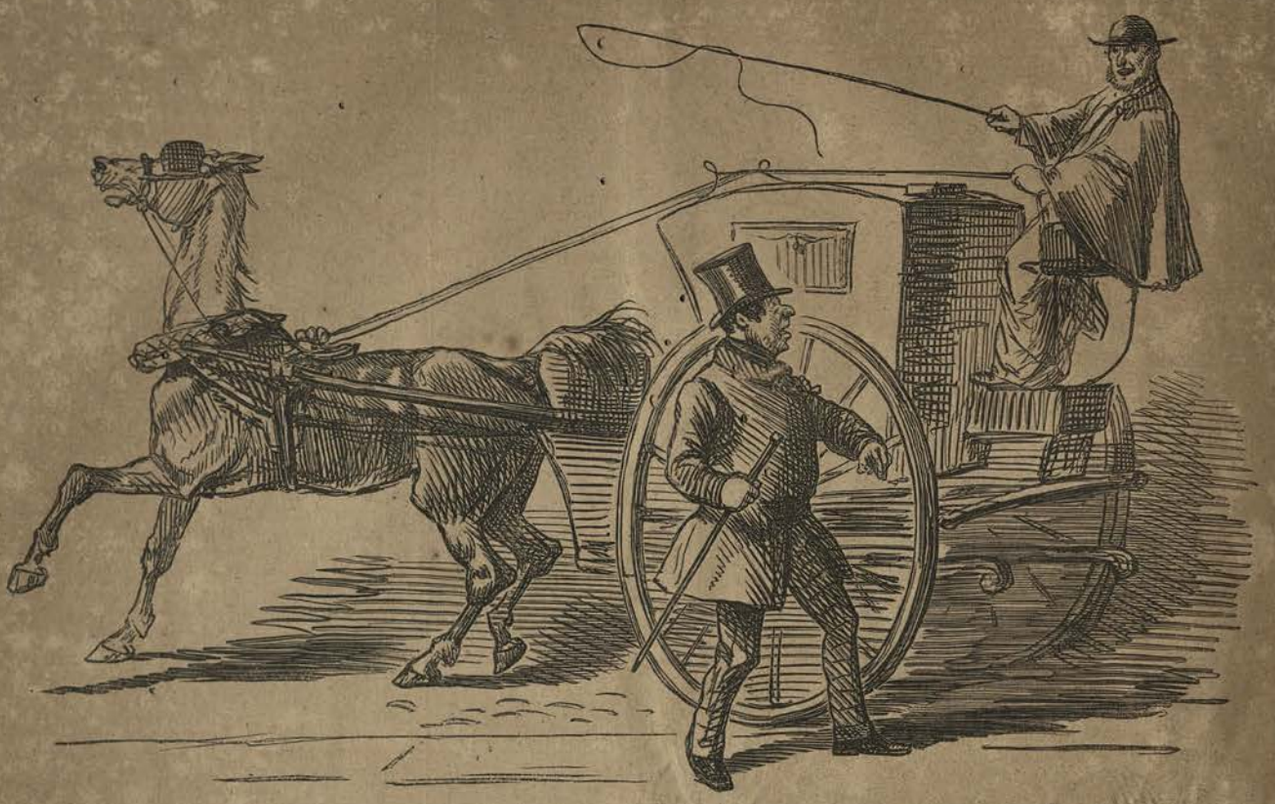
Then up came GLADSTONE, full of wrath,
Brimming o'er with a speech so fine,
"Let me mount this stool, the House to school,
And deliver this soul of mine."

"Now nay—now nay," quoth the PREMIER gay,
"Thy speech thou may'st speak anon;
But this stool, my friend, thou mayst not ascend,
'Tis not meant for standing on."

Then up and spake grim GLADSTONE,
And he smote the board till it rang—
"A stool with three legs, and none of 'em pegs
Whereon a speech to hang!

"I leave you to sink—I leave you to swim,
As pleases DISRAELI,
But the place where such cabinet-work is done,
Is no longer the Place for me."

Then up he rose, and shook his clothes,
And clapped the chamber-door—
Which as Ministere to that sely Peer
He never entered more!



Cabbie. "NOW THEN, SIR! JUMP IN. DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND FOR EIGHTEEN PENCE!"

FINE TIMES FOR FARMERS.

YOU cats and dogs, which, till July,
It all this year did raain,
I wishes you at last good-bye,
The weather's turned to fine.
Dark clouds consales the Zun no more,
He shines as bright as brass:
Zo now we zells our hay in store,
And cuts our crops of grass.
The sky is butcher's blue agen; the showers have sased to fall,
We farmers bain't a gwaian to be rhuan'd arter all.

'Twas bad for cattle and for ship,
And lambs, you may suppose,
When every hedge wi' wet did drip;
But then bastes' valley rose;
And fodder was as high as mate;
Sitch times was never know'd.
Here zum on us was zellun whate
At fifteen pound a load!
But things must now come down, because the showers have sased to fall;
Yet still I hopes as how we shan't be rhuan'd arter all.

There's them as thirst o' gain betrays,
By ladun on 'um wrong,
But happy is the man, I says,
As doan't hold on too long.
I zold my stock at famine-rates;
Here's plenty now in view!
I hopes as I med say, my mates,
It is the same wi' you.
The crops is all fast thrivun now the showers have sased to fall;
We shan't, at laste not all on us, be rhuan'd arter all!

When harvest, feared for all the spring,
A good un proves to be,
That there I calls the sart o' thing,
That's just the time for we!
Then in the pockets there's the gold,
The grain is in the barn;
There's last year's proddus all well sold,
In hand there's this un's carn:
And if we rapes abundance now the showers have sased to fall;
This time I spose we fellers shan't be rhuan'd arter all.

So now as wet gives place to dry,
And dark makes way for shine,
"Success to Farmun!" is the cry
We'll drink in chape French wine.
The twoast is what in strong old ale
We used to drink afore,
But now new-fangled slops prevail,
They brews good beer no more.
But push about the clarut, since the showers have sased to fall,
And sing, the jolly farmers wun't be rhuan'd arter all.

A PROFESSIONAL PROTEUS WANTED.

THE advertisers daily grow more queer in their requirements, and by no means the least strange are those connected with the theatres, where novelty of any kind is always in request. We take the following, for instance, from the columns of the *Era*, which are constantly supplying something funny of this sort:—

WANTED, for an ENTERTAINMENT, a Professional Gentleman of Versatile Powers, to play with a Lady. A good figure and personal appearance indispensable. Age not over Thirty. Characters to be sustained:—A Young, and an Elderly Gentleman, a Modern Fop, a Frenchman, and a Drunken Character in Low Life. A fixed salary weekly.—Address, &c.

A gentleman must need have "powers" something more than "versatile" to make him able to comply with all these various requirements. Were nothing said about his "personal appearance," the task might indeed be much more easy of accomplishment. But although it may be proper for him to be possessed of a "good figure" to enable him successfully to "play with a lady," it seems to us that this would not be an advantage to him when appearing as a "drunken character in low life," and he must indeed be a most skilful pantomimist to undertake the transformation scenes which seem to be required of him.

THE LONG LOST SUN.

BRITANNIA. "WHY, PHŒBUS, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? HERE'S ALL THE CORN SPOILING—TO SAY NOTHING OF THE STRAWBERRIES!"

A NEW SONG TO THE OLDEST TUNE AS IS.

(See MR. CHAPPELL'S *History of Early English Music.*)

SUMMER is ycomen in—
Rather late, it's true—
Groweth grain, and ceaseth rain,
And gloweth toilet new.

Salad groweth for cold lamb;
Volunteers are not wet through:
Flannel droppeth, great-coat stoppeth,
And Goloshes too!
Months two overdue,
The Summer's here!

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"THREADING my way through the mazes of flounce and crinoline which fill the R. A. Exhibition, I found myself one morning in the North Room.

"Poor MR. WILKINS, the Architect, to whose taste and skill we are indebted for the design of these halls, has been much abused for his pains, but I forgive him his feeble façade and his dreary little dome, his pepper-boxes and his pseudo-Greek portico—in short, all his mistakes—for inventing the North Room, that cool retreat from the crowd and bustle of the Exhibition where one can, at 9 A.M., look at a picture in comfort, and without prejudice—to corns.

"Nor are the works exhibited in this little Sanctuary to be overlooked or despised as an insignificant part of the show. Let gentlemen console themselves who are condemned to be hung (I allude, of course, to their paintings) in the North Room. Here their friends can examine their canvas at leisure; and as for dignity, are not HUNT, PICKERSGILL, and RICHMOND, good company for any of us? The fact is, that crowds rush through the larger rooms to see A.'s famous Allegory, and B.'s grand Battle-piece, or struggle to get a peep at the exquisite portraits by DAUBNEY. Suppose this or that picture is praised,—let us say in *The Connoisseur*, or the *Propylæum*, well—it naturally becomes popular, and the British Public elbows its way up to it in admiration. It is the correct thing to do. I don't say this out of spite, though my *Coronation of Amalasuntha* was rejected.—I hope I'm above envy—but such is the case. When, on the other hand, I see any one in the North Room straining his neck here or there, and anxiously turning over the leaves of his catalogue, I feel pretty sure he is looking for a friend's picture, or is guided by his own æsthetical instinct. And surely there is a sufficient variety in this room to suit all tastes, from the simple truth and grace expressed in MR. MORRIS'S *Voices from the Sea*, to the dismal text of MR. STIRLING'S *Revival Sermon*. The former (537) is an English coast scene. A young wife and mother listens to her husband's farewell shout as his boat scuds out to sea. Her ruddy children play beside her, and one young rascal has run knee-deep into the water to catch the last sound of his father's voice. It is a pretty, unaffected subject, to which the painter has done justice; and—Oh, if MR. STIRLING had but chosen such a one, instead of depicting the horrors of a 'Revival,' we should not have had to look at—

"A pastor anathematising his flock,
While *Stiggins* stands by in a dirty white stock,
And rears a placard. Sitting under is seen
A flunkey; his coat is of emerald green,
And crimson his breeches. Significant leers
This worthy bestows on a damsel in tears,
With a polychromatic and Brummagem shawl.
While a juvenile version of *Samuel Hall*
Attacks (most unjustly, it must be confest,)
His companion, attired in a bright yellow vest.
A reporter, 'got up' in low comedy style,
Is dotting down notes. An eccentric old file,
Sits watching the preacher. Observe in the rear
How the 'fruits' of the sermon begin to appear.
There's a girl in hysterics, with terror dismayed,
While an anxious M.D. makes a rush to her aid.
Thus fanatical froth, flirting, fighting, and fainting,
Form the subject of this—most remarkable painting.*

"The title of *Ivory and Ebony* is given by MR. ERCOLE to (483) a picture representing a fair damsel in an unexceptionable brocaded dress, attended by a nigger, who carries a plate of fruit. The contrast is pretty, and the idea of 'Ebony' bearing apples has, at least, the merit of novelty.

"MR. ERWOOD'S *First Place* deserves a better one on the Exhibition walls. It is exquisitely finished, down to the very dust-pan which the poor housemaid has laid aside for a few tearful moments before she begins her day's work.

"*Love Knows no Sleep* (531), by MR. W. WILLIAMS, represents a flirtation between a young lady at an open window who is slipping a letter into the hand of her lover as he leans through the casement. If Love knows no sleep, the fair creature in question appears well aware that, at least, her Mamma is dozing. As for the gent. in the Balmoral bonnet, there is no doubt that HE is tolerably wide awake.

"(541), *The Outrage upon Sir John Coventry*, affords MR. MAGUIRE a capital bit of melodramatic incident for illustration. Poor SIR JOHN appears hard pressed in the *Sa sa* encounter. He placed himself against the wall (so runs the story), and thus, though foes attacked him in front, he had *bricks* to back him. Two heavy villains are already disarmed, and SIR J. is laying about him bravely. It is a curious fact, that though COVENTRY was least likely of all to show the white feather, he is the only cavalier in the picture who wears one.

"To criticise *The Critics* would be hardly fair, nor, if MR. EMMERSON chooses to paint from such models as are represented on his canvas (559), has any one a right to interfere. It would be violating the liberty of the subject, which in this instance, though a singularly ugly one, is treated with skill. Artists will not fail to appreciate the 'accidental repeat' of the puppy behind the chair in the spaniel on the carpet.

"*Guilty or not Guilty?* asks MR. HAYLLAR, *apropos* of his picture (565), in which a fat little boy is seen standing by a Fortnum-and-Masonic looking jar. Guilty, I suppose, of poaching on the home preserves.

"MR. G. D. LESLIE contributes two works, *Matelda* (573), and *Meditation* (588). The latter represents a young lady in a brown study and pink dress lying by a green pond. She has chosen a somewhat damp spot for her reflections. It is melancholy to think that such a close inspection of water lilies might be attended by—lumbago. The other picture (*Matelda*), is more interesting, and has its admirers, among whom is your humble servant.

"Let artists take warning by the incident which forms the subject of MR. HUGHES'S picture (568), and keep their studios locked up. Young Hopeful is here earnestly engaged in laying 'high lights' on the nose of a lay figure, while his papa peeps round the corner, apparently pleased with the experiment. Well—there is nothing like encouraging youthful genius, even when manifested through the medium of Roman white.

"One would have expected MR. WHISTLER'S talents to have been developed on the flute rather than *At the Piano* (598). Nevertheless, the painting of that title shows genius. The tone which he has produced from his piano is admirable, and he has struck on it a chord of colour which will I hope find an echo in his future works.

"The South Room is, as you know, chiefly devoted to the exhibition of Architectural designs, the critique on which I have no doubt has been so ably conducted by my eminent friend, MR. T. SQUARER, elsewhere, that further comment would be superfluous. There are, however, some portraits here to which I would willingly allude. It would be a pleasure to linger before the miniatures of MESSRS. WELLS and MOIRA, and note the grace and artistic skill in the water-colour portraits by MR. MOORE, but it is time to close my letter.

"As I descended from the R. A. Rooms, after looking at the thousand and ninety-sixth Work of Art there exhibited, I passed through the Condemned Cell—I mean the room devoted to rejected contributions. Alas! for the vanity of human hopes! There lay dear SMITH'S grand compositions, and the produce of poor BROWN'S brains and paint-pot; and the heartless porter grinned as he looked down upon the débris. Old MASSICOT had just dropped in to fetch away his portraits, and indulging in some rather forcible and—and cursory remarks on the Establishment in Trafalgar Square, I regret to say, disparaged even the divine Art itself as an unprofitable occupation.

"I wonder is it better that men should find their own level in this great struggle of life, or keep buoyed up to the last in the comfortable but delusive hope of ultimate success? What becomes of the thousands who are thrown down in the crowd, or the thousands who, seeing the blows, and buffets, and vexation, turn, and walk quietly away?

"Is there no sanctuary—no refuge for these unfortunates—the Great Disappointed?

"I think if I had ten, twenty, or say thirty thousand a-year, I would endow such an asylum. I would welcome them all. The briefless barrister; the painter who has no patron; the person to whom no one will give a living; the doctor in search of practice; the author whose tragedy no manager will accept; captains who want promotion; governesses without a place—what a pleasant little society we might have, and—and how soon we should get tired of each other!

"Faithfully yours,
"JACK EASEL."

* An ingenious friend of mine, the author of several very clever (and eminently unsuccessful) poems, has, at my request, just dashed off these lines to show you what *might* be done in the way of metrical critiques. Artists will be pleased to remember, that his terms are moderate, and inclusive of beer. Pre-Raphaelite notices executed in Mediæval type, and Royal Academicians waited upon at their own residences. Address, SCRIBLERUS, care of MR. CATNACH, &c.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUME.

CHAPTER XXII.—PERIOD—THE REIGN OF HENRY THE THIRD.

FROM THE EFFIGY OF ST. MARY-LE-BONE. TEMP. HENRY THE THIRD. (IN THE PADDINGTONIAN MUSEUM.)

BUT little change of costume occurred in this long reign, and we may therefore make short work of what we have to say about it. This indeed we are the more at liberty to do, having, with our usual gallantry, accorded *place aux dames*, and described in our last Chapter the dresses of the ladies. To come now to their lesser halves (who through crinoline are now-a-days dwindling down to less than quarters), we leave our artist to depict a *Portrait of a Gentleman*, as he would doubtless have appeared at the R. A. Exhibition, had the Academy been opened in the thirteenth century.

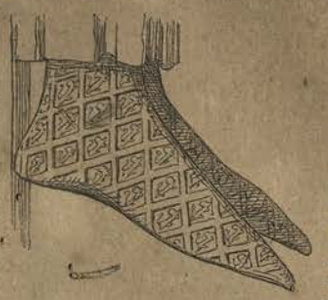
The reader will perceive from this artistic work, at least if his perception be aided by our pen, that the chiefly novel points about the male dress of this period were, that the robe was somewhat fancifully slit, or slashed, or slittered,* and that the boots were fretted, again worn with long toes. The robe was called a "quintis," or "cointise," from this slashing, the word *quinteux* in French meaning fanciful or freakish: epithets which almost seem too mild to be applied to men who had their coats cut all to bits before they'd wear them. Such dandies might have fitly worn strait-waistcoats with their robes, and have been vested with the right to sit in the "Mad Parliament."

FROM A "PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN," BY ONE OF THE VERY OLDEST MASTERS.

Another point to which we may direct attention is, that drawers were worn in this reign, so as to be visible; the tunic being open as high up as the waist, that the right leg might be left more free to be put forward. This fashion must have specially found favour with the young, for they must have found it difficult to "over" posts, or fly the garter, when their tunics, like old JONES's coat, were "all buttoned down before."

A garment called a "cyclas" is first mentioned in this reign: the city swells who were invited to KING HENRY's Coronation wearing, we are told, "cyclades worked with gold over vestments of rich silk." The cyclas, it would seem, was a sort of upper tunic, and derived its name from the stuff which it was made of. This was called "cyclas," from being manufactured chiefly in the Cyclades, and not because, as has been fancied, it was first made for sick ladies.

Another new material was a rich silk woven with gold, which was known as cloth of Baldekins, from its being made at Baldeck, as Babylon was then called. In fact the tailors of this period appear to have done more in introducing new materials than in altering the fashions, and their poverty of invention was atoned for in some measure by the richness of their stuffs. The effigy of the King on his monument at Westminster (on view for a few coppers to the Dean and Chapter), represents him, as is usual, in his royal robes; consisting simply of a tunic, made rather long and full, and a mantle which is fastened by a brooch on the right shoulder. The most splendid things about him are certainly his boots, which are, like a surly miser, fretted with gold; each square of the fret having the figure of a lion in it, with its tail put out of joint and twisted level with its back.



HENRY THE THIRD HIS BOOTS. WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Mantles and cloaks were only used on state occasions and in travelling; for which latter use a kind of over-all was worn, called a *super-totus*, in the Latin of the monks. This was an improvement on the capa, or Norman cloak, not only being bigger, but having sleeves as well as hood. It was likewise called *balandrana* by monks, who liked fine names; and under this title (derived from the French *balandran*, a foul-weather cloak), monks of the order of St. Benedict were ordered not to wear it. Why they were so is a question which is open to our guessing, and we may fancy if we like, for there is nobody to hinder us, that, perhaps, the Benedictines were chary of lavation, and so a ducking now and then was thought conducive to their health.

COSTUME OF A TRAVELLER, OR "BAGMAN," OF THE PERIOD. FROM A MS. (THIRTEENTH CENTURY.)

With regard to the capillary fashions of this reign we find that men in general were tolerably close shavers, but that they mostly wore their hair in flowing curls, at least if they could any how prevail on it to grow so. Cowls or hoods were used for head-cover, and so were small round caps and hats, the latter not unlike the old "beaver" of our youth, but which must not be confounded with that mentioned in the passage:—

"I saw young HARRY with his beaver on."

A white coif tied under the chin was, however, worn most commonly by men out hunting and on horseback, who, as shown in the old drawings, bear some likeness to the cockneys we have seen unhorsed at Epping, with their handkerchiefs tied round their heads to take the place of their lost hats.

The historian MATTHEW PARIS, the Monk of St. Alban's, favours us with some descriptions of the fashions of this period, and proclaims himself disgusted with the fopperies he witnessed. It seems, however, somewhat questionable if the clergy were in general of this austere opinion: for their garments for the most part were so foppishly embroidered, that POPE INNOCENT THE FOURTH is said to have exclaimed: "O England! thou garden of delights, thou art truly an inexhaustible fountain of riches! From thy abundance much may be exacted!" What reporter there was present when he made this observation the chronicles do not enable us to say; and indeed we rather question if POPE INNOCENT was such an innocent as to talk about exactions, however much inclined he might be, possibly, to make them. That he was rather so disposed we find from certain bulls which he despatched to several English prelates, enjoining them to send him a quantity of vestments, for the use (at least he says so) of the priests who were at Rome. Many of these habits are described as being "covered with gold and precious stones," while others were "embroidered with the figures of animals and flowers:" so that the English priests who were deprived of these "beautiful vestments" might have lamented them as did the priest of our St. George's-in-the-East.

We may note here that the red hat *Punch* so often has poked fun at was, as it appears, a bright invention of this INNOCENT: and was presented by His Innocence (what a rare name for a Pope!) to the Cardinals who came to the Council of Lyons, held, as everybody

* "Wroughte was his robe in straunge gise,
And all to [pieces] slyttered for quointise,
In many a place lowe and hie."
Chaucer: his Translation of the "Roman de la Rose."

knows, in the year 1245. According to DE CURBIO, they wore it for the first time in the twelvemonth following, at an interview between His Innocence and KING LOUIS THE NINTH. The hat when first invented was not made with a flat brim, as it is at present, but was moulded to the fashion of the mouth of a French horn, and looked like an old wide-awake knocked rather out of shape.

PORTRAIT OF ONE OF THE CARDINALS, WHO "ASSISTED" ON THAT OCCASION. FROM AN OLD HISTORICAL PICTURE.

During HENRY'S reign it was that the Dominicans, or preaching friars, and the Franciscans, or friars minor, were established in this country. From their black cloak and capuchon the first were called Black Friars (COX DE FINSBURY is wrong in saying they were called so because they made their hands black in frying their parched peas): while the Franciscans had the title of Grey Friars applied to them, because, like many of our Riflemen, they preferred to dress in grey. Calumny has hinted that these reverend old fathers were somewhat prone to the enjoyment of mundane creature comforts, albeit they affected to hold them in contempt; and this suspicion, we must own, is supported by the passage:—

Ytt was a Fryar of orderes Grave,
Went forthe to tell hys bedes:
And afterwarde, soe folkes do save,
He lobed to smoake a wede.

THE LADIES' OWN RIFLE CORPS.

"*Honeysuckle House, Hampstead.*

I AM sure, my dear *Mr. Punch*, that you who so zealously keep watch over our national defences, and have been so warm a friend to our gallant Volunteers, will be glad to hear that steps are being taken by which a *great* accession will be soon made to their ranks, and the security of England be *perfectly* ensured. With a view to this result it is intended to get up a Rifle Corps for *Ladies*, and arrangements are on foot by which the petticoats may everywhere be pressed into the service, and some thousands of good feminine *effectives* be enrolled.

"I dare say you may smile at the notion of *weak women* volunteering to defend themselves, and boasting that they mean to come out thousands strong. But you know one doesn't want much *strength* to pull a trigger, and as for *skill*, I'm sure we women very often get the better of you men. If ladies can shoot pheasants, as the papers say they do, they surely might soon learn to aim at *larger animals*, and be as deadly in a battle as they are in a battue. And I'm sure they can't do better than take pattern by HER MAJESTY, who hit the middle of the bull's eye at *four hundred miles* range (wasn't it?) and showed herself undoubtedly the *first* shot of the day. Moreover, if they be not so destructive with their rifles as the shooters who belong to the *coarser-sinewed* sex, they have other weapons always at command, which would do good execution upon any hostile ranks. Their *ocular artillery* is ever ready primed, and when it is well served what foe could hope to face it? I should like to see the Frenchman who would dare to keep his ground when the ladies' corps were ordered to put on their killing looks, and to set their rifle caps at him!

"Besides, Sir, there are sanitary reasons to allure us, and good health you know is needful to the keeping of good looks. I'm sure the exercise of drill is doing wonders for you men, and I can't see why we women should not also take advantage of it. You *do* look so much better now that you've been taught to hold your backs straight and your heads up, and to keep your legs free from that sluggish sort of slouch, and your hands from that eternal fumble in those hateful *peg-top* pockets. I declare young MR. MONEYBAGS (whom Mamma *would* make me dance with, don't you know, at LADY SQUABBLETON'S) was *positively hideous* until he took to drill, and now he's grown so *handsome* that really when he called the other day I hardly knew him! It was very rude of Ma to compliment him as she did on the *improvement* in his looks, but I'm sure that he *deserved* it, and really his moustache is getting on quite *visibly*, and if rifle practice gives one such a healthy, clear complexion, I'm sure that *many* girls I know would be the better for it. LAURA PERILY would for *one*, and as a *friend* I should advise *her* to try a dose of drilling before she throws her sheep's eyes any more at MR. M., who (I've heard him say) *can't bear* those tallowy, flabby faces, which look as though one could make *dokes* in them, as children do in putty.

"So we ladies, *Mr. Punch*, intend to go to drill as you do, and although we may be *awkwardish* at first, you must bear in mind, Sir, what you were yourself,* and must not laugh at us for treading in your goose steps. The drill will be a healthy exercise for girls, and there's no reason why it should not be as fashionable as dancing. And so, say I, let ladies put their best foot foremost, and for the mere sake of the exercise join the Rifle Movement. Let them get up Rifle Meetings in the lieu of Archery, and take to burning powder instead of midnight ball lamps. You old grumblers keep on growling that we women want employment. Now, if we started Rifle Corps, you'd have to hold your tongues, I think; for judging by the time you spend, or rather that you *say* you spend, on marches and parades, and club meetings, and drills, I'm sure that if we ladies only *do as you do*, there'll be very little seen of us at *home*, Sir, and you'll have no cause for twitting us with want of *occupation*.

"And so, Sir, hoping next year to compete for the *Ladies' Prize* at Wimbledon, believe me to remain,

"Your constant reader and *admiror*,
"ANGELINA SMITH."

"P.S. Don't you think that *mauve* would look nice for our uniform, with rose-colour cuffs and facings, and pheasant's feathers in our caps? I rather fancy, though, that some of us would like *all scarlet* better, for the last thing women wish for is to make themselves *invisible*."

* Don't be personal, young lady, and consult your dictionary. There is no such word as "awkwardish" existing in the language, and if there were, it is impossible that WE should ever be described by it.—*Punch.*

MURDER ON THE PLATFORM.

MR. BRIGHT'S Organ played the following pleasing little air last Saturday:—

"On Thursday evening COUNT RUDIO (so *well-known* as being connected with the late attempt to assassinate the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH) gave a lecture at the Assembly Rooms, Nottingham. MR. CLARK presided. The Count gave a detailed history of the conspiracy in which he had been engaged. . . He (the Count) had attempted tyrannicide for the benefit of his fellow-creatures and the punishment of a great crime. As his hearers well knew, the attempt was defeated, and his brave friend, ORSINI, perished on the scaffold. The modern hero spared him (the speaker) as a cat spared a mouse—only to torture it. No tongue could describe the sufferings he underwent, and how he survived he could not tell. The lecturer concluded by giving a narrative of his escape from the penal settlement to which he had been condemned, and his journey to England. HE THEN RESUMED HIS SEAT AMID LOUD CHEERS."

All things considered, *Mr. Punch* is not exactly delighted with the above information. His own admiration for the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is known to be excessive, and this may make *Mr. Punch* unduly sensitive. But he cannot help thinking that "the ORSINI attempt" was an abominable and dastardly crime, by which the destruction of innocent persons might have been accomplished, and that COUNT RUDIO'S "brave friend" was a cowardly assassin, who well deserved to lose his head. COUNT RUDIO is lucky to have escaped, and would show himself more worthy of his good luck did he abstain from exhibiting himself to Englishmen as a murderer in intention. *Mr. Punch* suspects the "loud cheers" to have been an invention of the penny-a-liner, but if RUDIO were really cheered, the Nottingham audience must have permitted their compassion for a foreigner and an exile to triumph over their sense of decency. MR. BRIGHT'S paper publishes the statement without a word of reprobation or regret, but this *Mr. Punch* takes to be merely an instance of the habitually careless editing of the penny press, and not an indication that RUDIO is regarded as a hero by MR. BRIGHT'S editor. *Mr. Punch*, however, on behalf of his country, at once signifies to Europe, that English detestation of the Dagger-School almost equals English detestation of the systems of tyranny that provoke ill-regulated minds to Murder, and that we have a different platform from that of an assembly-room for the benefit of those who break the Sixth Commandment.

THE NEW PAPER-WEIGHT.

WORK FOR WOMAN.

WHAT are we to do with our young women? is a question which is now beginning to be seriously asked by the benevolent, and by Paterfamilias. Thanks to the prevalent taste for a profusion of finery, combined with a rising Income-Tax, girls are getting too dear, that is to say too expensive, creatures, to find husbands. Under these circumstances there has been formed a Society for the Employment of Women. It met, the other evening at 19, Langham Place, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY in the Chair. Among various recommendations and suggestions for the accomplishment of its gallant and generous object,—

"MR. COOKSON urged law-engrossing as a suitable occupation for women, described the office established by the Society, which is at present supported by several solicitors, and gave an interesting account of the work done there."

This is a very good notion. Young ladies are generally fond of writing. Employed in lawyers' offices they will turn to profitable account a propensity which now merely wastes ink and paper. The female copying clerk, who supports herself by her quill, will no longer pen a billet when she should engross. Some caution must be exercised by the solicitor's official handmaiden lest she should, at first starting, spoil some quantity of sheepskin. She should beware of underlining not only words and sentences which are by no means emphatic, but also of underscoring any words whatever, and if she has a long deed to draw up, she must mind not to cross it. These and a few other *caveats* being observed, legal engrossing may doubtless suit a young lady as well as the at least equally engrossing care of a family.

The next notion is sufficiently reasonable:—

"MR. HASTINGS spoke of printing as peculiarly well adapted for women, and read a paper contributed by MISS EMILY FAITHFULL, on the introduction of women into the printing trades."

There is more pie capable of affording employment to ladies' fingers than that which is usually associated with pudding. Milliners are accustomed to the making up of caps and bonnets, but there are caps, if not bonnets, in a printing-office, which the fair sex might set up as well as those that they are accustomed to construct of lace and artificial flowers; they might compose both small caps and large caps in books, if not in book-muslin. Authors will generally be in favour of a change which will occasionally afford them visits from the printer's angel—angelic visits not too few and far between.

A gentleman instrumentally indicated a void in female education, which might be advantageously filled:—

"MR. MACKENZIE read a paper by MISS J. BOUCHERETT on book-keeping, stating that a want of knowledge of accounts was one great reason of the disinclination to employ women in shops, showing how they might be fitted for the offices of cashiers and bookkeepers, and announcing that a school to supply these deficiencies had been opened by the Society."

Marble and chalk being essentially the same substance, except that the former excels the latter in density, there is every reason to hope that due education would soon convert the marble brow of Beauty into a good "chalk head." A little of that attention to arithmetic which girls are accustomed to devote to their figures, would soon qualify them for a seat on the highest stool, or a position behind the counter of a first-rate banking establishment whence on returning home the fair cashier, if musical, might sit down to her piano and sing, "*I Know a Bank*" to the no small comfort of her family.

We see also that—

"VICE-CHANCELLOR WOOD spoke of other occupations for women, and recommended that they should be employed as clerks in post-offices, and as managers of hotels, as hair-dressers, &c."

Very good. The occupation of hair-dresser in particular is one peculiarly suitable to young persons of the gentler sex. Their fingers are much better adapted to the scissors than those of the male fist, and especially to scissors in relation to the gentleman's real head of hair or peruke, whether visible or invisible. There are cases, however, in which the customer might be disposed to practise retaliation to the extent of a curl, on the head of a ministering *Belinda*, or rather, perhaps, we may say *Barbara*, by the leave of *Jot Miller*. If young ladies very generally take to the hair-dressing line, it may be apprehended that the Swells and Nobs, and the Nobs of Swells, will go extensively cropped.

Sharp-Shooting Extraordinary.

IT is remarkable that, at the late grand Rifle Shooting Match very great numbers of ties were shot off. These will perhaps be conjectured to be the ties of civilians; as the Rifle Volunteers all wear stocks.

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TRUE.—NOTHING LIKE HAVING A GOOD REASON.

SIR WILLIAM. "*Swiggles! What induced you to put such wine as this before me?*"

SWIGGLES. "*Well, you see, Sir William as somebody must drink it,—and there ain't none of us in the Hall as can touch it*" !!!

THE VOLUNTEER'S SONG.

Air—"*I am a Simple Muleteer.*"

I AM a Rifle Volunteer,
And quite particular to rules;
Nor march, nor drill, howe'er severe,
My military ardour cools.
I arm but in my country's cause,
To keep her from the Eagles' claws;
If they attempt a swoop to make,
Crack! crack! my course is clear;
They 'll find they've made a slight mistake—
I am a Volunteer!

I am a Rifle Volunteer,
And they who are not so are—mules!
My nerve is firm, my sight is clear,
For exercise digestion schools.
My pluck is good; upon parade
To face the wet I'm ne'er afraid;
And should the foemen dare invade,
Crack! crack! my shot they'll hear,
My country and my QUEEN to aid—
I am a Volunteer!

The Shepherd of the Tuileries.

AT the annual letting of the celebrated Rams so euphoniously named Babraham, it was stated that the EMPEROR NAPOLEON had taken lots of these animals at 150 and 130 guineas each. These are high prices; but LOUIS NAPOLEON will find Babraham Rams a great deal cheaper and more profitable also than the Steam Rams which he has purchased at so great a cost to destroy the navy of Austria or some other great maritime nation.

UNFOUNDED REPORT.—There is no truth in the rumour that the POPE'S Brass Band competed in the Brass Band Contest, which last week came off at the Crystal Palace.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 9. *Monday.* "Answer a NORMANBY according to his Normanbyism," is a Solomonionism whereof LORD BROUGHAM lost sight to-night, for he took the trouble to make a wise and earnest reply to some ridiculous cackle of the old N, directed against GARIBALDI. BROUGHAM certainly expressed marvellous contempt, both for the sources of NORMANBY'S information and the argument he set tottering upon it; but some elegant little colloquialism like "Shut up" would have been the more fitting response to twaddle.

LORD PALMERSTON had recently informed a deputation of Conservatives, who came to him on the Census Bill, that he should certainly adhere to the proposed inquiry as to a person's Religious Profession. Nobody was therefore surprised, in the present delightful state of unanimity in the Cabinet, to hear to-night that two days later Government would state their intentions on that subject. It should be mentioned that the Dissenters, being excessively averse to this return, had been bringing all their influence to bear upon Members in order to get the provision expunged. MR. COWPER said that he had no "present intention" of making a road through Kensington Gardens to join Tyburnia and Belgravia, as desired by the Swells, to whom, they having horses and carriages, it is of no earthly consequence whether they have to make a *détour* or not, whereas it is of great consequence to pedestrians that one of the few beautiful walks they have should not be cut up by a noisy dusty road. *Mr. Punch* has a present intention of inflicting a future whack upon MR. COWPER'S Nob, if he listens to the Nobs on this point. The other alteration, the giving a better ride to hard-worked gentlemen who take their constitutional gallop in Rotten Row, will be so agreeable to *Mr. Punch* himself, that he approves it at once, and MR. COWPER need not bother himself about MR. EDWIN JAMES'S reclamations on that subject. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL having magnanimously forgiven the House for its foolish meddling with his Bankruptcy Bill, proposed to proceed therewith, with alterations made necessary by the Anti-transfer-of-compensation-from-the-suitors-to-the-consolidated-fund-Vote. But he protested against the way in which his Liberal friends snapped at and impeded the Bill, and declared that unless confidence were reposed in him, and he was credited with knowing something about the merits and operation of a measure to which he had devoted his best energies, there would be no chance of passing the Bill. After this very reasonable and temperate remonstrance the Committee went to work, and got on fairly, though MR. BOUVERIE, "the Prig," emitted petulance, and caught a good slash from the ready whip of PALMERSTON, which did BOUVERIE temporary good. Late in the night the Committee stopped at about the eightieth clause, a heap of Bills were shoved ahead, and MR. HENNESSY, taking a division on an Irish question, found himself in a minority of one to seventeen. But we should do that modest gentleman an injustice if we left it to be supposed that he considered *that* a minority in wisdom, authority, influence, or any other Parliamentary attribute.

Tuesday. In both Houses Ministers stated that orders had been sent to our naval commanders to interfere for the prevention of further atrocities in Syria. News arrived, during the week, that they had done so promptly, at Beyrout. The hostilities of the savage inhabitants of the country are not, mainly, based on religious hatred, but on enmities of races, and are fomented by the agents of other nations whose rulers desire the embarrassment and dismemberment of Turkey.

LORD RAYNHAM appealed to SIR G. C. LEWIS to remit a whipping to which some Hertfordshire criminal had been sentenced, but SIR GEORGE, having inquired into the facts, said that the flagellation had been particularly well deserved. DOCTOR BRADY wanted a Committee to inquire into an alleged grievance committed against a DOCTOR MACLOUGHLIN forty years ago, and was duly squashed by the Monster, MR. SIDNEY HERBERT. There is a Bill before the House for making the Gas Companies behave with some sort of fairness and honesty, at which those Companies being naturally indignant, obtained the advocacy of MR. STANILAND, who, as VISCOUNT WILLIAMS novelly and beautifully said, tried to throw a little less light upon the subject than we had before. MR. STANILAND, in a long speech, did his work so exceedingly well, that when the public perceives that such capital management can make no more of the case, the Gas Tyrants will find their pipes put out. All the fact in the world will never make people believe that Companies ought to charge high for bad gas, and then because they have a monopoly of the supply, ought to insult customers who remonstrate. A good deal of uncharitableness having been shown on the Roman Catholic Churches Bill, the Commons rose, after sitting thirteen hours.

Wednesday. A day of victory to the Dissenters. The Home Secretary, on the fourth clause of the Census Bill, made a speech in which he showed that in all civilised states it was held desirable to know the respective proportions of religious sects, that such returns were obtained in nearly every European country, in some of our colonies,

and in Ireland, that there was no intention of favouring the Church of England by untruthfully swelling her numbers, and that the intended Census would be damaged and left imperfect by the proposed abandonment of the inquiry as to religious profession. But as MR. BAINES and the opponents of the inquiry commanded a great many votes, "were the Masters of Twenty Legions" was the classical Home Secretary's classical phrase, he should withdraw the penalty on the non-return. In order to make things perfectly pleasant, SIR GEORGE added, that the Mahommedans in India, who had formerly disapproved of a Census, because it involved inquiries into domestic arrangements, had become enlightened enough to waive that objection, and to make the return, which showed that "sentimental objections" might be overcome, and he hoped that some of these days the Dissenters would be as sensible as the Mahommedans, with which *placebo* he gave up the point to which LORD PALMERSTON had pledged himself to stick. His sarcasms, of course, told, especially on those eminent religionists, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE and MR. EDWIN JAMES, and some other leading Dissenters, who considered the philosophical Whig's cynical remarks as extremely ungracious. MR. HENLEY was, and took care to show himself, a good deal amused at the Mohammedan hit, and LORD ROBERT CECIL mentioned, that the Dissenters, on occasion of the last Census, made false returns, Zoar lending its morning congregation to Ebenezer for the afternoon, and Ebenezer and Zoar both joining Ichabod in the evening, so as to make a good show in the returns, and moreover that all three stated their habitual congregations at much larger numbers than could be got into those pleasantly named chapels. A suspicion of such practice would now, LORD ROBERT amicably added, attach to the whole Dissenting body. MR. WHITESIDE, of course, said that the Dissenters were afraid of the results of the Census, and LORD PALMERSTON, having assured the malcontents that SIR GEORGE had not meant to be uncivil, said for himself, that he yielded out of deference to the Dissenters' feelings, though he could not assent to their arguments. So there is rejoicing in Zoar, and in Ebenezer, and in Ichabod, and in neither, let *Mr. Punch* add, does he believe that any of the imputed falsification was or will be resorted to. Himself an eminent Dissenter, and one who

"Hates most people, and dislikes the rest,"

he can afford to be perfectly impartial. He wishes his beloved brethren of all sects were more charitable, as it gives him great trouble to be always banging their heads and bringing them into a proper and kindly frame of mind.

Thursday. The House of Commons having protested, in the Resolutions of last week, upon the subject of the Lords' Rejection of the Paper-Duty Bill, LORD BROUGHAM took upon himself to set up a counter-protest, and stated that the House of Lords had a perfect right to do what it had done. He introduced this, *apropos* of a little Jew Bill, for further smoothing the Mosaic pavement of the way into the House of Commons.

ADMIRAL WALCOTT, complaining of the unfinished state of the Nelson Column, was told by MR. COWPER that SIR EDWIN LANDSEER was engaged on the Lions, and that his attachment to animals and to the Constitution would doubtless induce him to make first-rate British Lions. Talking of statuary, when are the railings round CHARLES PRIMUS coming away, as promised? Are the directions being reserved to be given in COWPER'S *Winter Morning Walk?*

There was a long and curious Foreign Debate, in the course of which MR. KINGLAKE (who is remarkably well informed on foreign matters, and somehow gets news in advance of the Government) stated that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH had offered the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA to give him back Lombardy, if he would assent to France's claiming the Rhenish Provinces. To which the younger Emperor indignantly replied, "I am a German Prince," and moreover told the REGENT OF PRUSSIA of the offer. MR. KINGLAKE further said that LOUIS NAPOLEON kept up an agitation in every country of Europe, ready to be blown into flame when he wanted a row. Having mentioned the topic of such agitation in several countries, the speaker came to England, and after a significant pause, and somebody's cry of "Ireland," he said that the EMPEROR'S hopes, in regard to Ireland, were partly based upon what could be done by a Member of that House, not then present. It was made clear that the Party who was to deliver over England to the EMPEROR, was MR. JOHN BRIGHT. We are happy to add that MR. BRIGHT, who was just lighting a remarkably fetid cheroot cigar in the smoking-room, was instantly arrested, and being taken off to the Westminster Sessions House, was at once tried by a jury composed one-half of Quakers and the other of officers in the Guards, and being found guilty, was allowed a quarter-of-an-hour to repent and finish his tobacco, and having done both, and declared that he died in the principles of the Church of Rome, was forthwith executed upon that remarkable erection which stands before the Broad Sanctuary Chambers, and reminds one of the last scene in the *Dead Heart*. His remains were given to MR. BOWYER, except his hat, which has been set upon the Town Hall in Birmingham. So the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has been defeated on the Rhine and on the Thames, and so perish all QUEEN VICTORIA'S enemies!

The Monster asked for a vote of £3,800,000 for the Chinese War, but the House was in that cranky humour which one sometimes sees in crusty benefactors, who will give you a £100 note and refuse you a penny that you wanted to take off the chimney-piece to save getting change in buying a Queen's-head. MR. HERBERT could get only £3,356,104, after a debate. But, in the same crankified crustified spirit, the House gave him the balance, £443,896 the very next evening, after another debate, in which divers persons, not in a very dignified manner, sought to throw upon one another the responsibility of the Chinese war, and others, not in a very patriotic manner, protested against it altogether. Very late in the night, or shall we say early next day, LORD PALMERSTON made a capital fight with some Irishry, who moved repeated adjournments; but he held out, laughed at them, told them to "go to bed," told them, when reduced to 7, to show that there were Seven Wise Men in the country, and finally beat them, and carried the point he wanted. This was at four o'clock in the morning.

Friday. All the Commons' morning was given to Ireland. In the evening there was the usual miscellany. An Irish Member declared life and property to be unsafe in the county of Tyrone, because a window in a chapel at Cookstown had been broken; but the Government declined to send cavalry, infantry, or artillery, and seemed to think a glazier might deal with the crisis. Notwithstanding that the House had been saturated with Irish matters, some of the Members complained that Ireland was neglected, for which ungrateful untruth the Palmerstonian whip descended like the Flail of Talus. *Punch* gives the Wiscount of Lambeth till next week to find out what that allusion means.

BULL IN THE CHINA-SHOP, AND THE BILL TO PAY FOR IT.

If Bulls *will* rush into China-shops,
And with their jars get entangled,
They should feel no dismay when they're called on to pay
For the crockery they have mangled.

In St. James's lake 'mongst the fowl that take
Their sport, are some Mandarin Geese,
And some stray ones, I fear, in Downing Street near,
Must have hatched and made increase.

The Mandarin Geese in St. James's Park,
With their quacks the babes dismay;
But the Mandarin Geese in Downing Street
At quacking can carry the day.

The House of Commons, the House of Lords,
Their ceaseless cackle fills;
And the terrible noise one the less enjoys,
That these geese have such very long Bills!

A SCOTTISH CHIEF AT WIMBLEDON.

ANOTHER feather embellishes the cap of Scotland. At the distribution of the prizes of the Rifle Association it is recorded by the *Times* that LORD ELCHO had the pleasure of handing the QUEEN'S PRIZE of £250 to a gentleman named ROSS. Having announced that HER MAJESTY meant to make the prize of which MR. ROSS had been the winner an annual object of competition—

"He explained also that though MR. ROSS was put down in the official list as belonging to the 7th North York, and the President had flattered himself that the grand prize had been won by a Yorkshireman, the winner was really much 'further north' than Yorkshire—he was a Scotchman."

The blue bonnet of Scotland is now so full of plumes that there is hardly room in it for another cock-tail or eagle's quill. Scotchmen will doubtless go on winning fresh honours—which they must put in their pockets. That is easily done with £250. LORD ELCHO observed that—

"If the English Volunteers next year allowed a Scotchman to take the gold medal, it would be a disgrace to them."

His Lordship, of course, was joking when he made the remark foregoing. It can be no disgrace to anybody to be excelled in any branch of human proficiency by a chiel who is one of the most highly gifted children of ADAM—a MAC ADAM, properly called. If a gold medal is to be won, a Scotchman will certainly do all that he can to win it, and what is there which cannot be done by a canny Scot?

MR. ROSS is a Scotchman not only born but bred. LORD ELCHO distinctly stated that "the youthful ROSS had been trained by his father, the deer-stalker, considerably north of the Tweed." There is no doubt on that point: but if MR. ROSS had been born south of the Thames, there is as little question that our Scottish friends would have claimed him for their countryman. The winner of the QUEEN'S gold medal, for noble marksmanship, will always be a Scotchman.

A REVIVER FOR THE RIVER.

It is proverbially an ill wind that blows no one any good, and the same remark applies to ill weather in general. The wet time we have had has sadly tried the temper of our grumbling friends the farmers, and market gardeners too have had their spirits somewhat damped by it. Umbrella makers must however have been benefited, and the venders of goloshes, waterproofs, and clogs must, figuratively speaking, have made a lot of hay while the sun has not been shining.

But nowhere has the bad weather been productive of more good than in the river, which last year was in such an ill condition. Father Thames looks all the better for the absence of the sun, and *Mr. Punch* begs to congratulate him on his marked improvement. His face is so much cleaner for the washing it has had, that his most intimate acquaintances now really hardly know him. Nor is he any longer in bad odour with the public, for the sharpest nose can now detect no reason to turn up at him. People do not fear infection when they chance to catch a sniff of the *Bouquet de la Tamise*, and even at low water there is nothing high about him. Such a change for the better appears almost incredible, and scarcely lives within the memory of the very oldest mudlark.

It seems the fish too have discovered how the river is revived, and have revisited the watering places whence they have long been banished. *Carpe diem* being the maxim of the carp, they have come as far as Chiswick and found nothing to carp at; while dace are so audacious as to swim close up to Chelsea. Ere long one may expect to see boys perching upon London Bridge to fish for perch, and to find that the mud-frontage of the Temple Gardens has been laid down with ground bait for the benefit of the benchers. In fact, it would not much surprise one if M.P.s took to fly-fishing during the debates, or bobbed for eels while smoking their cigars upon the Terrace.

To prove indeed how wondrously the river is improved, *Mr. Punch* last week went two days following down to Greenwich, and felt all the better for his evenings' fishing. Speaking from experience, *Mr. Punch* may recommend a trip to Greenwich, as being the best fishing excursion that he knows of; and civic IZAAC WALTONS, who have a relish for his namesake, may be advised to make it the scene of their aquatic fêtes.

Superfluous.

THE EMPEROR is said to be about to establish a National Rifle Association. Considering the case of Nice and Savoy, the Empire itself seems something like a National Rifle Association already—composed of LOUIS NAPOLEON, CAVOUR & Company.

THE NEW WINE MEASURE.—The Licensed Wittlers describe the measure as the Wine Licentious Bill. They have good reason to apprehend that it will prove extremely damaging to their prophets.

TWO YOUNG MEN'S TALES.

EVER anxious to improve the public mind, *Mr. Punch* begs to set before the world a couple of little stories, as told by the parties principally interested. He finds them both in the same number of the *Morning Star*, a fact which he mentions, inasmuch as the letter containing the Pleasing Picture is the exclusive property of that journal, and was called out by a foolish epistle from a maundering banker's-clerk, who having married on £120 a-year, and having children, cannot enjoy himself very expensively, and therefore thinks that his employer ought to raise his salary. But in accordance with *Mr. Punch's* inconceivable veneration for the aristocracy, the Painful Picture shall have the *pas*.

In the Cambridge Insolvent Court, a few days ago,—

"LORD WILLIAM GODOLPHIN OSBORNE, son of the DUKE OF LEEDS, applied for his discharge. The total of his debts were stated at £1,066 6s. 11d., of which he stated £352 to be without consideration. The list of creditors included tailors, tobacconists, a Jew for money lent and interest, a livery stable keeper, and a college tutor. The insolvent, in examination, stated that he was twenty-five years of age, that until he came of age his father, the Duke, allowed him only £12 a-year, but since he had come of age, advanced it to £100 a-year. His chief debts were to the Jew, contracted whilst he was at the Duke's residence at Gogmagog, near Cambridge, in 1855 and 1856. He had married in August, 1859, and since then had contracted no debts. Had no marriage settlement with his wife, and his father refused to increase his allowance."

Mr. Punch knows nothing of the circumstances of this unpleasant story except from the published accounts, nor why His Grace of Leeds has come to the conclusion that it is more to the credit of his family that LORD GODOLPHIN OSBORNE should go through incarceration and the Insolvent Court for such a sum as £1000 than to pay the young Lord's debts and give him a chance in married life. If the matter were not one of public legal record, *Mr. Punch*, of course, would never have alluded to it, and the "Own Correspondent" of provincial and American papers need fear no intrusion (except from Spiritualists) upon the monopoly of impertinent revelation of private matters. *Mr. Punch* completes the story, from the published evidence, by saying that two witnesses, a tailor and the Jew, were called, who swore to misrepresentations by the insolvent as to his income, and as to what he had received from them; and the Jew, as reported, says that he was promised a hamper of plate, but that LORD GODOLPHIN OSBORNE excused himself from getting it on a particular day "as the butler was in the way." Unless this is a typographical error, and the word "not" is omitted by mistake, one would like to know what Egyptians our Hebrew thought were to have been spoiled for his benefit. We take the report, however, as we find it in the *Star*. After one LAXTON had testified that the said butler had stated that such plate was non-existent, and also that LORD GODOLPHIN OSBORNE had "sumptious" breakfasts, which were explained to mean beefsteaks. The Judge, believing the tailor and the Jew,

"Condemned the conduct of the insolvent, knowing he had but £100 a-year to indulge in the luxuries mentioned, not to say vices. The insolvent had been contradicted on oath by two witnesses, and he must deal with him as he would with other persons, and under the penal clause of the Act he directed that he should be imprisoned for six calendar months from the date of the vesting order."

So much for the young Lord. Now let us hear a gentleman who writes to the *Star* in comment upon the discontented banker's-clerk. We must condense his narrative a good deal, but here are the points. He writes from the Temple, and signs himself an LL.D.:—

"At the age of twenty I took a degree in my University, and intended going to the bar. I had a very good property, but the extravagance and improvidence of college life, and subsequently a law-suit, reduced it to £40 a-year. I felt I must change my habits. I married and came to London, weak and delicate—I might say a boy. My young wife, who descended from a superior rank to share the misfortunes of a student, shared his resolution, too. After a few months' anxious searching I obtained two literary engagements, which brought me in £110 a year—one to be attended in the morning, the other in the evening. Six miles of London pavement lay between them. I took a house, as near as I could guess, in the centre of my field of operations, and for three years, through rain and snow and scorching sun, I walked twelve miles a day (except Sunday) and studied forty hours a week besides."

He then describes his tiny but comfortable house at £15 a year, and proceeds:—

"My wife, who had her waiting-maid to the hour of her clandestine marriage, would not hear of a servant. She never charred, except secretly perhaps (it was the only cause of dispute between us), but she washed, and smoothed, and dusted, and marketed, and cooked to perfection. A short time elapsed, and I became a student in the Temple. I never expended more than £10 a-year in clothing myself, and yet I appeared amongst gentlemen at commons rather respectably."

He did not want the doctor, happily, thanks to exercise and early rising, but "always fed well, on the best meat—the toiling mind requires it." Quite true—he should see *Mr. Punch's* bills for venison and turtle.

"In the second year, I had purchased sufficient choice furniture for a parlour and bedroom; and, above all, a select library. The third year came, and the third story. I was barrister-at-law. My seclusion ended, and so shall my chapter; only you are authorised to tell 'G. A. P.' (the maundering clerk), that in this arduous struggle I never received a farthing gratuity from friend or relative, and always had a pound to spend when the accidents of my position rendered a little harmless amusement necessary."

There is the companion picture, and *Mr. Punch*, whose incessant aim is at once to delight and to instruct, presents the two illustrations of a young English gentleman's life, for the study of mankind in general. He would add that if Mrs. L. L. D. (to whom he presents his heartiest and most admiring compliments) has any sisters, several of his best Young Men would feel profoundly obliged by an invitation to tea.

THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

Foreign Party. "MAIS, MOSIEU BOOL, I AVE ALL WAYS THOUGHT YOU VASS GREAT SHOPKEEPARE!"
Mr. Bool. "SO I AM, MOOSSOO—AND THESE ARE SOME OF THE BOYS WHO MIND THE SHOP!—COMPRENNY?"

CONSTITUTIONS!

ALL A-BLOWING—ALL A-GROWING!

OUR sages in weather lore knowing,
Look blank at the chance of the crops,
And declare this wet summer is going
To ruin our wheat, hay, and hops.
Nor alone on our tight little island
Has Phœbus forgotten to shine,
In all climes, North or South, low or high land,
This year he seems out of his line.

But while anxious Europe is dreading
Short harvests, high prices, and dearth,
There's one crop, at least, that seems growing
Just where you'd least look for its birth.
That's the delicate annual, with which
Tyrants try to plant out revolution,
And to fence black Democracy's Ditch,—
By state-gardeners called "Constitution."

Of all soils, it must be admitted,
That the soil of infallible Rome
Seems about the most strangely ill-fitted
For such plants to take up their home:
Yet now PIO NONO, 'tis rumoured,
Has a dwarf Constitution in hand,
In hopes Rome will grow better-humoured
In the shade where its branches expand.

There's the Austrian Reichsrath preparing
The ground for this seedling to grow;
And young BOMBALINO a-swearing
The exotic in Naples to sow.

Rome, Naples, and Austria, before
Saw the plant tried in sad forty-eight.
Remembering the fruit that it bore,
Can we wonder they mutter "too late!"

What hope that the plant can grow fair,
When the roots that should nourish its seed
Are struck in a tyrant's despair,
Whose tools fail his hand at its need?
From so poisoned and festered a root,
What but poison and fester can grow?
Such a seedling will ne'er come to fruit,
Though too likely to come to a *blow*.

A Hint for Hippodramatists.

A RUMOUR is afloat, but we cannot say what grounds there are for the report, that MR. HORSMAN is engaged in composing a new opera, illustrative of the RAREY system of horse-taming. In reference to the instrument by which the taming is achieved, it will be called *Il Strappo Magico*, or, *The Magic Strap*. The chief theme of the overture will be fittingly adapted from *Le Cheval de Bronze*, and "*The Horse and his Rider*" will be aptly introduced as an opening duet. We sadly fear that the report is rather a lame story, and has not a leg to stand on, but we have not had MR. HORSMAN'S instructions to say Neigh to it.

CAN TOADS LIVE WITHOUT AIR?

THIS problem is now occupying the scientific. *Mr. Punch* contributes his share of observation by remarking, that a party of officials, "highly placed at the Tuileries," travelled by rail last week from Boulogne to Paris, smoked, and kept the windows shut the whole way. Whence it is clear that, whether toads can or can not live without air, those who eat them can.

DISSENT IN EARNEST.

"WE DEFER TO THEIR FEELINGS, BUT WE CANNOT ASSENT TO THEIR REASONING."—*Parl. Debate.*

ODE ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(If the Laureate won't do his work, Punch must.)

And they who never saw a Prince before,
Oh, won't they feast him and caress him!
Waylay him, and address him,
His Royal Highness—bless him!—
Their demonstrations possibly may bore.

They'll make, no doubt, a greater fuss
Than what is usually made by us
In some of our remoter parts,
Where country Corporations see,

uspicious blow, ye gales,
And swell the Royal sails
That waft the PRINCE OF WALES
In a vessel of the line,
Away to Canada
Across the ocean brine;
As the son of his Mahma,
His weather should be fir'.

What transports the Canadians will evince
When they behold our youthful Prince!
Not ours alone, but also theirs,
Each colony with England shares
In Protestant SOPHIA's heirs.
How all the bells will ring, the cannons roar!

For the first time, HER MAJESTY—
(May she be destined long to reign!)
When by her Parliament set free,
She travels by a stopping train,
BRITANNIA's trump, the QUEEN OF HEARTS,
But still more pressing ceremony waits
The Prince in the United States;
What mobs will his hotel beset
A sight of him in hopes to get!

What multitudes demand
To shake him by the hand!
Hosts of reporters will his footsteps dog,
(As BARON RENFREW though he goes *incog.*)
Take down his every word,
Describe his mouth and nose,
And eyes, and hair, and clothes,
With a minuteness quite absurd.

Ye free and easy citizens, be not rude,
Disturb not our young Prince's rest;
Upon his morning toilet don't intrude:
Wait till he's drest.
Oh! will that Yankee not be blest
To whom the son of England's QUEEN shall say
"Out of the way?"

And, oh—to touch a tender theme—
How will the fair around him throng,
And try, forgetting all their shyness,
To salute his Royal Highness,
The realisation of a happy dream!
The force of loveliness is strong.
A spark's a spark, and tinder tinder,
And certain things in Heaven are written;
And is there any cause to hinder
The PRINCE OF WALES from being smitten?
Transcendent charms drive even monarchs frantic,
A German Princess must he marry?
And who can say he may not carry
One of Columbia's fascinating daughters
O'er the Atlantic?
Truth many a one might force to own,
Hopes that to her the kerchief may be flung,
To the ultimate exaltation of a young
American lady to the British throne.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF CONGRESS.

1860. *June 4, Monday.* In the Senate, the Bill for the Admission of Kansas as a Free State came on for discussion. The HONOURABLE CHARLES SUMNER, who about four years ago was brutally assaulted by a ruffianly slave-owner named BROOKS (since dead), addressed the House for the first time since that outrage. He applied himself to a long and elaborate argument to show the Barbarism of Slavery, and proposed to knock out the "black marble block" which the South declares to be the key stone of the arch of the American Constitution. He showed, successively and successfully, that the "Domestic Institution" makes brutes of the slaves, and worse brutes of the masters—that it checks education, industry, prosperity, and population—that it generates violence, foul vice, cruelty, duelling, and ruffianism generally—that its advocates in and out of Congress are the worst citizens and the worst men in America—that it has been condemned by WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, and FRANKLIN, and by all Statesmen and Moralists of eminence—and that its poisonous influence is actively working towards the destruction of the noble Republic. MR. SUMNER's speech was chiefly characterised by its closeness of argument and lucidity of diction, but he occasionally introduced a passage of highly wrought eloquence, or an image of singular vividness; and in England, however the orator's sentiments might have been objected to by a political antagonist, MR. SUMNER would have received the compliments of gentlemen on both sides, upon so remarkable an exhibition of sustained power and intellectual skill.

MR. CHESTNUT, of South Carolina (Slave-owner), rose, and after abusing MR. SUMNER for "ranging over Europe, crawling through the back doors to whine at the feet of British aristocracy, craving pity and reaping contempt," called him the "incarnation of malice, mendacity, and cowardice," and declined, on the part of Slave-ownerism, to make any reply, because he was not inclined "to send forth the recipient of Punishment howling through the world, yelping fresh cries of slander and malice." The punishment in question alludes to the brutal assault with a bludgeon, committed by the now defunct BROOKS upon an unarmed and unsuspecting gentleman. The "Slave-masters in the Senate then surrounded MR. CHESTNUT, and approved his speech." The question was postponed.

Mr. Punch begs to offer his respectful congratulations to MR. SUMNER upon his magnificent speech, and, even more earnestly, upon the ample and perfect testimony that was instantly given, by the besotted Slave-owners, to the truth of his assertion of the Barbarism of Slavery. It is not often that an orator's enemies are in such a desperate hurry to prove his case for him. But here he was scarcely down when the Slave-party rushed together to proclaim themselves the ruffians he had painted them, and in the published copy of the oration, MR. SUMNER has given at once the calmest and the deadliest blow to the system he denounces—for he prints MR. CHESTNUT's speech. All the bludgeons in the hands of all the "chivalry of the South" cannot beat that demonstration of MR. SUMNER's case out of the heads of the public in and out of the States. The speech should be reprinted in England, and circulated in thousands. What is the Anti-Slavery Society about?

"And doth not a Dinner like this make Amends?"

A NEW edition of "*The Art of Dining*," we believe, is in the press, showing how by clever cookery and scientific marshalling of variously flavoured dishes, a man may eat a dinner without losing his appetite, or feeling fattened or fatigued by his some two hours' mastication. As the name of HART is dear to every lover of good dinners, the treatise will be dedicated to that gentleman (of Greenwich), and will be called, in compliment *The Hart of Dining*.

Paradoxes and Puzzles.

AN advertisement offers those whom it may concern "Comfort and the Hydrostatic Paradox." Have you any idea, old ladies, of what the Hydrostatic Paradox, with which comfort is thus associated, can possibly be? The Hydrostatic Paradox, ladies, is a coffee-pot. What hard names it is now the fashion to give to common things—is it not? If a coffee-pot is styled the Hydrostatic Paradox—what next? We shall probably have a roasting-jack denominated the Differential Calculus.

FORGETFULNESS CURED BY SMELLING.

A PERFUMER advertises a scent under the name of "Hungary Water," as possessing the peculiar property of improving the memory. That an odoriferous compound may serve to correct corporeal exhalations is conceivable, but there is some difficulty in understanding how it can possibly effect the improvement of an intellectual faculty. A pinch of snuff, however, will stimulate the power of recollection; and those who are up to snuff may not unreasonably hope to refresh their memories as well as their nostrils by sniffing Hungary Water. This fluid, if it really possesses the mnemonic virtue ascribed to it, may be recommended to laundresses, who, by sprinkling therewith the linen which they send home to fashionable ladies, may, perhaps, induce some of their forgetful customers to remember the poor washerwoman —that is, her bill. A bottle of Hungary Water may be a suitable offering for presentation to an oblivious lover, and would convey an intimation more delicate than the broad hint expressed by a bunch of forget-me-nots.

Gentlemen who are apt to forget small commissions or necessary purchases might do better to scent their pocket handkerchiefs with Hungary Water than to tie knots in them. If the House of Commons were purified with Hungary Water, members might recollect their pledges. Candidates for situations in the Civil Service, under competitive examination, might, by smelling hard at a flask of Hungary Water, manage to recollect the cram which they had forgotten, and thus be enabled to spell some words in the orthography of which they are now so apt to break down, and consequently to be plucked like roses.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXIII.—ALL ABOUT ARMS AND ARMOUR.

TEMP. HENRY THE THIRD.

SO much fighting occurred throughout the thirteenth century, that the army tailors must have had a roaring time of it, like the man who has to superintend the feeding of wild beasts. We are told indeed that changes were continually taking place in the military equipment, an assertion which appears to us quite easy of belief, seeing it might nowadays be echoed with great truth. Perhaps of all the armour the helmet was the part which underwent most variation. During JOHN'S time it was made cylindric and flat-topped, and covered up the head no lower than the ears, the face being protected by the aventaille, or grating. In the next reign, however, it enveloped the whole head, and rested on the shoulders; and seeing that it bulged out like a barrel at the sides, there seems to have been fair reason for calling it a casque. This great helmet was made still more cumbrous and conspicuous by being commonly surmounted with the wearer's knightly crest; which, although intended to be a decoration, proved, nine times out of ten, to be rather a disfigurement. Indeed the only reasonable reason we can think of why these (so thought) ornaments should have been adopted is that they seem to have made the helmet look still more like a barrel, by adding a projection like a spigot or a tap. People who complain that their hats give them a headache may thank their lucky stars that they were born in the nineteenth, and not the thirteenth century; for we read that these big headpieces were sometimes twisted round so by a lance-stroke in a tournament that their unhappy wearers had to gasp out to their squires to come and lend a hand to twist their turned heads back again.

In the reign of EDWARD THE FIRST the barrel-shaped helmet continued still in use, although some slight attempts were made to knock it on the head, and substitute a somewhat lighter kind of skull-cover. Helmets inclining to a cone at the top are visible in some of the illuminated manuscripts; surmounted in some cases with a small round knob, and, when seen in profile, showing an angular beaked front. Simple plates of steel, convex and cut with breathing holes, were worn sometimes tied round the head in lieu of helmets; and skullcaps called chapels de fer, with nasals and without, were used by archers and esquires and common men at arms, who although perhaps they thought no small beer of themselves were too poor to come out in barrel-helmets, or in casques.

Whether the knights were in these days more thin-skinned than they had been is a point which we must leave to antiquarians to settle. But it appears that padded armour came much more into use, and this seems to us to argue a tenderness of cuticle. Quiltings of cloth and silk, of buckram and of leather are spoken of as coming into fashion at this period, and the peculiar pointed work with which they were embroidered obtained for them the names of "counterpoint" and "pourpoint." A complete suit, consisting of a sleeved tunic and chaussés (a kind of Norman cross between a legging and a stocking) was worn not infrequently underneath the surcoat, which was considerably lengthened in the reign of HENRY THE THIRD, and was first emblazoned with the arms of the wearer. We suppose that this emblazonment was either done for decoration, or else to mark the garment when going to the wash; in which latter case we fancy that the farce of *How to Settle Accounts with your Laundress* must have now and then occasioned some ludicrous mistakes. We can imagine the disgust of the doughty EARL OF GOOSEBURIE at finding LORD DE LACKSHYRTE'S surcoat sent him for his own: his washerwoman possibly attempting to excuse herself on the ground that the three geese portrayed on the Earl's shield had been "mistuk" for the three griffins which adorned the other garment.

FROM THE FRONTISPIECE TO THE OLD METRICAL ROMANCE OF "YE EARLE AND YE WASHERWOMAN'S DAUGHTER." DATE A.D. 1260.

The old flat-ringed form of armour having gone quite out of fashion, that made of rings worn edge-ways was worn mostly at this period. A new species, however, was introduced from Asia in the reign of HENRY THE THIRD, and as *avidus novitatis est gent militaris* we find that this new sort was very generally sought after. Not being made of chain, it was, doubtless, called chain-mail, from the same cause that the *lucus* is so termed *à non lucendo*. Consisting of four rings linked together by a fifth, it might not inaptly have been named link-mail, but that its wearers might have possibly been chaffed for being linkmen. The rings were riveted together so as to form a perfect garment of themselves, without requiring, like the scale-mail, a leathern lining or foundation. The chain-mail generally was worn in the shape of a loose shirt, between the gambeson and surcoat; and in one respect it clearly must have been superior in comfort to our shirts, for it certainly could never have been sent home with a button off.

Small plates of steel were worn upon the shoulders and the knees, and likewise on the elbows, to protect them from those nasty knocks upon the funny-bone which make recipients laugh upon the wrong side of their mouth. On the shoulders, too, were worn a curious kind of ornament called ailettes, or little wings, which came first into fashion in the last years of the reign of KING EDWARD THE FIRST. As far as we can judge from the drawings of them extant, these ailettes could have been of neither use nor beauty; and as their name indicates a tendency to fly, they must have been misplaced upon the shoulders of our soldiers.

The lance lost its gonfanon, or streamer, in this reign; and the pennon was adopted as a military ensign, being charged with the crest, or badge, or warcry of its knightly owner. The pennon, like the gonfanon, was swallow-tailed in shape, but in breadth as well as length it was made much bigger. In addition, the swell knights had their banners borne before them, parallelograms in form and emblazoned with their arms, as were their cyclas and their quintis, and other night-gown looking overcoats. They swaddled up their steeds, too, in horsecloths similarly beautified, or else adorned with quaint and fanciful devices; so that their nags looked like the hobby-horses used

by clowns in pantomimes, and wanted crinoline to keep their legs free from their petticoats.

Every schoolboy knows that our first EDWARD was called "Longshanks" from his long and slender legs, which he attenuated and stretched by constant chevying of his enemies.* Equally well known, of course, is the story of his being stabbed when a Crusader, and of how QUEEN ELEANOR, coming to his succour, sucked the poison from his wound. His warrings with the Welsh cannot less be in remembrance, as we are all now thinking of our PRINCE OF WALES; and it was by EDWARD'S sword that the title was first gained for us. Nor can his battles with brave WILLIAM WALLACE be forgotten by those who have had the *Tales of My Grandfather* retailed to them, or have learnt of DR. GOLDSMITH from the fear of DR. BIRCH. To readers, then, with all these recollections fresh before them, we need not say that this was a most pugnacious period; nor shall we much surprise them if we state, that not less various than the armour were the arms of it. The shield in some cases was flat, and triangular, or heater-shaped, and in others pear-shaped, and in surface more cylindric: while to the weapons of offence there were added now the falchion, a sword with a broad blade, the estoc, a sword much smaller, chiefly used for stabbing, the coutel or cultelas, whence our modern "cutlass," and the anelace, or anelas, a broad dagger which tapered down to a fine point, and "not to put too fine a point on it," would do for any lad or any lass whom it was dabbed into. Besides these implements of manslaughter there was a sort of a small pickaxe called martel-de-fer, which was used to break the links and plates of mail, and make way for a sword-cut, or a lance-thrust or a dagger-poke. The mace also appears first in the drawings of this period, though it was doubtless introduced in the earlier crusades, as it is quite clearly of oriental origin. This opinion is borne out by the MS. of the *Talisman*, in which SALADIN is described as being knocked off his horse by SIR KENNETH'S weighty mace: and another less known writer, in his account of how the English were mustered by KING RICHARD for the assault of Ascalon, speaks of somebody or other "giving pepper with his mace," a description which we must allow is rather spicy.

EDWARD LONGSHANKS. FROM HIS EFFIGY. WE FORGET EXACTLY WHERE.

* AS KING EDWARD was regarded as the father of his people, the statement has been made that he was nicknamed "Daddy Long Legs," but we fear that this assertion is without a proper footing.

THE BERKELEY PEERAGE CASE.

BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.

SCENE—*The House of Lords last week. Present the* CHANCELLOR, LORDS REDESDALE, BROUGHAM, KINGSDOWN, MR. FLEMING, *the* ATTORNEY-GENERAL, *and other great lawyers.*

Lord Brougham. Well, now, MR. FLEMING, you want us to declare that ADMIRAL SIR MAURICE BERKELEY is a Baron. But you make him out such a rum kind of Baron. I don't see our way.

Lord Kingsdown. You might as well call him a Baron of Beef.

Mr. Fleming. Well, my Lord, there was a Baron Front de Bœuf.

The Attorney-General. I must remind my learned friend that Front de Bœuf was only a hero of fiction.

Lord Redesdale. You say SIR MAURICE is entitled, because he has got Berkeley Castle. That seems a barren claim to a barony.

Mr Fleming. My Lord, it's in the most fertile part of Gloucester.

The Chancellor. Nevertheless, the claim 's not the cheese.

Mr. Fleming. One of our kings was murdered in that Castle, my Lords, and——

Lord Kingsdown. We are not throwing EDWARD THE SECOND into your respectable client's face, MR. FLEMING. We acquit him of all share in that transaction. But, on the other hand, we do not think that it gives him a claim to a peerage.

Mr. Fleming. The Castle was taken by OLIVER CROMWELL——

Lord Redesdale. That is important. Was it taken on a lease or an agreement?

The Attorney-General. Taken, I apprehend my learned friend to mean, a) a castle is taken at chess, that is to say, captured, if I make myself intelligible to my LORD REDESDALE.

Lord Redesdale. Oh! Ah!

Lord Brougham. But if the Admiral means to say he helped in that affair, he may tell that to his Marines. I am sure the ATTORNEY-GENERAL will not admit that what was done on the 21st of September, 1645, could have been performed, in part or in whole, by an elderly, insensible, and naufrageous gentleman, extant in the year of grace 1860.

The Attorney-General. I form no opinion on the point, one way or the other, my Lord. Let my learned friend prove his case.

Lord Brougham. Why, the old boy would be 275 years old, if he joined CROMWELL at 20.

The Attorney-General. Nor can I undertake to assert whether your Lordship's estimate approximates to accuracy. Let my learned friend prove his case.

Mr. Fleming. I mean to. See here. It is perfectly ridiculous to talk of a Castle being without a Baron. I never heard such nonsense. You might as well talk of a Castle without a Donjon, or a Partisan, or a Keep, or a Portfolio.

Lord Kingsdown. Do you mean a Portcullis?

The Attorney-General. I must protest against your Lordships helping my learned friend with his curious assemblage of architectural embellishments.

Lord Brougham. Have there been machicollations at the Castle, MR. FLEMING?

Mr. Fleming. My Lord, I am not precisely informed; but the BERKELEYS have been always the souls of hospitality, and I make no doubt that there have been all possible kinds of collations.

The Chancellor. So far so good. Now, MR. FLEMING, be kind enough to state, as shortly as is consistent with biographical candour, the personal history of all the BERKELEYS who have lived since the building of the Castle by HENRY THE FIRST in the year 1108.

Lord Brougham. I am not quite satisfied with that direction. Why did HENRY THE FIRST build the Castle in 1108?

The Attorney-General. That in 1860 my learned friend might take his stand upon it.

Mr. Fleming. You have no right to say so. I never stood on a Castle in my life. I don't like heights; they make me giddy, especially if I feel bilious. I always get a queer feeling that I should like to jump off.

Lord Kingsdown. I have felt that. It *is* very odd.

Lord Brougham. So have I.

Lord Redesdale. You should hunt more, you fellows, and then you wouldn't be bilious. By the way, talking of hunting, SIR RICHARD, that 's a capital nag of yours. I saw him in Palace Yard. If you think of parting with him at any time, give us the refusal.

Lord Campbell. He 's just the thing for an ATTORNEY-GENERAL, but he has too much go in him for a CHANCELLOR.

The Attorney-General. Your Lordship (*smiling*) has felicitously indicated the circumstances under which I shall be happy to recall this pleasant conversation to my LORD REDESDALE'S recollection.

Mr. Fleming. The founder of the House of BERKELEY——

Lord Brougham. He must have been a brass founder, to judge by the cheekiness of his descendants.

The Attorney-General. I am not admitting any descent, mind, my Lords. Let my learned friend prove his case.

The Chancellor. Another time, MR. FLEMING, please. We have made very good progress to-day, and we must not hurry. ADMIRAL BERKELEY has lived for sixty years, and more, without a peerage, so he can wait a little longer, and we can't.

The case was then adjourned.

EUPHEMISM UNCOMMON.

A FOREIGN Correspondent of a contemporary begins his letter as follows:—

"The plot thickens at Naples. We shall soon too, probably, hear of a sanguinary outburst."

Good phrases are, and ever were, commendable, as *Justice Shallow* remarks. "A sanguinary outburst" is one of those phrases. "Outburst," that is to say, in popular phraseology, row. That is the expression which a costermonger would have used in the above connection. The itinerant vegetable-merchant certainly would not have employed the substantive "outburst," and the adjective which he would have adjoined to it would have been more Saxon than sanguinary.

Quite 'Tother.

JULES GÉRARD, the Algerine Lion-hunter, is to be President of the *Tir National* about to be established by LOUIS NAPOLEON. We would just remind GÉRARD that the African Lion is one thing—the British Lion another.

"The 'orrid mess Master made my kitching in, and hisself too, a-cleaning that there dratted Rifle, after he'd been a booviackin' in the Park."

THE VOLUNTEER ON JULY 14th.

You must wake and call me early, when the early birds appear,
To-morrow will be a glorious day for each London Volunteer:
For each London Volunteer by far the hottest, heaviest day—
For we're to sham-fight at Chiselhurst, four thousand strong, they say.

There's many a crack, crack corps I know, but none so crack as mine,
There's the Queen's and Artillery Company, almost equal to the Line,
But none can beat our local corps, whether red, or green, or grey,
And so we shall prove at Chiselhurst in to-morrow's tremendous fray.

I sleep so sound after evening drill, that I shall never wake,
If the maid doesn't knock extremely loud when my boots she comes to take;
And you'll have to cut me some sandwiches,—and cut them substantial, pray—
We shall all have desp'rate appetites at Chiselhurst, I dare say.

As I came up to our private parade, whom think ye I should see,
But that ass, SMIVENS—a coming it as cheeky as could be:
He gave a look at my uniform, as if he meant to say:
"How can you make such a guy of yourself, old chap, at your time of day?"

He thought I should be offended, but I guess I sold him quite;
For I passed, and no more gave him a look than if he'd been out of sight;
You may tell me it's snobbish to cut a man, but this is what I say:
That the chap who don't join a Volunteer Corps has thrown his manhood away.

They say we shall fire thirty rounds, I don't know how that may be;
I've not fired more than ten rounds yet, and that was enough for me.
For what with biting the cartridges, and what with blazing away,
I'd a taste in my mouth, and a buzz in my ears, for all the rest of the day.

LORD RANELAGH as Commander-in-Chief to-morrow will be seen,
And as his uniform is grey, let us hope he won't turn out green;
I trust he'll remember which is attack, and which is defence, in the fray,
Or we certainly shall have a difficulty about who is to give way.

The War-Office has issued no end of rounds and caps;
I hope there'll be surgeons enough on the ground, in case of little mishaps.
For novices have a habit—at least so veterans say—
When they get a little excited, of firing their ramrods away.

Detachments through the streets and squares to their firing practice pass,
And in Regent's Park and on Putney Heath spent cartridges dot the grass:
And there's a sulphury, choky, smell of gunpowder hangs all day
In the suburbs, that quite overpowers the breath of the new-mown hay.

And then when we've done our fighting, our empty stomachs to fill,
There's to be GRANT's cooking-waggon, to find dinner for all who will:
And the moderate sum of two shillings is all one will have to pay,
Which, considering what we're likely to eat, is a trifle, I must say.

So you must wake and call me early, when the early birds appear,
To-morrow's to be a glorious day for each London Volunteer:
For each London Volunteer about the hottest heaviest day—
For we've to fight at Chiselhurst, four thousand strong, they say!

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Elderly Passenger. "GOING OUT FISHING, I PRESUME, YOUNG GENTLEMAN!"

Young do. "NO! IT AIN'T FISHING RODS—IT'S SKY ROCKETS I'M TAKING DOWN FOR MY COUSIN'S BIRTHDAY. HAVE A WEED?"

MORE POPISH PRIESTCRAFT.

AT Bow Street the other day, an Italian organ-grinder described as FACINELLI GIOVANNI, was pulled up for playing his unmusical instrument in University Street, and refusing to go away when he was ordered. The complainant was a MR. RAWLINS, who having desired the foreign nuisance to move off, SIGNOR GIOVANNI—

"Rushed into MR. RAWLINS's house, and began to abuse him most violently, both in Italian and English; calling him a 'thief,' a 'scoundrel,' and a 'villain,' in English, and in Italian '*ladrone*' and '*eretico inferno*.'"

FACINELLI GIOVANNI, or GIOVANNI FACINELLI, is evidently an emissary of Rome. FATHER GIOVANNI belongs, no doubt, to the brotherhood of IGNATIUS LOYOLA. His mission is probably that of trying to make perverts of the cabmen and costermongers in the disguise of an organ-grinder. "*Eretico inferno*" lets the cat out of the bag—betrays the cloven foot. FATHER GIOVANNI's Superiors will set him a pretty penance for thus allowing his temper to get the better of him.

Agreeable Taxation.

THE expenses of the Chinese War are to be met by an augmented spirit-duty. Ah! this is as it should be. After plunging the nation in despondency by increasing the Income-Tax, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER exercises a kind discretion in raising our spirits.

A CRAMMER.

A CANDIDATE for a Government situation being asked what a Writ in Error was, replied, "Manuscript, and case of bad spelling."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 16. *Monday.* It is an unwise thing to give offence to a clever man. One of these days you are sure to feel the evil consequences of your imprudence. Especially if he be not only a clever but a good man, and a professed philanthropist. For though, of course, so far as he is personally concerned, he freely and fully forgives you, we being all bound to forgive one another, he is much too conscientious to let his own amiable feelings render him negligent of the duty he owes to society. To have wronged a worthy person argues that you are an unworthy person, and therefore Mr. Worthy, who finds the power of chastising you entrusted to him, doubtless for a good purpose, dares not let you escape uncastigated. And then a good man and a profound philanthropist has such a strong impression made upon his mind by your naughtiness, from its being so startlingly unlike his own conduct, that your misdeeds are never out of his memory. You are sure to catch it, one day or other, perhaps when you have quite succeeded in forgiving yourself, and forgetting the whole business. *Mr. Punch* repeats it—never give offence to a good and clever man.

The Publicans and Spirit-dealers should have thought of this maxim when they were so offensively rude to MR. GLADSTONE about the Wine Licences Bill, and when they exerted themselves to the utmost of their ability to embarrass the Cabinet during the Budget debates. They were very brutal, but Mr. Worthy bore their onslaughts with so sweet a smile, and pleaded with them so elaborately and persuasively, that though he beat them thoroughly, the Bungs could not suppose he preserved resentment. He carried his Wine Licences system, and every cabman now takes his La Rose and Lafitte, and swears furiously if the *bouquet* be wanting in the wine. And the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER put away his wrong on the shelf to cool, quite sure that he could warm it up again at the shortest notice. The chance came, as it always will come if we wait for it, and watch; and it so happened that England wanted a little more than a Million of money to help to make up the small amount needed for the Chinese War. "Bless me," says MR. GLADSTONE, "a million? Dear, dear, that is a considerable sum. But it must be raised, and we must try to make the business as easy as possible for the people. Nay, we must endeavour to make it a boon to them. What a bad habit it is, that of drinking Spirits. Suppose we discourage it as far as possible. Do you know that if a couple of shillings a gallon were suddenly clapped on, in addition to the present duty, there will still be, I deplore to say, Spirit-drinkers enough to raise One Million and Thirty Thousand Pounds? Suppose we say One and Elevenpence a gallon?" "Very well," says the House of Commons, not inclined to make any more fuss about anything. And down comes the blow, and Bungdomia writhes in impotent rage.

"And the grim Lord of L. S. D.,
Has turned him from the ground,
And laughed, in secret, that his blade
The Witler's thrust so well repaid."

There was, however, another trifle or so to make up the sum of £2 336,000, which was wanting to make up about Six Millions for the Missionary Expedition to China. The process is something like that which used to go on at a certain theatrical hostel called the Harp, and well known, *olim*, to the errant. A stranger taking his seat there would receive a little note sent by a shabby-genteel looking man in the corner, and brought by the waiter, and requesting that "the gentleman, with whose name the writer had not the honour of being acquainted, would kindly advance elevenpence to make up a shilling to enable the writer to obtain a glass of brandy-and-water." MR. GLADSTONE is a statesman of resources, and he riz the amount with singular ease. Part he borrowed from the balances in the Exchequer, stating that on the whole it was really an advantageous thing that they should be so employed—and whence, do you think, he got the rest? Why, from the Paper Duty, which he had proposed to take off, and which the Lords insisted on his keeping on. Thus do great chemists extract medicines from poisonous herbs. Thus does MR. GLADSTONE, like the old Admiral in the song, put his Pigtails in Paper. Thus does the British Press become (a trifle indirectly) the means of sending Civilisation through China.

"Its voice is heard through rolling drums
That beat for fight where ELGIN stands,
Its force comes down in Armstrong bombs,
And gives the battle to his hands."

The business thus described was the principal work of Monday, but among smaller matters of note were an intimation that we are not to have the Bronze Pennies till the end of September—a stern protest against the Chinese War by MR. ROEBUCK, and a rather neat justification of it by MR. GLADSTONE, who had himself sternly protested against it a short time ago, but who now urged that however objectionable the original war might be, we had a right to fight for a ratification of the treaty of peace—and an endeavour by MR. NEWDEGATE to get the debates closed at one o'clock at night. This attempt was warmly opposed by LORD PALMERSTON, who quoted TOM MOORE's allegation,

that the best of all ways to lengthen our days is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear, and who is as gay and full of work at four in the morning as at eight in the evening. The PREMIER is one of the men described by MR. DISRAELI in *Tancred*, who contemn the vulgarian that begins to yawn for his plebeian night-cap at eleven o'clock. They used in the old days, "to finish a debate, when once in it, like Gentlemen, who had been accustomed to be up all night, and then go and sup at WATIER'S." NEWDEGATE'S notion was knocked on the nob.

Tuesday. LORD BROUGHAM displayed an amount of ignorance with which *Mr. Punch* did not credit him. Complaining of the time wasted in debate in the House of Commons, he said that it had remembered its original etymology, and become a House of Talk, a Parliamentum. The Lords laughed as ignorantly as the speaker spoke. They may be forgiven, *Mr. Punch* is never hard upon the uneducated classes, washed or unwashed, but he knows that BROUGHAM reads his *Punch*, and therefore the latter wonders how the former can have forgotten the real derivation of the word Parliament. Does he not know that it is from two French verbs, *parler* and *mentir?*

The Commons were more active in an anti-educational demonstration. There was a Bill for making it compulsory on the employers of the labour of children under twelve years old, to have a certificate that the child was learning to read and write, and had twenty hours of teaching per month—nothing like an hour a day. But so monstrous an Innovation frightened the House. MR. HENLEY was pious, and said that people were not to eat unless they worked, but were not commanded to read and write; MR. BUXTON was humane, and said there were thousands of children too idle, wicked, or stupid to learn, and their vested rights were not to be interfered with; MR. HARDY took the old Tory view, and said that the children of the poor were taught quite enough to enable them to do the duties they were intended for; and MR. BAINES, as a Dissenter, declared the Bill to be needless, and that the work of education was going on admirably. Yielding to these irresistible arguments, the Bill was thrown out, a majority of 122 to 51 deciding that the children of the English poor want no assistance in the battle with the World, the Flesh, and the First Whig. In a second educational debate, more sense was exhibited, the House refusing to disturb the system of national teaching in Ireland, as demanded by certain ultra-Protestants, who wish to force the Bible into the schools, whereby the Catholic children would be forced out. MR. LEFROY gave the highest praise to the present system, in saying that it was not satisfactory to the clergy of Ireland. If it did please the "perspiring parsons" who do the firebrand business, it would certainly not please *Mr. Punch*.

LORD FERMOY then tried to get up another Shindy on the Paper Duty question, but whether he did it to please the lower class of his Marylebone constituents, or, as we hope and believe, only from a high-mettled Irishman's noble love of combat, did not exactly appear. LORD PALMERSTON said that the question was settled, and he would have no such nonsense, and MR. GLADSTONE, prayed to help in the fray, declined being party to any new demonstration. There was a little smart firing on both sides, and MR. DISRAELI wanted LORD PALMERSTON to take a vote directly hostile to the other Irish nobleman. PAM would not do this, but carried the Previous Question by 177 to 138.

Wednesday. The Moon moved and carried a Resolution that the Sun was unworthy of the confidence of the Earth, and followed up her motion by moving herself into a place directly between the latter parties. People threw up their eyes a good deal at the Moon's motion, and things were beginning to look rather dark, when the Moon thought better of it, and slunk out of the way. Many observations were made, but as it is understood that such a thing is not likely to occur again in a hurry, it is not necessary to be harsh in comment upon what really seemed an act of Lunacy. It naturally set the House of Commons thinking of Gas, and the Bill for dealing with the Gas-Tyrants went through Committee, much hindered, but finally successful.

Thursday. LORD DERBY made a long speech in which he pointed out that the House of Lords was really of no use for legislative purposes. This was the fault of the House of Commons, which wasted such oceans of time in gabble that there was no getting Bills up to the Lords in any decent time. He thought that the best way would be, not as at present to make every Bill die with the Session, but to let the Lords, on re-assembling after prorogation, take up any Bills to whose principles they had assented. LORD REDESDALE thought that the fewer Bills that were passed the better, but this rather off-hand way of treating the subject was not admired, and—— the question is to be considered.

In the Commons a melancholy proof was given of the truth of LORD DERBY'S accusation against the Commons. The only valuable measure of the Session, the Bankruptcy Bill, so vehemently demanded by the mercantile world, that is to say England, was thrown up by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in despair of being able to force it through the forest of gabble that stood between it and the Lords. *Mr. Punch* tenders to the learned parent of the deceased measure his warmest acknowledgments of the labour and skill that produced the Bill, and the energy with which he fought it, and hopes that he (*Mr. Punch*) may next year have the pleasure of exhibiting an immortal Cartoon, of a classical and allegorical character, and with this title: "The hero, BETHELL, having delivered Fair Commerce from the Monster, Old Bankruptcy, confides her to the keeping of the twin tutelary deities, Equity and Economy."

An Indian Debate, which, singularly, though personal was uninteresting, was followed by a long drawn and on some points just grumble by CHARLEY NAPIER about defects in the management of Greenwich Hospital. A good deal in the improving way might be done, but when CHARLEY states that the Government make the Seamen at Greenwich as miserable as they can, *Mr. Punch* must say that, judging by observations made by himself (while getting up his appetite for the benefit of one Q, or one H) on the demeanour of the old Salts, the allegation, if true, proclaims the Government to be singularly unsuccessful.

Friday. LORD LUCAN, of Crimean Blunder celebrity, took an opportunity of informing the Lords that he had "a very good memory." So have the public and the army, and LORD LUCAN'S memory is better than his judgment, or he would not willingly intrude upon the world his noble name, associated as it is with the recollections of disaster caused by aristocratic imbecility.

The Government had the pleasure of receiving another defeat. MR. GLADSTONE'S Savings Banks Bill was opposed, and its principal clause was rejected by 116 to 78, whereupon the CHANCELLOR OF THE X withdrew the measure. "Third smash of the week," said the PREMIER, laughing,

"Tria sunt, verò, quæ me faciunt fiere."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL stated that we should at present interfere in Syria only to the extent of placing ships on the coast, but that France was proposing more vigorous action, and the subject was under consideration. The Queen's Printer is to retain his patent for printing the Bible. There was a renewal of the personal Indian debate of the previous night, SIR C. WOOD, MR. HORSMAN, and LORD PALMERSTON being the speakers, and another proof was afforded of the great advantage which is afforded to a person who has gone wrong should his censor forget his manners, or lose his temper. With an angry opponent and a judicious friend one only wants a little tact to shift the whole ground, and actually hand the party with a grievance into the dock, instead of the party originally accused. This was very neatly done by SIR C. WOOD and LORD PALMERSTON, and MR. HORSMAN, who had really a case about some juggling with documents, was terribly scolded, and made to appear to the House as anything but a generous personage. But JUPITER PUNCH, who sits "high throned all height above," sees through all the dodgery, and hereby hits CHARLES WOOD a rap on the head.

Then came a diverting speech from EDWIN JAMES about the diversion of the ride in Kensington Gardens. The fact is that such crowds come to gaze delightedly on *Mr. Punch*, as he rides in the Row, that MR. COWPER thought more accommodation was required. But *Mr. Punch*, although he is happy to exhibit himself to his fellow citizens, and finds the alteration a great accommodation to himself, has no idea of frightening away the ladies from the Gardens by the tremendous cavalcade that gallops after him (like the Thousand Knights at Ivry behind the Snowwhite Crest,) the moment he shows himself, and therefore, on the whole, he proposes to COWPER to put the affair in *statu quo*.

If all the Irish gentlemen resembled MR. COGAN, who made, to-night, a most temperate and proper appeal on the subject of Orange Processions, Ireland would give *Mr. Punch* much less trouble. He was, of course, and as is *de rigueur* in Irish debates, answered with a *tu quoque* by the Orange party, but his speech produced an excellent effect on the House. The introduction of a Bill for continuing the Corrupt Practices Act finished the week. A sort of Committee on the same subject had been sitting at York, and at the termination of its work, MR. LEATHAM, recently elected for and ejected from Wakefield, was declared to be Guilty of Bribery—the occasion for such declaration being York Assizes. *Væ victis!*

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

NOBLE old BROUGHAM, at one of the late meetings of the Congress which has been held at Somerset House, expressed a fear that he had given offence to MR. DALLAS and the United States by calling "the attention of the American Ambassador to the fact—and he thought it was a very interesting fact—that a highly respectable coloured gentleman, MR. DELANY, from Canada, was one of the assembled members of the International Statistical Congress." The noble and learned philanthropist entertained a groundless apprehension. MR. DALLAS was too glad to be reminded of a fact which he could quote for the instruction of the barbarous part of his countrymen, and they no more care about being twitted on the subject of slavery than Thugs would mind being "chaffed" about murder.

MR. PUNCH AMONG THE ROSES.

WITHOUT doubt the handsomest blush rose exhibited last week at MR. GYE'S delightful Rose Show was the blush that rose to *Mr. Punch's* manly brow the while he walked among the flowers, himself being (if he may use two vastly novel phrases) the "cynosure of envying eyes" and the "observed of all observers." As a symbol of meek modesty combined with conscious worth and excellence, the *Punch Blush* took the *pas* of all the other roses, and had it been exhibited before the judges made their award, there is very little doubt they would have given the first prize to it. As it was, they showed their judgment, *Mr. Punch* will frankly own, in allowing MESSIEURS PAUL to take away that honour; for, joking quite apart, their roses were so big as to be almost appalling. *Mr. Punch* indeed half fancied that some fairy had transported him to the land of Brobdingnagia, so gigantic were the specimens these gentlemen exhibited; and his surmise was somewhat strengthened by the roses that were shown and gained a prize for MR. HEDGE, which were the very largest Hedge-roses that *Mr. Punch* had ever had the happiness of sniffing at. Besides the rows of roses, there were heaps of ferns and heaths, and hosts of hothouse plants, which though they all had gone to pot, looked not a whit the worse for it. In fact, as the poet might have said if he had seen them,—

> "Flora gave her fairest flowers,
> None more rare in all her treasure:
> Which being placed in Floral bowers,
> *Punch* was pleased beyond all measure."

Several of these plants had remarkably fine names, and looked quite fine enough to justify them. Their rich colours were however somewhat thrown into the shade, being washed out by the flood of rose-light which was shed on them. Indeed, *Mr. Punch* might have passed them without notice, had not his attention been attracted by a Wretch, who tried to pun about two cacti being like an exotic fruit, because it was quite patent that they were a prickly pair.

Blest as he is with affluence and with every blissful comfort that can make home happy, *Mr. Punch's* disposition is not naturally covetous. But there certainly *are* times when a sensation takes possession of him, which makes him feel that there is something wanting to his happiness, and which something, if secured, would yield him perfect bliss. This feeling *Mr. Punch* felt at the Floral Hall, when he looked at the Great Bed of roses in the centre, which in its vastness bore resemblance to the Great Bed of Ware. The instant that his eye first rested on this bed, *Mr. Punch* felt a longing to rest his head and shoulders on it; and only the reflection that he was close to Bow Street prevented him from jumping slap into the bed, and calling out to somebody to come and tuck him up! *Mr. Punch*, of course, had often seen a rose-bed before, but he had never seen a rose-bed which so tempted one to sleep upon it, secure from molestation even by its thorns. To lie on such a rose-bed, to sip a sherry-cobler, and be squirted at with rosewater, the while MARIO and GRISI sweetly sang one off to sleep; such bliss a man would pay a double Income-Tax to dream of, and *Mr. Punch* felt sadly tempted to envy MR. GYE, who had it in his power, if he pleased so, to en-Gye it.

THE VOLUNTEER OF JULY 14th.

THE SEQUEL.

If you 're waking call me early—though I feel so very queer,
That with all the calling in the world I shan't get up, I fear;
I ought to clean my rifle, and a precious job 't will be—
For the next sham-fight at Chiselhurst I don't think they 'll catch *me*.

GRANT'S cooking-waggon on the ground they told us we should find,
And so I left, unluckily, my sandwiches behind.
We marched and fought and conquered, but nothing could be seen
Of GRANT'S waggon on the hill-top, where GRANT'S waggon should have been.

By the time the flag of truce proclaimed the finish of the fray,
Our throats were all a-dust with the labours of the day,
With the march across the hay-fields, and the skirmish in the copse,
And every flask had long been drained down to its latest drops.

Yet not a grumbler in the corps, a laggard in the train,
As hopefully we marched towards the longed-for cooking-wain';
The bivouac upon the plan stood plain to every eye;
We longed for pots of beer so—we were so very dry!

We came to "Bivouac No. 1," and nothing could we see,
But a tent set, bare of victuals and drink, beneath a tree:
We thought at "Bivouac No. 2," to find the tap we craved,
But "Number 2," like "Number 1" repulsively behaved!

Upon those porter-barrels, and those pork-pies of ours,
The spectators had descended as keen as locust-showers;
They had cleared off every remnant of victuals from the hill,
And entirely floored our liquors while we were fighting still.

And there we stood, half-starved, a-thirst, beneath the waning light,
And we knew the publics would be closed e'er we reached town that night,
And from the heights of Chiselhurst the night-wind set in cool,
And our feelings tow'rds LORD RANELAGH weren't pleasant, as a rule.

But the best of a bad bargain was all that could be made;
So to our hungry bellies we the flattering unction laid,
That some kind tap might chance to lie on in the way that we should pass,
To the Southborough-Road Station, but that hope was vain, alas!

We *had* been calm and patient; but we grew desp'rate now;
And we got back to the station with a cloud upon each brow;
And it really was enough to make a fellow rather riled,
Of hub and grub in this way to find himself beguiled!

We waited for a train, for hours; and in such piteous case,
That to get a glass of water one had quite a row to face;
And when at last the carriages got with us under weigh,
We were kept at sidings, shunted, in the most provoking way!

Good night—good night; but leave the key of the cellar in the door,
You 've drawn a jug of beer I see, but I shall want some more;
And if of this cold mutton, in the morning, nought is seen,
Tell Cook she need not be surprised—my appetite 's so keen.

You 'll find my muddy gaiters upon the passage floor;
With my pouch—but mind the candle—there 's ten rounds in it or more;
Tell the maid to dry my boots—in a ditch I got them wet;
I tried to leap across it, but into it chanced to get.

Good night; you 'll see well-brushed the coat and trousers I have worn;
And take care and get them mended, where I hitched upon a thorn;
I 'll be sure and put the lights out, when I 've had my meat and beer;
And, on second thoughts, *don't* call me in the morning—there 's a dear.

THE NEW RIDE. FRIGHTFUL SCENE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS!

SHALL OUR PRIVACY BE INVADED? SHALL OUR CHILDREN BE RIDDEN DOWN BY A BLOODTHIRSTY AND A BLOATED ARISTOCRACY? ARE OUR WIVES, DAUGHTERS, AND DOMESTICS, TO BE TORN TO PIECES BY FEROCIOUS MASTIFFS? NEVER! UP THEN! MARROWBONES TO THE RESCUE!

Another Cut at the Hippodrome in Kensington Gardens.

THE new equestrian ride, which cuts up the flower-path and green sward in Kensington Gardens, has advocates who maintain it to be a popular improvement, inasmuch as it is an extension of the Rotten Row exhibition of fine horses and beautiful women. The more Beauty in Kensington Gardens the better; but, in augmenting the beauty of them, disturb not their repose, which will be grievously disquieted by the trampling of horses. Admit as much Beauty as possible into Kensington Gardens, but let it be Beauty without the Beast.

A GOOD WORD FOR A GOOD CAUSE.

IT is everywhere acknowledged that every one reads *Punch*, and that everybody faithfully attends to what he reads there. *Punch* need therefore merely state that a Ladies' Fund is forming to "relieve the sick and wounded, and the widows and the orphans, of GARIBALDI'S followers;" and that subscriptions are received at 20, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall; at MESSRS. BARNETTS' bank in Lombard Street, and at a dozen other places which are almost daily advertised, and which there is no need therefore to

THE PARTY WHO OBJECTS TO THE NEW RIDE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS—AND WON'T HE SPOUT AT THE WESTRY!

numerate in *Punch*. *Punch* states this without prejudice to "IL MILIONE FUCILI," which are still being collected for by MR. ASHURST in Old Jewry, and will doubtless before long be banging in the hands of the besiegers of the Bourbon. There are some people, however, who feel a little squeamish about helping to shoot other people, even although the latter be the torturers and man-butchers who have been hired under the Bombas by the name of the Police. To the sensitive and scrupulous a guarantee is therefore given that—

"None of the money will be applied to warlike purposes, but solely to those of charity and benevolence, and it is therefore hoped that many will join in this labour of love."

It would certainly be charity to rid the world of Bombas, and all the thousands of subscribers for "The Million Muskets" may rest assured then that their money will be charitably spent. But there are persons who would rather give to surgeons than to soldiers; and of these *Punch* therefore begs that every one who has a spare coin in his pocket, or a balance at his bankers that he can afford to part with, will have his name appended to the list of Good Samaritans, who are providing oil and wine for GARIBALDI'S sick and wounded, and for the widows and the orphans of GARIBALDI'S dead. Charity, it has been

"SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES."

said, begins at home, but there is no reason adducible that charity should end there; and where the cause is so good, as in the present instance, there will surely be no need to say more than one good word for it.

GILES SCROGGINS'S JOURNAL.

Y some persons the following statement in the *Spiritual Magazine* for July may be thought to require confirmation:—

"A few evenings ago, during the month of June, some remarkable spirit manifestations took place at the mansion of the French Ambassador, Albert Gate. Amongst a large number of influential persons who witnessed them were the DUC and DUCHESSE DE MALAKOFF, COUNT PERSIGNY, and LORD WARD, who all expressed their great satisfaction and delight to MADAME LOUISE BESSON, who was the medium present."

The same number of the same periodical also contains the subjoined announcement:—

"SPIRIT MEDIUM AND CLAIRVOYANTE.—MADAME LOUISE BESSON, King Street, Soho Square, has *séances* daily, and is open to private engagements."

Some ladies have doubles,—if we may credit Spiritualism,—like the young person mentioned by ROBERT DALE OWEN in his *Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World*, the Livonian Governess, who lost nineteen situations by her extraordinary duplicity. MADAME LOUISE BESSON may also possess, or be possessed with, a duplicate; and, whilst she was astonishing the natives and foreigners at the French Ambassador's, her counterpart, or counterfeit, may have been practising professional necromancy at King Street, Soho Square. If the medium of Albert Gate and the advertising seeress are one and the same person, then, albeit she may be describable as a "wise woman," the less that is said the better about the wisdom of COUNT PERSIGNY, the DUKE and DUCHESS OF MALAKOFF, LORD WARD, and a large number of influential persons—or else about the accuracy of the *Spiritual Magazine*. The veracity of our credulous contemporary is not in question. But when the above-named personages complimented MADAME BESSON on her "spirit manifestations," did they congratulate her as a witch or an artist?

If MADAME BESSON is really in a position to accept engagements as a "Spirit Medium and Clairvoyante,"—just as she might hire herself out as a corn-cutter,—she must be able to command spiritual manifestations nearly whenever she pleases. Old SAM WESLEY told the rapping spirit of Epworth to come into his study if it had anything to say to him. Couldn't MADAME BESSON come to *Punch's* Office, and get a spirit to rap out a spirited communication for this periodical on the counter?

Perhaps not. Like LORD MAMSBERRY, *Punch* is not particular about spelling, because that is corrigible; but erroneous orthography and bad composition are apt to be conjoined. Of bad writing, in combination with bad grammar, an instance may be quoted from this same number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, in the following message represented as having been transmitted by a departed spirit through the hand of a medium, in a backward scrawl:—

"Ye are sorrowing as one without hope."

The spirit substitutes *Ye* are for *Thou* art. If we are to believe the supernatural origin of the foregoing sentence, we may suppose it to have emanated from an illiterate Methodist parson. The passage in question will remind most of our readers of a very similar piece of spiritual English, occurring in a familiar metrical legend:—

"When, standing all by the bed-post,
A figure tall her sight engrossed,
And it cried, 'I bees GILES SCROGGINS's ghost:
Ri tol de riddle lol de ray!'"

Exactly so. *Ri tol de riddle lol de ray!* What else is there to be said in either case? Nothing but that some spirits, like most rogues, write, and probably read, imperfectly, and might be classified, as the rogues are, under the head of "R. & W. Imp." *Punch* is credibly informed—credibly, because spirit-writing bears the information out, that at a recent necromantic *séance* the spirits were summoned by an old female party with the invocation, "*Is* there any *sperrits* present?" On the same occasion *Punch's* informant says that he put his hand under the table to be grasped by any other that might dare to take hold of it, fully prepared to drag that other up to the light. The experiment proved unsuccessful.

Mr. Punch recommends his spiritual contemporary to remember that the ridicule of truth should be regarded with serene contempt and refuted by demonstration; that experiments which cannot be performed except under certain conditions which are among those of juggelery are inconclusive, and that it is the peculiarity of all quacks and enthusiasts, whether religious or scientific, to resent derision of their impostures or delusions. "Let those laugh who win," is the maxim of the sure philosopher. LORDS LYNDHURST and BROUGHAM are believers in spiritualism, are they? BROUGHAM and LYNDHURST also among the spirit-rappers! So the *Spiritual Magazine* asserts; but Incredulity whispers "WALKER!" What are the odds that any alleged spiritual manifestation is genuine? Who will bet on the head of MADAME BESSON; who will back her to obtain one rap on a table? There is an oracle that may settle this question; a point on which we would advise our spiritual to consult our sporting contemporary. *Bell's Life* is at least as likely as any other human medium to give a correct answer to any inquiry touching the life beyond the grave.

GOLDSMID'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

"MR. WHITE, a Radical, has been returned for Brighton, beating MR. MOORE, a Tory, and MR. GOLDSMID, a Jew."—*Weekly Paper.*

To the above concise narrative *Mr. Punch* would have had nothing to add, but that from reports of the election, and from correspondence, it would appear that MR. MOORE may complain of being bracketed with MR. GOLDSMID, as beaten. MR. MOORE *was* beaten—Brighton polled 1565 Whites and 1239 Moores, and the Tory went down in fair fight. But MR. GOLDSMID retired in the middle of the contest, after polling only 477 votes. And he retired, because he had no chance of winning. And he had no chance of winning, because he, or his agents, had endeavoured to bring to bear upon MR. WHITE a Jew Screw which is not generally approved by English mechanics. MR. WHITE stated upon the hustings that the Hebrew's agent had called upon the Radical's agent, and told him that something which happened in connection with the pecuniary affairs of MR. WHITE, twenty-three years ago, had come to MR. GOLDSMID'S knowledge, and that, if MR. WHITE did not retire, those particulars should be made known to every elector of Brighton. The threat was carried out, and the fact that MR. WHITE had been unsuccessful in business at Plymouth nearly a quarter of a century back, and had not cleared away all his debts, was promulgated by handbills throughout Brighton. The answer of Brighton was to vote for the Tory and the Radical, and the Jew had to retire with a splendid minority of 477 votes, which must be considerably under the number of Mosaic jewellers and cigar-shopkeepers at Brighton, who would naturally support their fellow-believer.

Mr. Punch fought the cause of the Jews for years and years, and finally brought them into Parliament. He has also supported the honourable and amiable, if not very brilliant, representatives whom Israel has sent to the House. But he begs to warn Jewry generally not to fall into the mistake of imitating such Christians as work the money screw, either in the way of bribery or of intimidation, and sometimes get convicted by Yorkshire juries. It would be a bad day for the British Jew should *Mr. Punch* withdraw his countenance from that party—in fact the sooner he took, in such an emergency, a non-return ticket for Palestine the better. *Mr. Punch* believes that the majority of his Hebrew friends would disapprove as heartily as he and Brighton have done of the mean attempt to damage MR. WHITE; but it is just as well to let Jewry know that what *Mr. Punch* would denounce in a Christian he is not disposed to pardon in a Jew. Equality of privileges implies an equal standard of what is just and gentlemanly.

QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM.

IN RE BROADSTAIRS BOATMEN.

THE atrocious working of our still abominable law of imprisonment for debt is cruelly exemplified by the case of the ten gallant Broadstairs Boatmen now lying in Maidstone Gaol for the amount of a bill of costs incurred through an unsuccessful action to recover salvage for having helped to rescue from destruction a vessel nearly wrecked on the Goodwin Sands. This exploit was performed at the imminent peril of their lives. Their lugger, appropriately called the *Dreadnought*, their only property, which had cost £900, they had the misfortune to lose simultaneously with their lawsuit. The attorney to whom, or to whose employers, they stand indebted, claps them in quod. Neither CAPIAS nor his clients are to be condemned for screwing out of people who owe them money every farthing they can get. But they can't get blood out of a post, and the Broadstairs Boatmen, being utterly destitute, are to CAPIAS and their other detaining creditors as posts to horseleeches.

What object, then, can be gained by the incarceration of these poor brave fellows? That of wringing, not their empty pockets, but the purses of a public who compassionate their sufferings, and commiserate their unworthy treatment. Surely the privilege of applying pressure

to this extent is rather too jolly for exacting creditors. So great an amount of torsion power is a little too great rightly to remain in the hands of a solicitor. Yet, under existing circumstances, it is necessary to announce to the benevolent, that their charitable contributions are earnestly solicited for the Solicitor who has shut up the Broadstairs Boatmen in prison; and that any addition over the sum of that gentleman's bill which they may please to subscribe, so as to compensate the wrongs of those meritorious prisoners, will be thankfully received. What the men have done to deserve thus much we know; but we do not know why CAPIAS and his clients should be empowered to enforce their demands upon insolvents by squeezing liquidation out of the public heart. The performance of this operation or experiment, either upon sympathisers or friends and relations, is the only purpose which detention for debt, when it is not penal, can possibly serve, and it is one so undesirable that perhaps Parliament will, some Session or other, when the House of Commons can contrive to do any business, abolish imprisonment for all debtors but rogues.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE REIGNS OF EDWARD THE FIRST AND EDWARD THE SECOND.

MILITARY COSTUME, SHOWING ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. TEMP. EDWARD THE SECOND.

WE described in our last chapter the armour which was worn in the first of these two reigns, and that used in the second did but very little differ from it. To the weapons of offence there were added a sort of poleaxe, known as a godendac, and a scimitar, which is said to have been "borrowed from the Turks," but which is not recorded as having been returned to them.* Perhaps the scimitar was used by the semitars and semi-soldiers who engaged at sea; but for these marine manslaughterers the falcastrum, a kind of long bill (like a lawyer's), was highly recommended by the fighting faculty. The falcastrum is described as a sort of scythe fixed firmly at the end of a long spear; and the wielders of it doubtless, like the lawyers with their bills, must have made themselves unpleasant by "sticking it into" people.

As these new weapons of offence rendered enemies of course more offensive than they had been, the armour was made stronger and more cut-and-thrust-and-poke-proof. A greater quantity of plate was worn mixed with the chain; by which we do not mean that knights carried more forks and spoons about them, for the plate in ancient armour was made of steel and iron, and bore no resemblance to the plate in modern plate-baskets. Wrought iron almost covered the hauberk and chaussés: greaves of one plate shielded the forepart of the leg: and plates known as *mamelières* were worn upon the breast; while the arm, we learn, was armed with vant-braces, and brassarts, not named from brass the metal, but from *bras* the arm. As a further alteration, the beer-barrel shaped helmet assumed, we are told, a "sugar-loaf or egglike form:" which seems as if its wearers had it in their heads to indicate a preference for sweet wort or egg flip. The common men at arms however, still wore the ancient skull-cap, which, though called *chapeau de fer*, must not be confounded with the modern fur cap. But we should notice that they wore it now without a nose-piece, which appears to have been cut off in the reign of EDWARD THE FIRST. What occasioned this removal the reader is at perfect liberty to guess; for we find nothing authentically stated on the point. The best conjecture we can make is, that as the nasal stuck out like the handle of a saucepan, it must have been a tempting thing to clutch at and lay hold of, and men were doubtless taken prisoners by being taken by the nose-piece, which was about as ignominious as being taken by the nose.

EDWARD THE FIRST was much more of a soldier than a swell, and his successor was much more of a swell than of a soldier; but in neither of their reigns was there much change in the dresses worn by civil persons, if we make a not uncivil exception of the ladies. To prove

FROM AN ILLUMINATION. TEMP. EDWARD THE FIRST.

how little our first EDWARD cared for finery and fashion, it is enough to say his common dress was like that of a commoner. He always wore blue looks when he ever had to wear his royal robes of purple, and we learn that, after the coronation ceremony, he showed his sense by never again putting on his crown. Had SHAKSPEARE then been extant, the King might have quoted, in defence of what he did, the line which says,

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,"

—although he must have owned there is some sense in the suggestion that—

"If a king lies uneasy in his crown,
He 'd better take it off when he lies down."

As a reason for his singular simplicity of dress, EDWARD is said to have observed, that "Members of the feathered tribe are not made fine minded by the fineness of their plumage," and to have added to this strikingly original remark the declaration, that although his Christian name was EDWARD, still he was not such a Neddy as to fancy kings were more esteemed in costly clothes than coarse ones.

To readers so intelligent as those must be who study *Punch*, it is needless to relate that, under such a sovereign, finery and foppery went rather out of fashion, and dowdy dressers doubtless found chief favour at his Court. When the Prince of Wales however was invested with the military belt of knighthood, purple robes, fine linen and gold-embroidered mantles were liberally distributed to his young knight companions,* who, we fear, were up to sad games in the Temple Gardens, for we find it stated that "ye flowere of ye nobilitye did playe sad havock with ye floweres." Had MR. BROOME, the present Temple Gardener, been there, he would probably have had a brush with these young rakes, and perhaps have used the birch to sweep them from the place.

Fops came more into favour in the reign of EDWARD THE SECOND,† and the most finicking and fine of them were probably his favourites. PIERS GAVESTON set the example by out-dressing his peers, and following his lead, "the esquire endeavoured to outshine the knight, the knight the baron, the baron the earl, the earl the king himself, in the richness of his apparel." In fact everybody tried to cut a greater shine than everybody else, and how splendidly they flared up may be seen by looking at the old illuminations. Swell vied with swell in the absurdest manner possible, and as, doubtless, a good many of them

* This scimitar, no doubt, was the weapon used by SALADIN to cut the scarf and cushion, on the day of the Arabian Knights' Entertainment to KING RICHARD.—*Vide Talisman.*

* When our PRINCE EDWARD comes from Canada, we may probably expect to see this ceremony repeated: and the Government may save themselves from searching for a precedent by bearing in their minds the present chapter of our Book. As one of the young knight (and day) companions of the Prince, *Mr. Punch* may just remind them that he likes his linen marked plainly with a P., and that as embroidery has now gone out of fashion, he would prefer to have the gold simply put in his pocket; or, as he does not wear a mantle, if it be laid upon his mantel-piece he will be quite as well content.

† Going with a pack of favourite puppies down to Greenwich, and dining at the hostelry yclept ye Crowne and Sceptre, appears to have been one of this weak prince's little weaknesses. Every child of course remembers DIBDIN'S lines:—

"Immersed in soft effeminacy's down,
The feeble prince his subjects' good neglects,
For minions who monopolise the Crown,
And stain the Sceptre which their Vice [chairman?] protects.

came to grief through their extravagance, their rivalry reminds us of the swell frog in the fable, who, as we need say but little of it, for the fashions were but very little varied in this reign, and the costume of both nobs and snobs was like that of their grandfathers. The only novelty worth note was that the cloak-hood or capuchon which had been worn *à la* cowl, was often fancifully twisted and worn *à la toque*. In some cases, however, it was simply folded and balanced on the brain-pan, as the women of the Pays de Basque bask in it in summer-time even to this day. From the head-dress to the head being no great step, we may add here, that the hair was curled with monstrous care, and that beards were only worn by old fogies and knights templars, and great officers of state. That the king wore one we think we scarcely need to state, for doubtless everybody knows how he was bearded on his way to the Castle of Caernarvon; when they who had the charge of him pulled up by the roadside and shaved his cherished beard, with dirty water and no soap.

PERSON OF DISTINCTION. PROBABLY A BEADLE. CLOSE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

EFFECTS OF THE ECLIPSE.

OUR position being settled as that of the first scientific journal of the day, of course we felt desirous, for our own interest as well as that of all our readers, to obtain the fullest, truest, and the most particular account of the Eclipse; and we therefore called together our sharpest-eyed contributors, and enjoined them to spare no expense in railway-tickets and smoked glass, and if they wished to go to Spain we said that we would "stand the Spanish," for the purpose of observing the most noteworthy effects. A day or two elapsed without our hearing anything from any single one of them, or even any of the married ones; but on inquiring at our bankers' we discovered that they had given proof of their existence by cashing the blank cheques which we had given them permission, if needful, to fill up. The amounts might have staggered any ordinary capitalist, but the sole emotion they produced on our part was that of pleasure in the thought that the money was well spent, inasmuch as it had furthered scientific observation, and would enable us no doubt to eclipse all other journals in describing the Eclipse. But we regret that we must say our joy was a short-lived one; for on returning with our pass-book to enter up the items, our peace of mind was broken by a seedy-looking person. Approaching us with somewhat of a corkscrewy gyration, he solemnly deposited a packet on our writing-desk, and whispered confidentially in a liquid tone of voice, "Allsh'rene olecock!. Sheclipsh-hic-wentoffshsthunnin!" The delivery of this oracular remark was followed by a scarcely more intelligible request for "a borreloshodawawr-hic-if youshhic-gorritandy:" and the remedy somewhat removing his impediment of speech, our visitor then informed us that he and some scientific co-labourers had been staying down at Greenwich to witness the Eclipse, and that the packet he had brought contained their several reports. We must own that we find nothing in the notes that have been handed us which might not have been written without stirring out of London. However, as nothing has come to hand from our own staff, we shall print from them the following selections, adding in each instance the names of the observers, as a proof of the great confidence we place in their reports. These will serve at all events to show the future HERSCHEL that among the queer phenomena attending the Eclipse, there were many strange effects observed, of which no mention has been made in any other journal, and which were scarcely less worth seeing than those which our astronomers went all the way to Spain to see:—

"The effects of the Eclipse were plainly visible in Parliament. Members all seemed in the dark as to what was to be done about the China War; and how MR. GLADSTONE'S Spirit-Tax could be reconciled with the opinions expressed in his great speech on bringing in his Budget."—SMITH.

"MR. FLYTHER of the bankrupt firm of FLYTHER and M'HOOKIT, had prepared to take advantage of the darkness that was looked for at the time of the Eclipse, to get the best of his effects on board a steam-boat for Boulogne. The obscurity, however, proving less than had been counted on, an observation could be taken of MR. FLYTHER'S movements, and the venue of his occultation was altered before nightfall from Boulogne to Bow Street."—BROWN.

"MISS FLINTINGTON had hoped to make good use of the Eclipse by managing a *tête-à-tête* with LORD FITZ-WALTER CRŒSUS, who had unwarily arranged to join her family at Richmond. In their progress to the Park she skilfully contrived to secure him as her escort, and had the obscuration been as great as she expected, perhaps the hooking of his fortune might have been one of its effects. There was, however, so provoking a continuance of light, that his lordship, with his naked eye, could see that she was fishing for him; and not even at the moment of the greatest occultation did the darkness hide sufficiently the plainness of the bait."—JONES.

"A marked magnetic variation took place during the Eclipse at the house of the reputedly rich MRS. BLUNTE, at Bayswater. The deviation was occasioned by an observation being taken of the will of her late husband, which has just been exhibited at Doctors' Commons. It was discovered by this instrument that the daughter, not the widow, of MR. BLUNTE, was his chief heiress. In consequence of this, several single gentlemen who called on MRS. BLUNTE, on the day of the Eclipse, showed a marked deviation from their former course; the magnet that attracted them being, it was clear, no longer the hand of the old lady, but the young one."—TITTLE.

"MR. SWIZZLER being urged by a scientific friend to make a note of what 'precipitation of moisture' accompanied the Eclipse, observed that he that day precipitated precisely twelve pints and a half of moisture down his throat between the periods of his first and last contact with the pewter. MR. SWIZZLER did not make an observation with a glass, but his experience at once apprised him of the fact that the wet was of the kind which by the *savans* is called 'heavy.'"—WALKER.

MY UNIFORM.

(*After* COWPER.)

BY A DAMP BUT DETERMINED VOLUNTEER.

THE corps had been washed, newly washed in a shower,
Which, as usual, had spoiled our parade:
The plentiful moisture, poured down for an hour,
With our uniforms havoc had played.

My belts were all sodden, my shako so wet,
That it seemed to a fanciful view,
As if mere *papier-mâché* 'twould prove, and forget
For a hat it had duty to do.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was—
Poor shako—a shaking to stand!
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
The peak came off, limp, in my hand!

"And such," I exclaimed, "was the Don's * foolish act
With his helmet, so neatly combined:
He exposed it to thwacks, which the joints rudely cracked,
Not for use but appearance designed.

"This elegant cap, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed, 'neath its *pompon* awhile;
And accoutrements wiped with a little address
May adorn next Review's rank and file!"

* DON QUIXOTE.

DONKEY-PASTURES IN RICHMOND PARK.

DURING the last few years Richmond Park has been undergoing a gradual system of subsoil drainage: sets of tile-pipes progressively laid down in sections of the ground, piece by piece, and each piece, consisting of several acres, consequently deformed, spoiled, and, for more than twelve months,—till the clods of turf, which are dug up and piled in ridges along the courses of the drains, have had time to subside,—rendered nearly impassable. It is a remarkable fact, that the reward of these costly operations, appropriately remunerative of the taste which ordained them, should be, in almost every spot whereon they have been expended, the development of a plentiful crop of—*thistles!*

"The Keating of our Own Heart."

MR. JUSTICE KEATING the other day thought proper, in speaking from the Bench about two foolish persons who had attempted suicide, to say, "He supposed these people had been reading novels." MR. JUSTICE PUNCH would like to know the basis of his learned brother's *obiter dictum*. Do novels inculcate suicide, or does novel-reading drive people to that absurdity? He might as reasonably have said he supposed these people had been taking KEATING'S Cough Lozenges, and *Mr. Punch* presents the learned judge with this advertisement of those excellent compositions, in compensation for having pointed out that he occasionally talks nonsense.

A New Medium.

(From the Spiritual Magazine.)

THE GREATEST SPIRIT RAPPER OF THE DAY.—MR. GLADSTONE, who has just given our spirits a rap in the form of a heavy duty.

THE SHAM FIGHT.

No. 2. "*I wish this fellow behind me would 'look up.'*"

No. 1. "*Ah, well, I'm all right, I dropped a Cherry into my rear rank man's rifle before we came on the ground.*"

YE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS OF 1860.

To Canterbury's festival from Southwerk's Tabard poured,
No widow of three husbands, no miller, friar, or lord,
No Knight of Alexandria, no clerk of Oxenforde.

Still hundreds of staunch pilgrims are journeying towards the shrine,
Not on jennet, mule, or palfrey, but along the Kentish line;
And their talk is not of martyrs, but of fleece, and flitch, and chine.

From deep green valleys on the Wharfe, from Devon's quiet lanes,
From the breezy wolds of Brocklesby, and Wiltshire's chalky plains,—
Men of eagle-eye and delicate touch, and calm far-seeing brains.

Ye COLONEL TOWNELEY is there—who taught the Warlaby Knight to yield,
In the days of his *Windsor* and *Bridesmaid* might,—with CULSHAW to bear his shield:
His arms two butterflies quartered, with gules on an azure field.

In vain 'gainst his *Royal Butterfly* four *Princes* in conclave met,
Fortune has smiled on the roan once more; and his buxom bride *Rosette*
Has baffled the spells of the fair *Queen Mab*, and beat LADY PIGOT's pet.

Hard by her "the Nestor of Shorthorns" sits (on a tub or a truss) at ease,
And countless disciples around him flock, to hear how he likes the decrees,
Ne'er lived a rarer judge of a beast on the banks of the stately Tees.

GRUNDY from Rochdale has come with his *Faith*, determined no fight to shirk;
Wood Rose is there to boast for herself of descent from the famed *Grand Turk*;
Ay! little did CAPTAIN GUNTER wot of the thorns in a rose which lurk.

But first and second the Captain stood, with his beautiful *Duchess* twins,
Liverpool judges indorsed the white, but orthodox roan now wins;
And Bedfordshire was a capital third with *Claret* from Clifton bins.

See near them the mottle-faced beef machines, from Hereford pastures sent,
Shorthorns may boast of their pedigree;—"these gentlemen pay the rent:"
But where, oh! where are the champion beasts of slow, self-satisfied Kent?

Here too are the plums of "the juicy red line," from TURNER and QUARTLEY's store;
Lancashire rules supreme with its white, and Suffolk with its black boar;
And chesnuts from Cretingham Rookery go, as in olden time, to the fore.

As pure in descent as a BOOTH or a BATES, stood SANDAY's Leicester array;
Shropshire is proud of its *Patentee*; and eighteen strong to the fray
Marched JONAS WEBB with his Southdown tups, and Richmond can't bid him Nay.

And the lesson these Royal pilgrims teach, is "Put some life in your shire,
As batsmen and hoppers, you've scored right well,—but Romney Marsh should aspire;
Just hew up for faggots your turn-wrest ploughs, and brighten your "Kentish fire."

Conundrum for Constituents.

WHY is the House of Commons like the House of Correction?
Because the labour performed there is hard and mostly unproductive.

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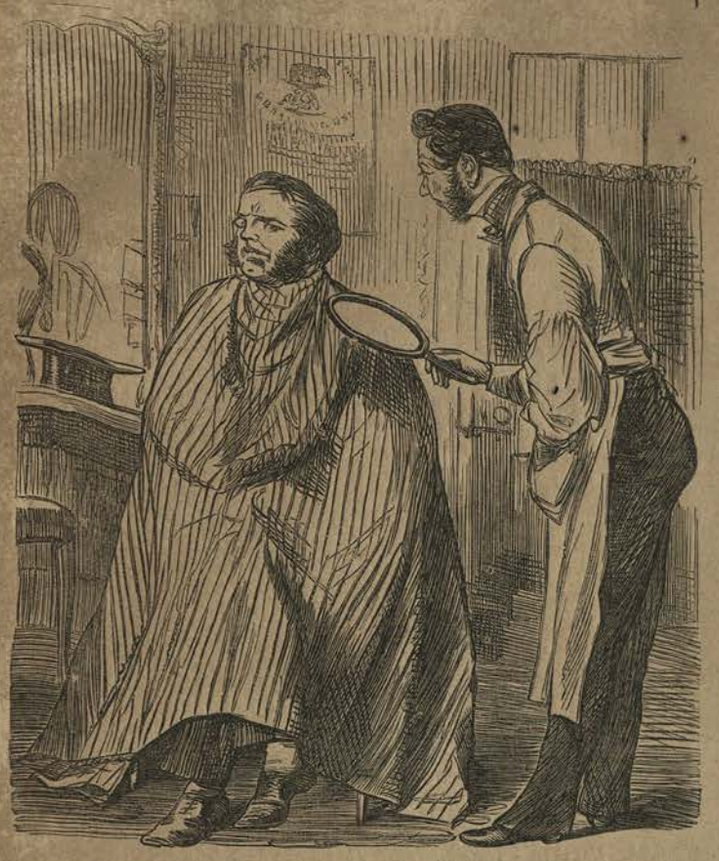

HAIRDRESSER. "*South Middlesex or Keveens, Sir?* (Customer looks bewildered.)—*Why, Sir, many Corpses, Sir, 'as a rekignised style of 'air, Sir, accordin' to the Reg*——(Customer storms.) *Not a Wolunteer, Sir?—Jus so, Sir.—Thought not, Sir; leastways I was a wonderin' to myself d'rectly I see you, Sir, what Corpse you could a belonged to, Sir!*"

THE POPE'S IRISH RAGAMUFFINS.

(*To* GEORGE BOWYER, ESQ., M.P.)

CHIVALROUS SIR,

As the POPE'S Knight-errant, I wonder you have not come forward to break a lance with those unworthy Irishmen—those bad Catholics—who, having apostatised from the Papal Brigade and sneaked home, go about complaining of the usage which they experienced in the service of his Holiness. It seems that I must do the Holy Father's business for you.

The Irish volunteers in the service of our Lord the POPE were naturally supposed, by his Holiness and LAMORICIÈRE, to be devout Catholics. As such they were treated with the greatest possible attention. They were afforded every facility for fasting. The means of doing penance were freely afforded them. What better fare could a Saint wish for than an insufficiency of black bread and sour wine, what better couch could he desire than the floor of a stable? Circumstanced as the recruits were, they no doubt swarmed with vermin and reeked with filth, and, if they had expired in that blessed state, would have died in the odour of sanctity.

They complain that some of their number were shot for breach of discipline. If so, had they not the friars of San Giovanni Decollato to confess them; and did they not therefore go to Paradise? They even murmur because some of them were flogged. Their grievance was a privilege. How many holy men are continually whipping one another; how many are obliged to whip themselves, not having anybody whom they can trust to perform that pious office for them! The ungrateful grumblers ought to have kissed the cat-of-nine-tails which "whipped the offending ADAM out of them." Excuse me for quoting a heretical poet.

What could these pilgrims expect at Macerata but being thoroughly macerated? Had they understood their own faith—if there was any in them—they would have known that mortification necessarily awaited them in an army of confessors and martyrs, and whilst they would of course have been mortified by the indignities, privations, and punishments, to which they were subjected, they would by no means have been disappointed, but on the contrary, perfectly well satisfied, with the chastisement which they had to endure.

Hoping that the foregoing apology for the sacred commissariat and the holy discipline of the Pontifical army may encourage many true Catholic devotees to enlist in its ranks, I have the honour to remain, chivalrous Sir, your Knighthood's humble Servant, Substitute, and Esquire,

PUNCH.

P.S. It does not appear that the Holy See provided its Irish crusaders with hair-shirts. But what then? It did the next best thing in not finding them any shirts at all. And for suitable stuff to wear next the skin, they might have found stinging-nettles enough, instead of linen in every hedge.

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

FYTTE FIRST—FEBRUARY.

IT was a score of blithesome Bills—
Merrily came they in—
And fair without, looked the gamesome rout,
And neat as a new-made pin;
Each would-be law, without a flaw,
Or erasure-line within.

'Twas a sight to behold these Bills so bold,
So blithe and *débonnaire*,
As each took his place on the paper,
Where room was still to spare,
With the Member that was in charge of him,
So proud of his nursling fair.

SIR BETHELL LE BLAND, in either hand,
Led innocents many a one;
The first he was strong, and lusty and long—
With Bankruptcy writ thereon:
And a train of Law Bills followed him,
Whose godfather was "Plain JOHN."

And proud was the mien of GLADSTONE, I ween,
As his masterful way he bore,
With Bills enow most fathers to cow,
A gambolling before:
Wines, Spirits, and Paper, and Savings Banks,
And HANSARD he knows what more!

Tho' cool of blood, and fishy of mood,
Even LEWIS was stirred with pride,
As with conscious face he took his place,
With two old Bills at his side—
One yclept City Corporation Reform—
One Highways—often-tried.

And SIR CHARLES DE WOOD, bewildered he stood,
And you scarce his head might see,
For the crowd of Bills the space that fills
Where SIR CHARLES his head should be—
All Indian Bills, with porcupine quills,
A-bristling angrily.

More blithe M.P.s I trow than these,
St. Stephens did ne'er espy:
Never blither Bills, ignored the ills
That no Bill may defy!
Woe, woe, to see their Februrarie,
And to think of their July!

FYTTE SECOND—JULY.

The spring is past, the year flies fast,
The Session draggeth sore:
Till the summer that is no summer
E'en now is well nigh o'er,
And each bored M.P. doth sigh to be free,
And will brook to be bored no more.

Then it's up and spake LORD PALMERSTON,
And a cruel smile smiled he,—
"Now bring your Bills, your little Bills,
My Ministères, to me;
That I may choose what Bills, and whose,
Are fittest y-slain to be."

Then up and spake the Bankruptcy Bill,
That at BETHELL'S knee did stand—
"Now, father dear, ye'll save me here,
For all this Lord's command;"
But with rueful look, he the innocent took,
And stabbed with his own right hand!

Night after night—'twas a sorry sight—
Each sire, against his will,
With hasty knife a-taking the life
Of his own unhappy Bill—
And their Lord, the while, with his cruel smile,
Still crying, "kill—kill—kill!"

Night after night—'twas a sorry sight
To see those bodies piled
All under the table of the house,
So innocent, and mild!
And PALMERSTON, with wicked will,
Upon the murderers smiled!

Till, one by one, the work was done
And of all that gamesome rout,
Brought in, with glee, in Februarie,
But three or four came out:
And with brand of Cain, for his children slain,
Each Ministère went about!

(MR.) PUNCH A QUAKER.

QUAKERISM was said, nay shown, to be dying out. But a new phase of the drab faith has just been manifested, and we should not wonder if there were a Revival. A person, proclaiming himself a Quaker, enters the meeting-house of his and the Friends, near Gracechurch Street (in pious conversation they call it Grace-steeple-house Street), and proceeds loudly to animadvert, in the most personal manner, upon divers members of the Society there present. One he explained to be a Wolf, another an Owl, and the third a Deceiver, adding other illustrations of character. And his justification was, he said, that it was a Quaker doctrine, that you should always speak your mind. It occurs to FRIEND PUNCH, that FRIEND BRIGHT is the founder of this new sect of Quakers. Their practice is very much in his style. Does he want a good-looking convert who delights to speak his mind? If so, verily let him apply at No. 85, near the steeple-house carnally called Bride's or Bridget's.

A Disinterested Opponent.

MR. HORSMAN has lately taken to make long speeches calculated only to embarrass the Government and impede public business. The Honourable Gentleman may feel justly aggrieved at having been excluded from the Cabinet; but then he must admit that his observations are very much out of place.

PROCEEDINGS (P) IN BANKRUPTCY.

Before MR. COMMISSIONER PUNCH.

THERE seems to be afloat a pretty general opinion, that our Basinghall Street Courts are not so perfect as they might be, and that, even had they been compelled to sit till Christmas, the Government should not have let this wasted Session go without passing in some shape the "little Bill" they introduced for Bankruptcy Reform. To prove how utterly erroneous are these absurd impressions, *Mr. Punch* begs to report a day's proceedings in his presence—if he may apply the term "proceedings" where there seems but little progress. Instead of copying, however, the curt style of the reporters, *Mr. Punch* will give his notes a somewhat more dramatic form: feeling justified in doing so by a remark he overheard made by a lawyer in his presence, that the Court work which he witnessed was as good as any play:—

SCENE—*A Court in Basinghall Street, which would be seen more clearly were the windows ever washed. Time—Eleven o'clock,* A.M., *and though it is so early, the Court is crammed with people doing the work of other Courts, which are already far too full to hold them. The* COMMISSIONER, *as usual, has not yet arrived; but the business of the day commenced at ten o'clock as usual, by the* USHER *challenging the* REGISTRAR *to take a pinch of snuff. Since then nothing of importance worth recording has transpired; and the time has been employed in the usual stage business. The Messengers are reading the day's paper in their pews, and having very nearly got the inner sheet by heart, are now in sheer despair poring over the advertisements. Small boys sit behind, munching suckers, cracking cherry-stones, and copying proceedings. Every one is talking as loudly as he can, and apparently without getting any one to listen to him. There was a meeting "*RE BLOBBS*" appointed for* 10·30, *and no one has appeared. But Solicitors and Counsel (with rather aged wigs) are anxiously awaiting to hear judgment pronounced in the matter of "The Wash your-dirty-clothes-at-home Insurance Company," which through the absence of the Treasurer (with all the funds in hand) was some years since made bankrupt. Suddenly enters, with a bang, Great Gun Solicitor "*RE BLOBBS," *followed by Small Ditto—at a respectful distance:—*

G. Solicitor. Where's our COMMISSIONER?

Small ditto. Not come yet, I presume.

G. Solicitor. Do you oppose?

Small ditto. Yes, I have instruc—

Great Gun (*interrupting*). Just come over here.

[*Small ditto goes over there, and is talked over there. Lull in the Court, which does not last long, but lasts long enough to rouse some of the Seven* (*or more*) *Sleepers.*

Registrar (*waking up and wishing to be thought engaged in business*). STUBBINS, give me the file RE STOKER. [*Very loud to Messenger.*

Stubbins. Yes, Sir.

[*Clatters out of his pew, and makes a very great deal of the small job that is given him.*

Great Gun Solicitor (*to Registrar*). Is the COMMISSIONER not come yet?

Registrar (*feebly*). No, not yet.

Great Gun (*boldly*). Then, will you please to send for him.

Registrar (*still more feebly*). Yes—I—that is—hem! I really don't much think you'll have to wait long, MR. BANGER.

[*Exit timidly in search of the* COMMISSIONER. *Business as before. Parties in* RE SNIGGERLY *arrive in haste and anxiously inquire for the* COMMISSIONER, *and witnesses in* RE *"The Milk and Mealy Potato Bread Purveying Company" come and are examined in a corner by their Counsel. Court very noisy.*

Dirty-wigged Counsel. You swear that, do you, Sir?

Dirtier-wigged Counsel. Why, of course, you know he swears it. Isn't he on oath?

Enter REGISTRAR *in triumph, followed by* COMMISSIONER. *Noise in Court increases.*

Registrar (*entreatingly*). Silence, pray. Silence! [*Noise increases.*

Usher (*bellowing*). Si-lence in the Co-o-ort!

[*Court still more noisy.* COMMISSIONER *calmly takes his seat, unlocks his desk, and yawns. All the Counsel and Solicitors simultaneously endeavour to attract his attention. His Honour bears in mind the dictum, that an upright British Judge should never show a bias, and accordingly bestows his notice upon none of them.*

Great Gun (*popping up, and going off as usual with a bang*). I have to apply to your Honour for a certificate in the matter of JOHN JOSIAH BLOBBS. In the first place I must draw the attention of your Honour——

[*Fires away for some five minutes, the* COMMISSIONER *remaining perfectly unconscious, and being occupied apparently with a calculation of the cost of whitewashing the ceiling. Noise in Court increases.*

Dirty wigged Counsel (*examining invisible Witness*). Now, you swear that on the Thirty-first of February last——

Dirtier-wigged Counsel. No, no, how can he swear that. You mustn't put false statements into people's mouths in this way. (*Raising voice.*) I really must object, your Honour——

Commissioner (*who has completed his white-wash calculations*). What's the matter, MR. BAGGY?

Mr. Baggy (*in a breath*). Please your Honour it's the matter of the Milk and Mealy Potato Bread Purveying Company and if your Honour will allow me——

Great Gun (*sternly*). MR. BAGGY, I will thank you not to interrupt. His Honour is at present very deeply engaged in——

[REGISTRAR *gets up and consults with* COMMISSIONER. *Total eclipse of the latter for five minutes. Upon again becoming visible, his Honour is discovered to be deeply engaged in the perusal of his sandwich-box.*

Commissioner (*with his mouth full*). I shall now—mum, mum—give judgment in the—mum, mum—matter of JOHN JONES, Crinoline—mum—maker and cow-keeper. This bankrupt commenced business in September 'Fifty-six—mum, mum—with a capital of three pounds thirteen shillings and eleven pence, and it appears from the—mum—evidence—

Great Gun (*interrupting, blandly, but with firmness*). If your Honour will remember, your Honour promised yesterday, your Honour would give judgment in the matter of the Wash-your-dirty-clothes-at-home Insurance Company, and, as I have to leave, perhaps your Honour would—— [REGISTRAR *gets up and eclipses the* COMMISSIONER.

Enter OFFICIAL ASSIGNEE. *Everybody rushes at him, and covers him with papers,* O. A. *takes no notice, but takes snuff with the* REGISTRAR. USHER *bellows "Silence!" and the Court as usual becomes noisier than ever.*

Dirty-wigged Counsel. I think, MR. SNORTER, you said you were a pig-sticker——

Witness (*angrily*). No, Sir, I didn't, Sir. I said I were a pork-butcher.

Dirty-wigged Counsel (*confused and searching papers*). Ah—yes—of course—yes—I meant to say a pork-butcher. Now, Sir, the price of sausage-meat, I think I heard you say, is generally higher in the dog-days than——

[*Noise in Court increases, and Counsel's voice is drowned.* REGISTRAR *sits down, and* COMMISSIONER, *becoming visible, is about to proceed with the business of the day, when Enters Messenger at back, and hands note to* COMMISSIONER, *who reads it, locks his desk, and quietly goes out.*

Short-winded Usher (*swearing witness*). Now then—take your glove hoff—right 'and *hif* you please (*gasp*) the hevidence you give (*gasp*) truth th' ole truth (*gurgle*) hand nothin' but 'ruth (*gurgle*) so 'elp you (*gurgle, gurgle*) kiss the book now (*grunt*).

Great Gun Solicitor. You say then, that these accounts have all been duly audited.

Timid Witness. Y-Y-Yes, your Honour. S-S-ir, I mean.

Great Gun. And you say you've since discovered a deficiency of ninepence?

Timid Witness. Y-Y-Yes, your Honour—th-th-that is n-n-no, Sir. I said that the deficiency was n-n-ninety th-ousand p-p-pounds and n-n-ninepence.

Great Gun (*hanging fire*). Eh?—um—ah—O, yes—ah—ahem! Of course—ah—Now——

Registrar (*loudly*). Well, what's this?

Small Solicitor (*meekly*). WIGGINS's Audit at two.

Registrar. All right. Go on then. Any one here "RE STIGGINS?" (*No answer*). Any one here "RE SCROGGINS?" (*No answer*).

[REGISTRAR *goes out; but Business is still vigorously carried on before the* USHER.

Great Gun (*suddenly becoming conscious of the fact*). STUBBINS, where 's the COMMISSIONER?

Usher (*feebly*). I think he 's gone for the day, Sir.

[*Business nevertheless is still vigorously proceeded with, until the usual hour comes for the closing of the Court, when Mr. Punch, with the remaining dramatis personæ, escapes into the street amid the usual Grand Chorus of Messengers and Witnesses, Law Clerks and Retainers, who all sing out to each other, "Now let's have a drop of Beer!"*

N.B. The same performance will be repeated daily until further notice.

Vivat Lex Regina! [*No Money returned!*

A-waiting for his Prey.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"HOSTILITIES with France would be a sorrow which may the Destinies avert. But if there can be any consolation under such circumstances, it may be detected in the fact, that as all the Savoyard Organ-men are now French subjects, of course, on the declaration of war, it would be a Duty as well as a Pleasure to make short work with *them*.

"Ever yours,

"*A Quiet Street, S.W.*" "VIVO IN SPE."

EXAMPLE OF ITALIAN HEROINES.

GOOD Ladies of England, when you saw the following paragraph in the *Morning Post*, could you—or when you read it now, can you—believe your eyes?

"THE LADIES OF ACI AND GARIBALDI.—The ladies of Aci in Sicily have addressed a letter to GENERAL GARIBALDI, announcing that from a wish to follow the noble example of patriotism given by the women of Upper and Central Italy, they intend to collect together and forward to him a sum of 6,000 lr., which they had intended for the purchase of their summer dresses. The donors express a wish that the sum in question may be employed in the purchase of muskets."

Is not this indeed a tremendous sacrifice of drapery? Fancy yourselves going without your summer dresses, and wearing winter clothes, or those of a year ago, instead! The idea is too shocking to think of, isn't it? The actual surrender of finery would kill you, would it not? There is no consideration external to your own houses, and scarcely any cause whatever, which would induce you to practise such self-denial. No; you would die for a beloved object, you would immolate life and health on the altar of domestic attachment; but not Crinoline—no—no—no—not Crinoline! You cannot spare an inch of muslin, or you might assist in the emancipation of Italy at a sacrifice much less tremendous than that of the enthusiastic Italian women. You might reduce your dresses to reasonable dimensions; and the money you would thereby save would suffice to buy as many muskets for GARIBALDI as he can possibly require.

THE BENEFACTOR OF BONNIE DUNDEE.

THE Scot, says the Southron, fares scanty and cheap,
Has varra sma' siller, but that sma' will keep;
I'winna deny that the rule is nae lee:
But there's just ane exception in bonnie Dundee.

There 's ae merchant prince in that canny Scotch town,
The noo that has pit fifteen thousand pund down,
A park an' a playgrun' the people to gie:
What a braw benefactor till bonnie Dundee!

To gie fifteen thousand pund sterling awa'
The wealth o' that merchant prince canna be sma';
A 'm thinkin' 'tis somewhat abune a bawbee;
Ye 'll perceive there 's a CRŒSUS in bonnie Dundee.

A wad that a kent this philanthropist's name,
To blaw it abroad through the bagpipe o' Fame;
But baith rich and bounteous ae Scotchman ye see;
There 's mair in, aiblins, mair out o' bonnie Dundee.

ST. GEORGE'S GOOD RIDDANCE.

THE subjoined gratifying announcement has appeared in a daily paper:—

"ST. GEORGE'S IN THE EAST.—Yesterday morning the REV. BRYAN KING left his parish for a twelvemonth's tour on the Continent."

It is highly probable that the reverend gentleman will go over to Rome; where he will be enabled to practise any postures, and wear any petticoats of the kind that he admires, and also to sing his prayers through his nose in the key of A flat, or the bray of a donkey. In the Eternal City he may intone *Pax Vobiscum* without causing a row. When he is at Rome, it will be very proper for him to do as the Romans do, and once there it is to be hoped that there he will stay. We congratulate St. George on the flight of his dragon.

THE INVETERATE POLITICIAN.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER gives the House of Commons the same reason to complain as that which Paterfamilias affords the wife of his bosom at the breakfast-table. It is impossible to get him away from his Paper.

DECIDEDLY.

Small Swell. "MOST 'BSURD ROW THEY 'RE KICKING UP ABOUT EQUESTRIANS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS! WHY THEY OUGHT TO BE DEUCED GLAD OF ANYTHING THAT ADDS TO THE BEAUTY OF THE PLACE—MY 'PINION!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 23. *Monday.* The Lords were informed that the Metropolis requires extensive Poultry and other Provision Markets, and the Smithfield Bill was presented to them as the means for supplying the want. *Mr. Punch* has said his say upon civic greed, and has elicited the explanation that only 550 square yards of Smithfield are to be converted into poultry-yards, and about five times as much is to be let alone, for the present. He does not expect the City to make Ducks and Drakes of its money; but to convert into a Poultry-shop any of the limited space which might have been a recreation ground for the people, is a Foul project, and worthy of Cox (Finsbury). However, the site is near St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and he hopes all concerned in the plunder will catch the Chicken-pox from some out-door patient. If he could mark his contempt for the City by making any worse jokes on the subject, he would do so. The Bill was read a Second time. A Bill for relieving the Press from certain liabilities was opposed by LORD CHELMSFORD, as calculated to hinder the punishment of libellers, and was rejected.

LORD PALMERSTON announced to the House that we really must Fortify. He meant no disrespect to Anybody anywhere, and Nobody had any "call" to be offended; but it would not do for England to owe her safety to Anybody's forbearance, and she must be as strong as Anybody else. Therefore it was proposed to lay out about Nine Millions of money in the way recommended by the Fortification Commission. There is to be no attempt to defend London, PALMERSTON considering that *Mr. Punch's* residence in the E. C. (or Early Closing) District is sufficient guarantee for the impregnability of the City, which, moreover, PAM said would have to be saved by a Battle—and one Battle he thought would be sufficient for the purpose. But we are to make our military and naval storehouses so safe that, happen what may, we shall always have ample means of warfare at our command. The dockyards and arsenals generally are to be fortified. About Two Millions of money are wanted at once. PALMERSTON made a spirited speech, which offended MR. BRIGHT, who declared that, come what might, the money should not be granted off-hand, and who afterwards gave notice of a resolution against fortifying ourselves any more. MR. LINDSAY, a ship-builder, also, of course, sees no sense in stone walls, and means to oppose PAM.

The Monster HERBERT then made an interesting speech on the details of the proposed works. The places that are to be fortified are Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Pembroke; and inasmuch as the Thames does not smell this year, and is therefore useless as an offensive force, about £180,000 is to be spent thereon. On the Medway, and at Chatham, there are to be works. Dover is to be made strong, as is Portland, and there is to be a good deal done at Cork. That is the Government proposal for defending the kingdom against Anybody, and it was arranged that it should be considered that day week.

On the Civil Service Estimates, our Wiscount came out. He wants the grounds of Hampton Court used for the training of Riflemen and as Shooting-Grounds for them. *Mr. Punch* thinks that visitors might like to be heard upon that subject, and that it should be a matter of inquiry how far it would be agreeable to a couple of lovers spooneyfying beside the fat gold-fishes, to have their sentimental conversation interrupted by a howl from EDWIN to the effect that a conical ball had just gone through the ham sangwitches in his coat-tail pocket, or a squeal from ANGELINA setting forth that a similar stray missile had knocked the steel of her Crinoline hind part before. The Wiscount made several other suggestions, which were also treated with the most perfect contempt. There was an idea for building a new house for the big Car which was the only ridiculous thing at the funeral of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. This the PRINCE OF WALES is of course not going to have choking up the court-yard of his house in Pall Mall, and MR. COWPER does not seem to know what to do with it. Considerable sarcasm was launched at the Car, and MR. COWPER finally withdrew the vote, piteously declaring, however, that he must have some place to put it in. Why on earth, if it is to be preserved at all, is it not put into the Hall of Chelsea Hospital, where the old Land-Crabs might pick up an occasional sixpence by showing it, and lying about their own achievements under the Duke, just as the old Sea-Crabs do at Greenwich about NELSON?

Tuesday. The Lords got through a good deal of business, and ELLENBOROUGH made a little speech which deserves to be remembered.

À LA MODE FRANÇAISE.

Faithful Ally. "EH, MONS. BULL, YOU ARE NOT AFRAID OF ME?"
John Bull. "OH NO, NOT AFRAID IN THE LEAST—I ONLY FOLLOW YOUR FASHION."

Whether its grace is materially increased by the fact that the speaker's father was a law lord, is a matter for anybody who cares about it:—

"The EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH said, he always felt a difficulty in understanding the state of the case when he had heard three or four law lords discuss it, especially if they spoke at any length. (*Laughter.*)"

The Commons had a fight on the Poor-Law Board Continuance Bill, which went through Committee, though not until the Government had been defeated on the question, whether the Board, like *Pompey* in the play, was to "continue" for five years or three, the latter alternative being carried by 147 to 92.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL had the pleasure of announcing to the House that the KING OF THE TWO SICILIES was, by his own act, the King of One Sicily only, he having been obliged to order that the island be evacuated by his troops. It is stated that this announcement is premature. It is also said that the KING OF SARDINIA sent to GARIBALDI to beg he would not think of attacking the mainland; but GARIBALDI, curiously, happening to be out of the way, of course the King's message could not reach him.

MR. O'BRIEN wanted the Government to make it a condition on board the mail-packets they subsidised, that there shall be none of that system of insulting coloured ladies and gentlemen of which we have lately heard so much. MR. LAING replied, that all the colourable interest of Government in these ships' concerns is the safe conveyance of what is down in Black and White in the letters. A long debate on the present absurd system of Promotion and Retirement in the Navy followed, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON demanding an inquiry into the subject, which demand was successfully resisted by the Ministers.

Wednesday. SIR G. C. LEWIS drew a whole row of the teeth of the Ecclesiastical Commission Bill, by withdrawing all the clauses on which serious fight was offered, and the measure being thus rendered almost useless, the House discussed it, in Committee, with much affability.

Thursday. In the Felony Bill it was enacted by the Lords that counsel for the prisoner shall have the right of reply only when the Judge thinks it necessary. *Mr. Punch* is rather inclined to agree with LORD ELLENBOROUGH, that this is rather unfair upon the Judge, who will very likely permit many a needless harangue rather than be charged with shutting up the advocate's mouth. As regards the interests of justice, there does not seem to be any harm in the arrangement, or that a criminal will be much more likely to get off because his man has the last word. MR. JUSTICE PUNCH would feel it his duty to be particularly clear in his summing up after such an address, and would certainly not be, as the Judge in old time, was called, Counsel for the prisoner.

The Bill with (or rather without) the Drawn Teeth went through Committee. The CHANCELLOR OF THE X. informed MR. BRIGHT that the one and elevenpenny Rap just inflicted on Spirits was to be permanent spirit-rapping. LORD JOHN RUSSELL stated, that the KING OF NAPLES had begged the Government of England to insist on GARIBALDI's accepting an armistice, and that the Government of England had informed the KING OF NAPLES that they would see him in Acheron first, and *then* they wouldn't, whereat the House cheered. MR. LAING stated, that the Post Office Report was under consideration. *Mr. Punch's* private Spirits have informed him of one thing in it which, when disclosed, he proposes to make a precious row about. LORD PALMERSTON then, after a good deal of grumbling and growling from the Opposition and others, took away another large piece of the little time now left to independent Members. The Gas Tyrants Correction Bill was passed, on the motion of SIR JOHN SHELLEY, who deserves the title of the Gas GARIBALDI.

After a sentimental little motion of MR. HENNESSY had been squashed by 73 to 15, the important Bill about the Indian Army came on again, and after some debating, a motion for adjournment was made, to which LORD PALMERSTON assented, saying,—

"It is the duty of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers to sit here and listen to any length of speeches that Honourable Gentlemen may choose to make, and to any length of extracts that they may tender us. (*A laugh and cheers.*) Of course, when an Honourable Member is at a loss for other arguments, it is very natural that he should make out his speech by reading. ('*Hear,*' *and a laugh.*) HER MAJESTY'S Government attach great importance to this Bill. Our patience is inexhaustible, and we are quite prepared to *sit here until Christmas* in order to pass it. (*Hear, hear.*)"

This did not exactly tend to sweeten the tempers of some of the opponents of the Bill, which COLONEL SYKES declared would greatly rile the 4980 British officers in the local service, besides ruining the Indian Empire. This debate was acrimoniously resumed next night, and again adjourned till the Monday, so that it might delightfully interfere with the Fortifications discussion.

A Bill for interfering with Theatres and Public-Houses had been introduced, but in consequence of the publication of a letter on the subject from the Christy Minstrels, who would be affected by its action, it was withdrawn, and the poetical person who writes the gibberish chanted by these begrimed parties received orders to prepare a song of jubilee. He sent an early copy to *Mr. Punch,* who is much pleased with it, and considers it quite up to the mark of the Christy poetry. The first of the fifty-three verses goes thus:—

"Take away dat Bill, Nigger,
Yaw, yaw, yaw,
Take away dat Bill, Nigger,
Him shan't be law.
Take away dat Bill, Nigger,
Yap, yap, yap,
Take away dat Bill, Nigger,
Dat's a good chap.
Take away, &c., &c., &c., &c."

Friday. The British Coroner savours a good deal of the British Beadle. He is usually either a spouting Doctor or a pushing Attorney, and he gets his place by a desperate canvass, with placards and all the vulgar machinery of a parochial struggle. When in office, his business is to hold as many inquests as he possibly can, because he is paid out of fees on separate cases. It is therefore to his interest that as many persons should make away with themselves or be made away with as possible. A Bill for making him a little less obnoxious to the public was this evening read a Second time. The Coroners avowed considerable contempt for the Coroners.

The Session and Season are now telling upon everybody. People get weary, cross, and careless; and even *Mr. Punch* himself is conscious of occasionally emitting an epigram whose excellent wit is not quite polished up to his habitually preternatural effulgence. He sometimes gives gold—the purest, doubtless, but only gold—instead of diamonds. The fact is, that it is time to leave town, and bathe the soul in shady woods. Any person who is up to his ordinary mark during the last part of the Season is a Snob, and not Elegant and Sought After. Any journal that is as well written in September as in May is written by Snobs. These remarks are not made in any Aristocratic spirit, of Swell-dom—*Mr. Punch* conceived them while eating a cold sausage and leaning at the door of a country public-house—but to apologise for the House of Commons, which is just now dawdling, twaddling, and every now and then having a violent scold. PALMERSTON to-night rebuked the Opposition for hindering and talking, and advised Members to avail themselves of every opportunity of holding their tongues, whereat DISRAELI blazed up, and said that all the loss of time and good measures arose from the Government-Coalition having, merely for factious purposes, and to keep their places, wasted the Session on an Illusory Treaty and a Moonshine Reform Bill. Even big BENTINCK, of Norfolk, has grown nervous, and thinks all the foreigners in London are going to rise and pull up the telegraph-posts and tear up the railways. We must all get out of town.

THE PAPAL BRIGADIER'S RETURN.

THE Irish Boy is come back from Rome,
In a seedy suit you'll find him:
He brings large holes in his breeches home,
And his coat slit up behind him.
"Land of bosh!" cried the downy card,
"Though Priests may howl, be aisy:
Some lads have cut the Papal guard—
Some greenhorns, duped, not crazy."

The Boy was done, but the Papal chain
Could not keep his shrewd soul under;
The swag he expected, he didn't gain;
So he found he'd made a blunder.
And said, "No Pope shall humbug me;
My soul abhors base knavery.
I'll never fight, gratis, against the Free,
For Popery and for Slavery!"

WE OUGHT TO BE CAREFUL.

IN FORBES WINSLOW'S new book, among some very singular accounts of the beneficial results of accidents to persons of feeble intellect, is a statement that a supposed Idiot, having received a violent blow on the head, became a practising Barrister. *Mr. Punch,* ever since reading this anecdote, has been puzzling over the Law List to try to find out who the party is. He has his suspicions on the subject, but it is premature to disclose them. Meantime he has resolved to be very careful for the future how he indulges his own favourite practice of giving idiots a rap on the head, lest he should be unwarily creating more barristers than at present afflict creation.

OUR SANGUINE FRIEND.

THE Honourable Member for Birmingham opposes the loan for the fortification of our dockyards. He evidently takes too BRIGHT a view of the armaments of our neighbours.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXV.—LOVELY WOMAN IN THE REIGNS OF EDWARD THE FIRST AND SECOND.

LADY OF RANK AND HER ATTENDANT. TEMP. EDWARD THE FIRST.

IT is painful to reflect that in spite of all the boasted gallantry of man, ladies' dresses have at all times more or less been jeered at, or been sneered at by the gentlemen; perhaps because the latter think that, as they have to pay for it, they may as well from their wives' finery get all the fun they can. The time of the First EDWARD certainly formed no exception to this rule, and its long dresses and large gorgets were pretty nearly as much ridiculed as the wide dresses and small bonnets have been in our own day. For the credit of our countrymen, it should however be observed, that the French writers were certainly the cruelest of the critics: the famous *Roman de la Rose* being specially distinguished by the sharpness of its satire, which, unlike the shafts of ridicule from *Mr. Punch's* armoury, was sometimes shot beyond the boundaries of decency and truth. As it took a whole half-century to write this single poem,* there was plenty of time of course to correct it for the press, and we cannot excuse its authors for neglecting to have done so. Had their birth-time been postponed until this more polished period, they would have known that coarse expressions admit of no defence, inasmuch as want of decency, it is allowed, is want of sense.

The *Roman* was written in France and treated of French fashions: but of course these soon became adopted in this country, for we always take our fashions, like our farces, from the French. This importation was moreover much assisted at this period by a royal double marriage in the year 1298; when EDWARD THE FIRST espoused the sister of PHILIP THE FOURTH of France, whose daughter was united to NED'S son, the Prince of Wales. This PHILIP was distinguished by the nickname of "LE BEL," and as no doubt he "wery much applauded" his two sons-in-law for coming in to take a couple of women off his hands, there seems to be some cause to suppose he supplied each with a ring. How many clergymen assisted at this royal double marriage, we have not patience to search through the registers to learn: but we think were such a ceremony gone through in our day, we should expect at least a score of parsons to take part in it. Now that MR. SMITH can't get spliced to MISS JONES without the help of some half-dozen reverend assistants, we may assume that for a brace of royal happy couples, the hymeneal halter would hardly be thought binding, unless the knot were tied by twenty-parson power.

Leaving our lady readers to debate this knotty point, we proceed now to describe the cestume of their ancestresses, who lived during the reigns of the First and Second EDWARD, in the sixty years, less five (we love to be particular), between the year 1272 and 1327. Their dress, we find, consisted of the robe or gown (which now was also called a kirtle) made with long tight sleeves and fastened high up in the neck, much as it was worn during the reign of HENRY THE SECOND, and, with but trifling variation, had indeed been ever since. A train was, however, now added to the garment, and this train appears to have fired the mines of satire of the cynical, and caused several explosions of wrath at its great length. One male wretch says: "Ye maydens doe moche resemble maggpyes, seeing both of ym have tayles which doe draggle in ye dirte;" and another monster hints that possibly long trains were worn to hide large feet, a sneer which is indulged in by a third insulting creature, a fiend in poet's form, who tells us:—

"I knowe a maydene fayre to see:
Take care! take care!
Her robe is long—as hir feete may be:
Beware! Beware!
All ye who wolde hir suitors be,
Truste not to more than ye can see!"

* WILLIAM DE LORRIS, who began it, died in the year 1260, and JOHN DE MEUN completed it *circâ* 1304.

The sleeveless cyclas or supertunic was still worn over the robe, and, we are told, was made so long that ladies were obliged to hold it up with one hand to prevent their treading on it. The mantle too was worn pendent down behind as it had been before: being fastened on the shoulders by silken cords and tassels, and bordered with a rich embroidery of gold. The ladies, we learn, used it "on state occasions only;" but whether formal morning-calls or stiff and stately tea-fights were included in this phrase, we have now no means of knowing.

Among the habits of the leaders of the fashion at this period, we must not omit to notice their bad habit of tight-lacing; which sad and silly practice, we have shown, was in existence in the reign of WILLIAM RUFUS, but since that time had very wisely been discarded. In "*ye Laye of Syr Launfal*," written about the year 1300, we find the LADY TRIAMORE described as—

"Clad in purple pall,
With gentyll body and middle small;"

and the same poem thus speaks of a couple of "fayre damosels" whom *Syr Launfal* meets "by accident" (?) in the middle of a forest (!)—

COSTUME OF THE ARISTOCRACY. TEMP. EDWARD THE SECOND. (FROM A BEAUTIFUL ILLUMINATION IN "YE LAYE OF SYR LAUNFAL."

"Their kirtles were of Inde sendel,*
Y-laced small, jolyf, and well,
There mote none gayer go:
Their mantles were of green velvet,
Y-bordered with gold right well y-sette,
Y-pellured with gris and gros:
Their heads were dight well withal,
Everich had on a jolyf coronal,
With sixty jems and mo."

What these two young ladies were up to in the forest in such gorgeous array, is a point on which the scandal-monger if he likes may speculate. Our impression is, that they had been invited to a pic-nic, and fearing lest that dear *Syr Launfal* might absent himself, they enticed him into promising to meet them in the forest, where he might indulge in an innocent flirtation, under the plea of walking with them to protect them from the frogs.

A very ugly species of wimple called a gorget came somewhat into fashion in the first of these two reigns, and was worn occasionally also in the second. JOHN DE MEUN describes it as a piece of linen wrapped some two or three times round the neck, and then, being fastened with a dreadful lot of pins, raised on either side the face as high up as the ears. "*Pardieu!*" he exclaims, "I have often thought in my heart, when I have seen a lady so closely tied up, that her neck-cloth was either nailed unto her chin, or that she had the pins hooked into her flesh." In further chaff he calls the gorget "la towelle," a name which seems to hint that ladies had been known to use it for a towel, first taking the precaution to take out all the pins. He also makes a not very delicate remark in stating that the horn-like projections of the gorget were stuck out, at a little distance from the face, so that,—

"Entre la temple et les cornes pourroit passer un rat,
Ou la greigneur moustelée qui soit jusques Arras."

* "Inde sendel" may mean either Indian silk, or light blue silk; for "Inde" was often used to designate that colour.

We omitted to record that in the reign of HENRY THE THIRD the mode of wearing the hair was changed, and that instead of being plaited in long tails as it was in the twelfth century, it was simply turned up behind, and confined in a gold net. This fashion continued in the following two reigns, and indeed remained in vogue throughout the fourteenth century. By some writers we find the net or fret is called a "caul," but since our dictionary defines this as the "network of a wig," our gallantry forbids us from applying such a term to the head-dress of a lady. Girls doubtless used these nets to assist them in the work of fishing for a husband, and seeing that the fashion has been recently revived, we may presume it has been found productive of net profit.

Viewed in the light of the old illuminations, the ladies of this period were either sadly shamefaced, or painfully susceptible to toothache and sore throat. A kerchief and a veil were often worn besides the gorget, and fair necks and faces really were so swathed and swaddled up that there were scarcely three square inches of their surface left salutable. Whence this anti-kiss-me-quick sort of mania could have sprung from, the learnedest of writers (we mean, of course, ourselves) are unable to determine; but the fashion appears certainly of oriental origin, and for some cause the Crusaders may have possibly imported it. A husband must be a great Turk, or else clearly a great muff, to muffle his wife's cheeks up so that scarce an inch is kissable; and had the Cruelty-Prevention Society been extant, it might fitly have prohibited so barbarous a practice. To the sensitive in mind it is afflicting to reflect what dreadful deprivations the ladies must have suffered from it; for one would as soon have thought of taking a mummy under the mistletoe, as a girl choked in the head-gear of the fourteenth century.

SICK OF THE SEASON, AND SICK OF THE SESSION.

A BUCOLIC FROM THE BACK BENCHES.

WHO will take me out of London? Who will set me by the sea?
Who will plant my foot on heather, where the grouse rise strong and free?

Who will rid me of the dinners—Heav'n be thanked, more rare they grow—
Their épergnes and flowers and flambeaux—vapid gossip, fuss and show?

Who will save me from these stuffy, sweltering, stupid routs and drums,
Where the belles look limp and languid, as the wished-for August comes?

Who will free me from this tread-mill, with its weary, weary, grind,
Club and Commons, ride and crush-room, wasting body, wearing mind?

Who will find me air for breathing, innocent of London smoke?
Take the set mask from the features? Take the staleness from the joke?

Who the *Morning Post* will banish from my daily tea and toast?
Who will give me better music than the Opera can boast?

TITIENS is a fine soprano, and ROSE CSILLAG pipeth well;
And ALBONI's a great creature—in her song and shape as well.

But I'm sick of foreign squallers—sick of Tweedles, dee, and dum,
Sick to wishing all brass silent, and all cat-gut stricken dumb.

And with more than common sickness, I am sick of Commons' prate,
Of the Morning sittings early, and the Evening sittings late.

Sick of strangling all the good Bills, which some interest offend;
Sick of passing all the bad Bills, which there's no time to amend.

Sick, oh sick of MR. HORSMAN'S "taking up" and setting down;
Sick of voting supplemental millions, under MR. GLADSTONE'S frown.

Sick of being whipped up, at all hours, to divide, or make a house,
With the knowledge that the Session won't respect the "sacred grouse."

Wherefore was I born to greatness, wherefore did I seek a seat?
I, whose tastes were stock and shooting, growing roots and fattening meat?

Hide, oh hide me, mother Nature, in thy glad and glorious green;
Take me back into the country, while a corn-field's to be seen.

Let me breathe the purple fallows—watch the waving of the grain,
Feel my Shorthorn's ribs and shoulders underneath my hand again!

But I wander in my fancies—there's that vile division bell,
To all hopes of calm and country tinkling an enforced farewell.

I am knit unto my party, I must sit at their command,
While DISRAELI can find dodges, and Big Ben has words on hand.

I must sit, and barred from all that to my being pleasure yields,
Thus unto the blinding Bude-lights sadly babble of green fields.

A BURLESQUE AL FRESCO.

AN Auctioneer in the North, who publishes his name as MR. DONKIN (but compositors are mortal men, and there may be some slight typographical error in the spelling of the respected name), has an estate to sell, whereof he thus sweetly discourseth in the *Manchester Examiner*:—

"The auctioneer feels relieved from a prolixity of details while introducing this fascinating property to public attention; yet so completely is he beset by objects of the most lively interest, no less to those in search of the materialism of a judicious investment of capital, than to minds soaring above the philosophy of the ledger, that for a moment the solid, the substantial, the positive, the real elements of wealth may be lost sight of in the contemplation of a scenery so associated with the past, and where memorials through the mist of ages offer a chapter upon the history of Chipchase Castle, grand in attitude, within the bosom of ancestral woods, and with a fortress grey in the heraldry of the herons of Northumberland, opening its rude portcullis into halls groined and marbled in the splendour of later times, this majestic structure stands the wonder and admiration of North Tyne, with parks so fat in pasturage undulating to the margin of the most pellucid of rivers. Shepherds upon its banks pipe their pastorals, while, to the Arcadian flute, Ceres waves her sickle over harvests that are in combination with untold mineral wealth, starting into active form, and proclaiming in the midst of a primitive people the immortal glories of the genius of GEORGE STEPHENSON.—MR. ROBSON will show the estate."

The words of Mercury would be harsh after the songs of Apollo—or Ceres aforesaid, and *Mr. Punch* permits himself no comment. But he must congratulate MR. DONK-IN on having secured the services of MR. ROBSON to show the property—we presume when the Olympic season is over. Nothing could be more proper. MR. ROBSON's own health will be promoted on the banks of the "most pellucid of rivers," while, in reading aloud the above particulars, with which MR. D. will supply him for the instruction of visitors, the great comedian will feel thoroughly at home, inasmuch as he will imagine himself reciting one of his own burlesques. He may even introduce, appropriately to the Castle, the song of *Ben Baxter*, with the burden—

"With a Chip-chase, cherry-chio, fol de rol de ride, O."

MR. ROBSON'S kind consent to show the estate does him great credit, and *Mr. Punch* trusts that MR. R. will derive as much amusement from his novel occupation as *Mr. P.* has done from the above delightful announcement. The single part of it which he does not quite appreciate is the reference to the Heraldry of the herons, and he can explain it only by supposing that in the advertisement there is something herroneous.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE REVEREND MR. KING'S STATUE, WHEN HE GETS ONE.—*Exit tyrannus*, Regum *ultimus*.

Now, what a good-for-nothing spiteful Girl that JEMIMA *must have been, when her kind Mistress (who could not put up with her goings-on any longer) gave her a Month's Warning, to serve her so with the Palmer's Candle, pretending the Spring slipped accidentally.*

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

AT Lewes Assizes, the other day, a poor young man was indicted for the manslaughter of his mother. He had—having received a medical education—been in the habit of administering to her hydrocyanic acid for the relief of sickness. She died, after having taken what was conjectured to be an overdose, poured out by the merest accident. For having been supposed to have had the misfortune to kill his mother—whom he fondly loved—in the earnest endeavour to prolong her life, this good son was by some justice, justices, or coroner's jury, no matter which—sent to take his trial as a felon! There was not the slightest proof that he had given an excessive dose; and he was of course acquitted. But even if he had made a fatal blunder, it would have been not only unintentional, but most pitiably the reverse of intentional. Who but a fool would presume culpable negligence in such a case? Who with a particle of benevolence, with a grain of sense, would have sent such a case for trial? Aggravate the unspeakable misery of that dutiful unfortunate son by placing him in a felon's dock! What dense stupidity, and what monstrous cruelty!

Melancholy as this case was, the evidence for the prosecution can hardly well be conceived to have afforded occasion for merriment. A particular point in it, however, seems to have wonderfully diverted the hearers, who may have known the reason why. The fun, however, in the following question put to a surgeon about the strength of prussic acid, will be generally considered inscrutable:—

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. What do you say is the difference between a 'minim' and a 'drop?' (*A laugh.*)"

Where's the wit? Again—we quote the *Post*:—

"SERJEANT BALLANTINE, to the witness. If you were told to give a patient so many minims, should you give him so many 'drops?' (*A laugh.*)"

"Witness. Certainly not. (*Renewed laughter.*)"

What joke is there in the question as to the difference between a minim and a drop? A minim is a drop of uniform size measured by a graduated glass, a drop is a variable quantity dropped out of a bottle. There is no quibble or equivocation in the words, and nothing loathsome in the ideas. What did the gentle dulness of Lewes see to laugh at?

But even if MR. MERRYMAN, in MERRYMAN'S motley, had stood in the witness-box, grinning from ear to ear, the piteousness of the case might have hindered his grimaces from setting on barren spectators to laugh too. Sorrow and indignation would possess any honest heart at the sight of a son standing his trial for felony, because he met with a mischance in practising the Fifth Commandment. No doubt there are those who would insist on enforcing responsibility in all cases of accidental homicide, with a view to public safety, and an especial eye to their own. "Prevent mistakes irrespectively of right or wrong. Never mind abstract justice—mercy, consideration, compassion be blanked! Punish a blunder as you would a crime. Treat an unfortunate man as a guilty one for the protection of the community in general, and particularly of myself." This is the language of these gentlemen; and it is the language of immoral selfishness. Trust nobody who talks it, unless in trusting him you can rely on his pride, vanity, covetousness, or other low motives. Such language is also the language of folly. It is calculated to deprive its utterer of medical attendance in any case of danger. Surgeons are not likely to risk a bold remedy, or venture a hazardous operation with the fear, in case of unforeseen misadventure, of an indictment for manslaughter before their eyes.

IO BACCHE!

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has been fixing the price of cigars in France. This is to vary from five centimes to fifty—say from a halfpenny to fivepence. It may be held, therefore, that for fivepence a French gentleman may procure the very best cigar he need smoke. Then why, in the name of all that is Detestable, can't *Mr. Punch* get first-class weeds at the same price? Why has he to pay Ninepence, if he wants the real thing that does him good? Of course there are Penny Pickwicks and trash of that kind, but he smokes for enjoyment, health, and soothing. MR. BRIGHT is a smoker, and ought to have provided for this in the Treaty. *Mr. Punch* cannot trust himself to speak freely on so outrageous a state of things. Why are there no good cheap cigars in London? he asks once more: and Echo answers that there is a "want of system" somewhere, though not of a system of imposition.

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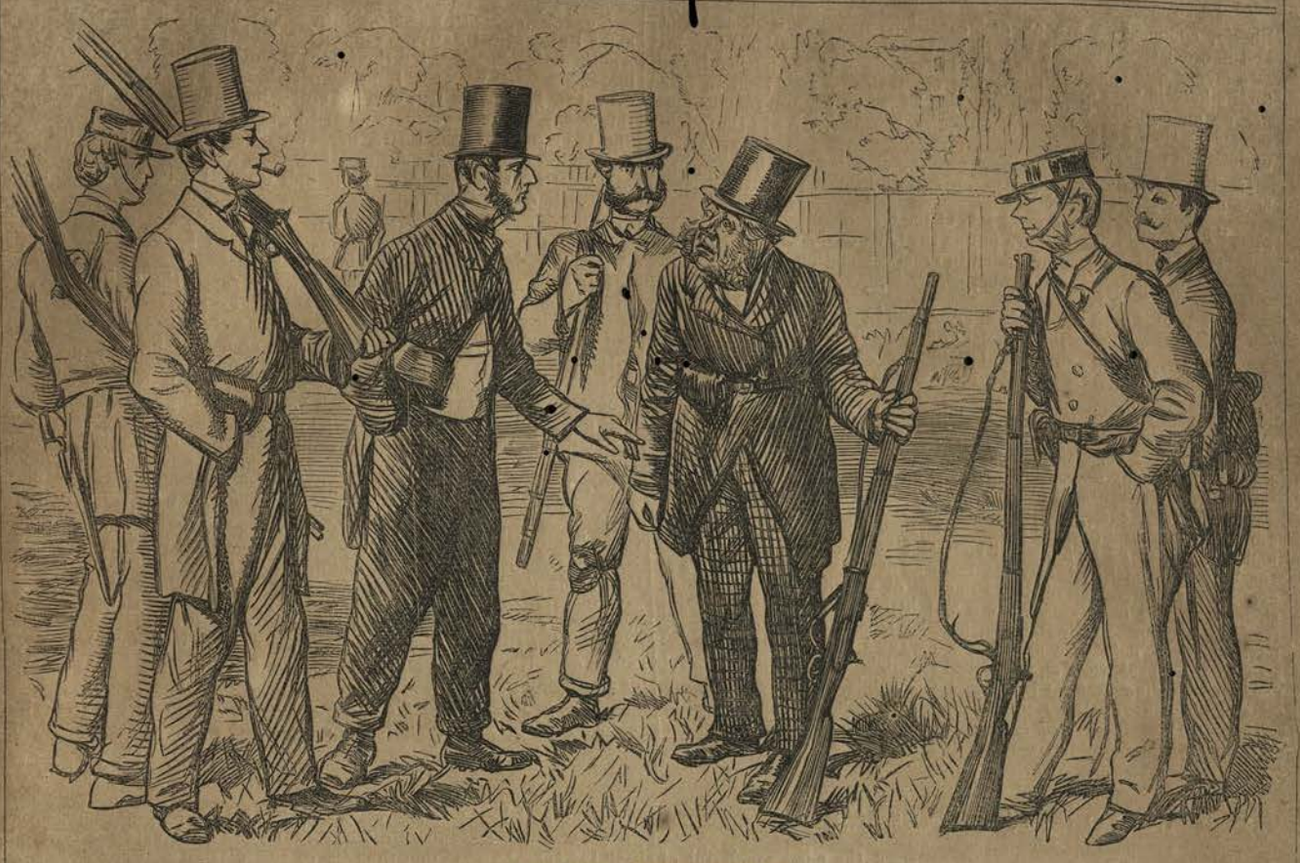


BLANK CARTRIDGE.

MUSKETRY INSTRUCTOR (at the conclusion of the Drill) "*Hullo!—but I say*, MR. POLYBLANK, *pray what has become of your Ramrod?*"

[Polyblank tries to look as if he had not fired it off!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 30. *Monday.* LORD CLYDE, introduced by LORD PUNCH, took the oaths and his seat in the House of Lords, so that the saviour of India, though far inferior in rank to CARDIGAN, or LUCAN, or NORMANBY, or WESTMINSTER, is now as good a man as most of the bishops, as JONES LOYD, or as VERNON SMITH. But LORD PUNCH begs to say that he has no notion of leaving things where they are, and that he recommends those who have the means of setting the Fountain of Honour in play, to send a very handsome shower-bath of honour in the direction of LORD CLYDE, or LORD PUNCH may turn the stream of his own indignation in the direction of the negligent parties. Fancy a LUCAN having precedence over a COLIN CAMPBELL!

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has sent out LORD DUFFERIN as our Commissioner for settling the affairs of Syria. This nobleman is a very good yachtsman, and a man who is good at yachting is generally good at most other things. He is not—

"A slave,
Whose very soul would sicken at the wave,"

but usually a manly, wide-awake, intelligent, self-reliant fellow. One of this class of Englishmen saved Tyre the other day, by putting his vessel and his guns in such a position that the savage Druses were afraid to attack. We make no doubt that DUFFERIN will manage very well. After this appointment had been announced, there was a row originating with MR. HORSMAN, who has got the combative element strong upon him, and who insisted on speaking, and blew up the SPEAKER himself for trying to put him down. *Mr. Punch* is far from regarding MR. HORSMAN with any red-tapey dislike, and on the contrary, holds that it is very desirable that upon occasion Members should speak out their minds, and not let any bureaucratic swagger and self-conceit be too strong for them. But there is reason in roasting of eggs, and also in roasting of Ministers, and MR. HORSMAN should be temperate. At present the Wild Horsman is about as terrible an apparition to an English Minister as the Wild Huntsman to a German peasant; but the chief end and object of a British Senator is not the scaring one of the QUEEN'S servants into a fit.

Talking about the Fortifications, the Monster missed the opportunity of making a good and vulgar joke. SIR CHARLES NAPIER objected to the proposed defences at a certain place called Browndown, and the Monster HERBERT replied, admitting the difficulty of getting there. If he had chosen to be at once low and irrelevant, he might have said, that the interruptions to the vote for the Fortifications money made the real difficulty in getting a Brown down; but we are very glad that he was not so coarse and objectionable. The Indian Army Fusion Bill Debate was resumed, and new objections were raised to the scheme, and a division took place, which *Mr. Punch* records, in order to show how many Members thought it worth while to stay and discuss the gravest business now before Parliament. SIR J. FERGUSSON'S motion, in opposition to a plan which LORD PALMERSTON declared to be so important that he would sit till Christmas to carry it, was rejected by 88 to 50. Had there been a personal squabble, or some trumpery matter into which personality could be imported, the division would have been a couple of hundred on each side. The struggle on the Bill was protracted; but PALMERSTON saying that as long as health and strength permitted, he would resist a factious opposition, the House went into Committee, and the Bill passed through it. SIR CHARLES WOOD promised that all pledges given to any of the Indian soldiers, or in connection with the local army, should be faithfully redeemed.

Tuesday. LORD LYTTLETON opposed the New Zealand Bill; but the Government think it rather important that the Land question should be set at rest, as a system of conveyancing which is illustrated by the occasional killing the tenant for life, and eating the cross remainders over, is rather in arrear of the age. So the Bill was passed.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL was asked, whether the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH had not sent an uncommonly affectionate letter to this country, as stated by the *Morning Post*. LORD JOHN said that such was the fact, but that, as the letter was strictly private, he could not produce it. The following day, of course, the letter was in all the newspapers. *Mr. Punch* avows himself greatly touched by his Imperial Brother's missive, especially by the piquant bit: "*Eh bien*, LORD PALMERSTON knows me; and when I say a thing, he will believe it." *Mr. Punch* is rejoiced that the EMPEROR means nothing but peace,

liberty, conquest *in* France, and cordial co-operation with England; and in order that England may be worthy of such affection, she—just as a loving wife educates herself up to be worthy of her husband—will fortify herself with every increase of strength that may tend to place her on an equality with her adorer. Then, to pursue the conjugal metaphor, they will converse delightfully, because they will thoroughly understand one another.

COLONEL FRENCH had been reading the *Rejected Addresses*, and had been evidently inspired by the imitation of TOM MOORE:—

"For dear is the Emerald Isle of the Ocean,
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave,
Whose sons, unaccustomed to rebel commotion,
Though joyous, are sober—though peaceful, are brave.

The Shamrock their Olive, sworn foe to a quarrel,
Protects from the thunder and lightning of rows,
Their sprig of shillelah is nothing but laurel,
That flourishes rapidly over their brows."

With these convictions strong upon him, the gallant Colonel demanded that the Irish should be allowed to form Volunteer Corps. MR. CARDWELL, for Government, said that we did not distrust Irish loyalty, but really ——. Up sprang MR. MAGUIRE, and testified to the extreme advantage of arming Ireland, by stating that if the French invaders came, they would not be received by the Irish as foes. LORD PALMERSTON is not the man to let such a speech go unimproved, and on division, 86 to 30 voted against COLONEL FRENCH, or rather, the French Colonel. MR. EWART made an attempt to get Members to confine their discussion of the Principle of a Bill to certain stages thereof, instead of mixing up big and little matters in the present feminine fashion. But beyond a grumbling admission that things were badly managed, nothing came of MR. EWART'S proposals. It occurs, also, to *Mr. Punch*, that an arbitrary rule might be difficult of observance. The extinct Reform Bill had no principle for people to speak on, and therefore, on MR. EWART'S plan, must have been destroyed in solemn silence. The House treated itself to a Count Out, materially promoted by some oratory from MR. HENNESSY.

Wednesday. There was a fight over the Metropolis Local Management Bill. MR. BRADY, Member for Leitrim, and Licentiate of the Apothecaries Society, led the attack; but what this Hibernian Æsculapius has to do with the London parishes, it is not very clear. However, the Licentiate had only 13 votes, what he would call "a dirthy thirteener." Various clauses moved by private Members were rejected, and the dynasty of the Board of Works was confirmed in all its irresponsible tyranny. The despots, however, had better beware—there is yet existing the window in Whitehall which let in a new light upon the duties of sovereigns.

Thursday. The Lords merely shoved on business at a capital speed, as became sportsmen who had but nine days between them and St. Grouse.

In the Commons, SIR GEORGE BOWYER (copy the address, in order to remember that our friend the Cardinal's Cross-Bearer and the POPE'S apologist is now a Baronet) tried to get up a story against GARIBALDI, and LORD JOHN'S tone, as he replied that he had no information on the subject, was more supercilious than usual, and we can hardly blame his manifestation of contempt. BOWYER must be put into a curricle with NORMANBY, and then, if *Mr. Punch* holds the whip, he flatters himself that he will "make the raw material fly."

The debate on the Fortifications followed. MR. LINDSAY, the shipbuilder, opposed them, and was perfectly happified by the EMPEROR'S letter. HENRY BERKELEY thought we ought to defend ourselves with our own good right arms, a bit of idiotcy that was very properly derided. The Monster had every confidence in the EMPEROR'S intentions, but "circumstances were sometimes stronger than men." MR. BRIGHT joined MR. LINDSAY, and described those who had advocated the fortifications as a Set of Lunatics, for which MR. HORSMAN, cast-gator-general to the House of Commons, laid into MR. BRIGHT pretty heartily. There was a long debate, and after LORD PALMERSTON had declared that the best way to maintain peace was to be in a position to defend ourselves against insult, a division was taken, and there were for Fortifying 268, against it 39.

Friday. For reasons of his own, which anybody may ascertain by sending a directed and stamped envelope and a £10 note, *Mr. Punch* knocks the report of this day's doings into the middle of next week.

RESTORATIVE IN SLUMBER.

AMONG the most wonderful of the inventions of the present day are the patent magnetic brushes and combs, in which an advertising philosopher, to quote his own words, has most beautifully developed the mysterious power of the magnet. This power, as developed by that philosopher in his brushes, is indeed truly mysterious. It is exerted by a magnet enclosed within the back of the brush; and acts as a remedy for grey hair, and also for weak or falling hair, and besides, for neuralgia, nervous headache, rheumatism, stiff joints, &c. The magnet is supposed to operate, in curing greyness, by its attraction for iron. Perfect hair contains iron. Grey hair does not contain iron. The magnet attracts the iron which the grey hair does not contain. According to this theory, therefore, the magnet raises the oxide of iron out of the blood, and draws it up into the interior of each hair. How easily this is to be effected any fool may convince himself by taking the blackest hair and the strongest magnet he can get, and trying how much of the hair the magnet will lift. Or he may chop the hair in minute pieces, and see if they will not stick to the magnet like iron filings. Of course neuralgia, nervous headache, rheumatism, stiff joints, and the numerous diseases comprehended under the head of, &c., are caused by an excess of iron, which the magnet eliminates from the blood.

As oxide of iron is rust, it might naturally be feared that the use of magnetic brushes would turn the hair rusty; but experience has proved that there is no ground for this apprehension.

The success which has been obtained by the magnetic brush has induced *Punch* to devise a much more eligible invention for the same purpose. This is a magnetic nightcap, which consists of soft cotton, enclosing a delicate mesh, or net-work of very fine magnetic steel wire. The immense superiority of this elegant contrivance is obvious from the consideration that the hair of the person who sleeps in the magnetic nightcap is exposed all night to the action of the magnetic fluid, a fluid much more efficacious than any other capillary fluid for beautifying the hair, which it affects by a peculiar capillary attraction.

During the day, the magnetic nightcap is folded up and enclosed in a neat iron casket, or it may be kept in an old saucepan or teakettle. The object of these precautions is to prevent its magnetism from escaping, which happens whensoever a magnet is not in action. The iron armature of the magnetic brush answers the same purpose; but unscientific ladies often forget to remove it when they use the brush, of which, in that case, it monopolises the virtue; whereas no such mistake can possibly be made with the magnetic nightcap.

Neuralgia, rheumatism, stiff joints, and &c., are much more effectually cured by the magnetic nightcap than they can possibly be by instruments which, subjecting the head for a few minutes only to the influence of magnetism, can extract but little iron from it at a time. Worn on the night after the most copious indulgence at the festive board, the magnetic nightcap will be found a never failing prophylactic against a headache the next morning. It is therefore invaluable to the gourmand and votary of Bacchus.

The magnetic nightcap may be had beautifully embroidered and adorned with a splendid tassel. All those gentlemen and ladies whom the cap will fit are recommended to wear it.

Archery and Rifle Practice.

THE Rifle in the hands of Englishmen will soon be a weapon supplying the place of the ancient long-bow. It will be necessary to make a corresponding change in a popular idiom—to call, for example, our wonderful spirit-storytellers, long rifle-shots.

GIVE IT 'EM.

PUNCH reads paragraphs stating that the savage Druses "claim affinity with the Scotch." This is all bosh. But he is decidedly of opinion, that the sooner the Druses are scotch'd the better.

DARING FEATS OF HORSMANSHIP.

THE Honourable Member for Stroud has acquired considerable celebrity by putting his spoke in the wheel of the Government.

SOLDIERING AND SHOPPING.

YOUR attention, if you please, ladies, to the following short paragraph which we take for your perusal from a morning contemporary, whose columns being devoted more to politics and commerce may not be so well familiar to you as are those of *Punch*:—

"A considerable number of the principal tradesmen of the West End have met and agreed to close their establishments early on Saturday afternoon, so as to give the young persons in their employ the benefit of a fair evening's holiday. This is a gracious and considerate resolution, and one that the public, which has helped on the Early Closing Movement by its warm approval, will not fail to sanction and support. It is proposed to close the shops on Saturdays at four in the winter and at five in the summer months. These hours are not too early, if the young people are to get out for a breath of air in the fields, or for a couple of hours' Volunteer drill. A great deal might be said in favour of two o'clock all the year round; but the measure is an innovation in the retail trade of London, and it is wise not to attempt too much. Of course it would be hopeless to attempt to carry out a measure of this kind against the wishes of the fair patrons of trade. But there is the less reason to suppose that this will be withheld, inasmuch as the proposed arrangement is to some extent an act of deference to their wishes. The Rifle Corps of the Metropolis, as we all know, are to a large extent constituted of young men employed in houses of business, and every one must wish that they may have in weekly drill opportunities of healthful active exercise while they qualify themselves to become, in case of need, defenders of their country. If then the ladies generally will kindly countenance a change which has been actively promoted by some who are the ornaments of their sex, the transition to new and better arrangements will be easily accomplished, and here, as so often happens with seeming difficulties, *il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte*."

Gallantry forbids, ladies, that we should think that any one of you can be otherwise than sensible; and we hold therefore it cannot be "against your wishes" that they who would, if need be, fight in your defence should be well qualified to do so. Now counter-jumping may be labour, but it is not manly exercise; and although in some degree the muscles may be strengthened by it, no one can regard it as fit practice for a soldier. Unless therefore young shopmen have opportunities of drill, it is impossible that they can be relied upon as Riflemen. Volunteers they may be, but they cannot be effectives; and if the army were recruited from their ranks, our forces might be called more fittingly our weaknesses. With their eyesight dulled and dimmed by long confinement in close shops, "judging distances" can be by no means easy work to them; and blunted as their faculties must be by overwork, they cannot without practice be trained to act as sharpshooters.

It rests with you then, ladies, to assist the Volunteer, and the Early Closing movements by desisting from your shopping after two o'clock on Saturdays, and after five, as far as feasible, on other evenings of the week. Let every mother of a family who has a wish to see her family defended from invasion, not only rigidly abstain from shopping late herself, but take care to teach her daughters, as they grow, to do as she does. "*Shop Early*" should be one of the first texts in a girl's copy-book, and no pains should be spared in impregnating her mind with it. Every "bargain" which is bought after two o'clock on Saturdays deprives a Rifleman, or would-be one, of practice at his drill, and diminishes thereby the defences of the country.

On the score too of humanity, late shopping should be stopped, and the Cruelty Prevention Society should see to it. To imprison fine young men upon fine summer afternoons cannot be regarded as otherwise than torture to them, and no one but a Borgia in Crinoline would perpetrate it. The fair sex will deserve to be considered the unfair sex, if they do not let our shopmen have the liberty they ought to have. Indeed the woman who would lay her hands upon a shopman, and forcibly detain him from proceeding to his drill, must in very truth be regarded as a Creature, whom it were gross flattery to call a Selfish Wretch.

THE SPIRITUAL "HUME"-BUG.

GILES SCROGGINS'S Journal, or the *Spiritual Magazine*, keeps harping on the assertion, that *Mr. Punch* has been assured by several gentlemen with whom he is concerned or connected, of their belief in the reality of some alleged spiritual manifestations, witnessed by them in the presence of certain mediums. This assertion is altogether untrue. On the contrary, the gentlemen impertinently named by our indelicate and credulous, if not fallacious, contemporary unite in assuring *Mr. Punch* of their conviction, that the phenomena exhibited to them as spiritual were all humbug. *Mr. Punch* is sorry to inform the *Spiritual Magazine*, that one of the mediums whose *séances* his friends have attended has been described to *Mr. Punch*, by a competent judge of deportment, as "a low American." Of two mediums of the other sex, the old party who asks for "sperrits," and her confederate the young female, an excellent physiognomist who tested their pretensions, speaks with the utmost contempt and scorn. This gentleman reports, that their performances are transparent fudge, and that they themselves are a couple of rank impostors. The *Spiritual Magazine* directly accuses *Mr. Punch* of impugning what he knows to be the truth. *Mr. Punch* must reply, "You're another!" Regarding himself and his friends, the *Spiritual Magazine*, at any rate, asserts what it does not know to be true. GILES SCROGGINS'S Journal, however, may, to be sure, believe whatsoever it imagines. It may believe that *Mr. Punch* believes in the spiritual manifestations which he gainsays. It may believe that it believes in them itself when it really only wishes to believe them, and is vexed by the incredulity at which its own faith stumbles. It may be weak without being mendacious; but, wilfully or foolishly, it belies *Mr. Punch*. Certainly Spiritualists may claim credit for the innocence of imbecility. They do not seem to know what scientific demonstration is. If they knew, they would not expect their miracles to be believed by any but the most ignorant of the vulgar, high and low, until performed before competent observers, and subjected, in the presence of those judges, to the test of crucial experiment. When next *Mr. Punch's* contributors happen to be all assembled together, will any spirit, or "sperrit," at the request of any medium, or off its own hook, come and rebuke our incredulity by pulling all our noses?

FORWARD CHITS.

"AMONG the Bills to come before the House of Lords the other day, I notice an Infants' Marriage Act Amendment Bill. Well, I'm sure, what next! What can the poor little things want to marry for, except wedding-cake, which would be far too rich for them, and make them ill? They had much better be kept to their tops and bottoms. The women of Andover and the neighbourhood, I am happy to see, have petitioned against any alteration in the law of marriage, Very much to their credit. Of course the alteration they object to is that which is to allow infants to marry. People ought to be ashamed of themselves for putting such things into children's heads. Talk of old women, indeed! Parliament would never dream of letting infants marry one another, if all the Members were of the age and sex of

"Your humble Servant,

"MARTHA GRUNDY."

A Rap at the Rappers.

WE hear that several of the Spirit-rappers have written to MR. GLADSTONE, complaining of the damage he is doing to their trade by his recent imposition of a higher tax on spirits. The tax is now so heavy that the rappers say the spirits are most terribly depressed by it, so much so, that the efforts which are made to raise them are daily more and more becoming unsuccessful.

Brown (*excited*). "HI, JONES!—NET! NET! NET!—MAKE HASTE, OR I SHALL LOSE HIM!"

Jones (*who is rather giddy and nervous*). "EH!—AH!—RIGHT!—TO BE SURE!—YES!—I—I—I—I'M COMING—AS FAST—AS—OH! DEAR—AS POSSIBLE!"

THE IMPERIAL BILLET-DOUX AND THE ANSWER.

The EMPEROR *to* JOHN BULL (*care of* COUNT PERSIGNY).

My dear MR. BULL,—Let me first beg to say,
That my letter is solely intended for *you*:
But as crowned heads must act in a round-about way,
I transmit through COUNT PERSIGNY this *billet-doux*.

I've been pained to the heart at your lending your ear
To "Old Parties" who charge me with all sorts of crimes;
But my *genuine feelings* I hope to set clear
In this letter which *really* is meant for the *Times*.

Don't think in your eyes that I mean to throw dust,
But pray give full credit to all I aver:
There's PALMERSTON knows I am worthy of trust,
And to him I am kindly allowed to refer.

'Pon my honour—a thing, which you know I hold dear,—
Since I signed at Villefranche—with my back to the wall—
I have wished but for peace and for friendship sincere
With my excellent neighbours, and *you* above all.

Bless you, *I* never meant to take Nice and Savoy,
Till to lengths so alarming Sardinia *would* go,
Annexation I really was driven to employ—
(After all, they're essentially French slopes, you know).

With my soldiers and ships, you say, Europe I frighten;
Europe *ought* to know better, and you too, *mon cher*;
Cherbourg's nothing, in fact, but a sort of French Brighton:
As for soldiers—I haven't one man I can spare.

Of invasion by LOUIS PHILIPPE did you dream?
Yet NAPOLEON of peace as he was—just like me—
He'd more ships under sail than I have under steam—
And of troops, when all's weighed, I have no more than he.

Indeed to speak plain, as a plain Emp'ror suits,
I've not nearly the force—land or sea—that I want;
What with China, Algiers, Rome, Gendarmes, sick, recruits,
Of bayonets I find myself frightfully scant.

Besides, you can't blame me for wishing to make
The best of the handful of men that I've got:
Less flatt'ring than *yours* is the view *I* must take.
You see what our troops are, *I* see what they're not.

Then as to the East—'Pon my honour again—
The only instruction I gave THOUVENEL
Was, "Don't put the sick gentleman out of his pain—"
He's free to stay sick—so he doesn't get well.

In Syria again—where such sad things, alas, occur;—
You blame *me* for the mischief I seek to repair:
MR. BULL, I've a heart, and it burned at the massacre
Of my dear Christian brethren, now suff'ring there—

Till I wasn't exactly myself, and my feelings
Perhaps may have hurried me rather too far.
Did I say "twenty thousand?" But Christian appealings
Are things I could never resist—so they are.

'Twas humanity urged the proposed expedition:
What profit from Syria *could* I expect?
My troops would have gone on their peace-making mission,
If *you* hadn't stept in, and the enterprise checked.

No—I say the same thing I said eight years ago,—
('Twas very soon after the second December)—
"*L'Empire c'est la paix*" was my text at Bordeaux,
And how I've lived up to that text just remember.

INJURED INNOCENCE AND HIS BILLET-DOO.

I HAVE conquests to make—but *mon cher*, they're in *France*:
She's not yet nearly conquered, I'm sorry to say,
Though material interests have had every chance,
And "*L'Empire*," on the Bourse, has been really "*la paye*."

In Romagna and Tuscany, much to my sorrow,
I had ties which prevented my acting with *you*;
But for Naples and Rome—say the word, and to-morrow,
I'm your man: make your game: and I'll back you, true blue.

Do let us, at last, act like brother to brother:
And each pin his faith on what either may swear:
Not like rogues on the watch each to trip up the other,
And bone all the swag they, in honour, should share!

There—I've told you my thoughts, without bunkum or blarney;
From a heart I have spoken of friendship chock full:
There are *some* men can stoop to soft-sawder and carney,
But I'm not one of *that* sort—believe me, *cher* BULL.

JOHN BULL'S *Answer*.

Dear EMPEROR, here's my reply to your letter.
To a ream of soft words I prefer one hard fact.
And if you mean all that you say, why you'd better
Lose no time in putting your talk into act.

As to listening to what some "Old parties" have said of you,
I don't know at all what "Old parties" you mean.
My opinions I've formed, not from what I have read of you,
But—I'm sorry to say it—from what I have seen.

As a witness to character PAM you'd have summoned:
I'm afraid, if you called him, he *might* make denial;
And such witnesses often, when well cross-examined,
Only make matters worse for their friend who's on trial.

And don't swear by "your honour;" the weight of a straw,
'Gainst that oath would be heavy, as facts passed away show;
And "*De non apparentibus*"—so says our law—
"*Et non existentibus, ead' est ratio.*"

As for Nice and Savoy, p'rhaps 'twas nothing but proper,
To annex 'em—I whisper no word of *duresse*:
The encroachment was nothing, but wherefore the whopper?
Why the positive "No," which I found to mean "Yes?"

And as for your armies, and Cherbourg, and steamers;
We needn't waste time in discussing their figure:
But please don't set me and my lads down as dreamers,
If ours should grow big, as yours keep growing bigger.

Volunteers and Defences you think quite disgusting,
As implying mistrust of *your* word—All my eye!
I'll trust you as far as I see you; so trusting,
You'll excuse me for keeping my cartridges dry.

I *have* heard of oaths lightly sworn, lightly broken
Professions that ne'er to performances came;
Of vows cancelled almost before they were spoken,
Intentions now paving a place I'll not name:

But in one thing at least all are safe in confiding—
And that's a man's self, to himself that is true;
One promise at least gives assurance abiding—
That's where heart says to hand, "You back *me*, I'll back *you*!"

And such is the trust that I sooner would lean on,
Than the oiliest words MOCQUARD's pen can contrive;
Try your flumm'ry on others; but, please offer *me* none;
On diet more solid my friendship must thrive.

I have watched both your games, Sire, at home, making slaves;
Abroad—as you said and we've seen—making free;
While you cozened the fools, and bought over the knaves—
Under which of these heads do you classify *me*?

What *has* been *may* recur. Should a Brummagem CÆSAR
Try a dash at JOHN BULL, after conqu'ring the Gauls;
I intend he shall find the achievement a teaser,
What with Armstrongs, long Enfields, and stout Wooden Walls.

Suspicions I *may* feel, but not apprehensions,
As long as I've hands and a trigger to pull;
By deeds and not words I interpret intentions:
And so I remain, yours, etcetera, JOHN BULL.

AFTER-DINNER ARGUMENT.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to the EARL OF HARDWICKE, and requests his Lordship's notice to the following observations, which are reported to have fallen lately from his Lordship's lips:—

"Application had been made to him as Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, to allow an organisation of the humbler classes of society, but he had peremptorily refused; and he should continue to do so, because he held that that most intelligent, useful, respectable and important body of men had duties of another kind to perform. If they wished to carry a musket, or enter any military volunteer force, the militia regiments of the country were short of something like 50,000 men, and were ready to receive these most worthy candidates for military service. He also thought there was a great difference between arming men of property and men of none. He said not one single word against the character of the working classes, on the contrary he held it in the highest veneration; but if a weapon were given to a man who had no property, whether it were a civil weapon or a military one, his natural tendency would be to acquire a property which he had not got."

These remarks are said to have been delivered after dinner, and *Mr. Punch* can see no reason to disbelieve that statement. But for it, indeed, *Mr. Punch* would find it difficult to credit that LORD HARDWICKE could so far have lost his senses as to say what is reported of him. The enemy that steals away the brains of those who put it in their mouths must clearly have abstracted those belonging to his Lordship before he could have uttered such unreasonable nonsense. To say one has the "highest veneration" for a class of men whom one believes to have a "natural tendency" to robbery, surely is to show that one is not in one's right mind, and has for the time at least said goodbye to one's senses. To imagine too that persons of importance and intelligence, and who are useful and respectable members of society, are not fit to be trusted with possession of a rifle, this clearly is an insult which applies to all the Volunteers who have enrolled themselves, and who hardly can lay claim to better qualities than these. It is no excuse to say, that poor men if they please may enter the militia. The militia is a paid service, and the Volunteer is not; and humble as they be, there are many of the "humbler classes" who are much too proud to enter it.

Commenting on LORD HARDWICKE's after-dinner speech, the *Daily News* observes:—

"We will not do the late Government or the Tory party as a body the injustice of supposing that LORD HARDWICKE represented them in his speech; but that a man in his position should have ventured on such language shows the sentiments which many of them really entertain towards the working classes, whom they affect to patronise but conspire to crush. After dinner and over their wine the ruck of the Tory party still think and speak, as in their provincial circles they still act, as they thought and spoke and acted half a century ago."

"*In vino veritas*" is an ancient axiom, and is as true now as it was a hundred years ago. But would it not be well if Tories like LORD HARDWICKE were to take the pledge of total abstinence from public speaking, seeing that perhaps the weakness of their reasoning seems somewhat to betray their imbibition of strong drink.

NO BULWARKS FOR EVER!

THERE is something in the subjoined argument, advanced the other evening by MR. BRIGHT against the expediency of fortifying our dock-yards. Speaking of MR. WHITWORTH, the Hon. Member for Birmingham is reported to have said:—

"He told me last night, that he would undertake to throw a 70 lb. shell, filled with molten iron, six miles. I see a gentleman opposite who seems startled at that assertion. MR. WHITWORTH said he believed he could reach seven miles, but would guarantee six. The whole system of warfare is about to undergo a change as great probably, as that which took place when gunpowder was first used. (*Hear.*) And yet you have your Government in its fussy activity (*a laugh*), not having the courage to tell the people the truth upon these matters, rushing day after day into all kinds of expenses, not knowing in the least that all they are now doing will twelve months hence be found to be of no avail, and will have to be done over again."

Don't fortify your arsenals this year with defences which some new shell may explode the next. This advice is not devoid of reason. But what if the new shell should not happen to be invented, and an enemy should bombard our ill-defended Portsmouth and Plymouth with the shells now in vogue in the meanwhile? Suppose the new shell should happen to be invented, would Portsmouth and Plymouth, with their existing fortifications, be less liable to bombardment than they are now? If we cannot effectually fortify Portsmouth and Plymouth, we had better dismantle them. Why run up a tailor's bill, when you may as well go naked? It may be all very well for a Member of the Society of Friends to stick to his costume, but when the question is about covering our military and naval magazines and repositories, we may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion. Don't wash your hands now, because they will be dirty again by-and-by. Don't wash them by-and-by, because they will be as dirty as ever to-morrow morning. If Friend BRIGHT acts personally on this principle, his best friends must surely refuse to shake hands with him. He ought to receive a compulsory order of the Bath, and in case of his perseverance in the neglect of ablution, to be indicted for a nuisance.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE REIGN OF EDWARD THE THIRD.

BLOATED ARISTOCRAT. TEMP. EDWARD THE THIRD.

THE long reign of this sovereign, on whom such showers of eulogium have been poured by the historians, forms a most important era in the history of costume, and may therefore claim to occupy a few leaves of our Book. From the changes which are noticeable not less in the civil than the military habits, the effigies of this period are more markedly discernible than those, perhaps, of any other, from the days of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR to the knights of Good QUEEN BESS. In lieu of the long tunics and robes of the last reigns, a closely fitting body garment buttoned down the front like the jacket of our "Buttons," and extending as far as the middle of the thigh, was adopted as the usual dress of the nobility. Being made of soft materials it was called a cote hardie, and its rich embroidery was set off and enhanced by the splendid belt of knighthood, which was commonly worn over it loosely girt across the hips. The sleeves of this new garment were fastened with a row of buttons between the wrist and elbow, whence depended a long slip of cloth, usually of white colour, which was called a tippet. Cotes with short sleeves were, however, often worn, the fore part of the arm being covered with an undergarment buttoned with a row of buttons like the cote. A long mantle was occasionally worn over this dress, fastened on the right shoulder by four or five large buttons, so that, when suffered to hang loose, it covered the bearer completely to the feet. In general, however, the front part was thrown back over the left shoulder, and hung in folds behind in the manner of a cope. Very frequently the mantle was indented at the edges in the form of leaves, but the reason why it was so history leaves us now to guess.

MR. STRUTT, who on the subject of costume is (next to *Punch*) the cock of the literary walk, observes that to their frequent tournaments and pageants the English chiefly owed the quick succession of new fashions, which especially distinguished the reign of this old King. The knights who attended came from all parts of the Continent, and endeavoured to cut out each other in their clothes as much as to cut into one another in the lists. In a wardrobe roll, still legible by those who have good eyes, and have a knowledge of black letter, an order is given for a jupon of blue tartan, "powdered," that is, embroidered thickly, "with blue gaiters, and decorated with buckles and pendents of silver gilt;" also for a linen doublet, "bordered round the skirts and sleeves with long green cloth, embroidered with clouds and vine branches of gold" (rather a queer mixture), and with the motto, "It is as it is," which is said to have been of KING EDWARD'S own dictating, and is a clear proof of his Majesty's great literary attainments. Upon another garment made for Royal use this interesting distich is commanded to be stitched—

"Hay! hay! the whythe swan,
By Gode's soul I am the man."

What the wearer was the man for, is left to be conjectured: indeed the meaning of the couplet is so doubtfully perceptible, that we think, were the word "goose" put as a substitute for "man," the introduction of the "swan" would, on the score of its antithesis, perhaps be more excusable.

Of course these continental fashions found but little favour in the eyes of the old gentlemen, who used to talk to one another about the good old times, Sir, when Englishmen *were* Englishmen, and knew better i' fackins than to ape those foreign monkeys. The clergy too were censurers of what they doubtless termed the "backsliding" of their flocks, and indeed they went so far as to beliken them to devils, for their devilish conceits. Says DOWGLAS, Monk of Glastonbury, speaking of the weathercocky ways of the *beau monde*:—

"The Englishmen haunted so much unto the foly of strangers that every year they changed them in divers shapes and disguisings of clothingge, now long, now large, now wide, now strait, and everich day clothingges new and destitute and devest from all honestye (!) of old arraye or good usage; and another time to short clothes, and so strait waisted, with full sleeves and tippetes of surcoats, and hodes, over long and large, all so nagged (jagged) and knib on every side, and all so shattered and alsoe buttoned [a grievous sin this!] that I with truth shall saye they seem more like to tormentors or devils (!) in their clothingge, and alsoe in their shoeing, and other arraye, than they seemed to be like men."

COSTUME OF A GENTLEMAN. TEMP. EDWARD THE THIRD. IMPROVED FROM A VERY CURIOUS SKETCH BY DOWGLAS, THE MONK OF GLASTONBURY.

These "knib" or "nagged" garments perhaps may have included the jagged or ragged quintis, of which we have made mention in the time of HENRY THE THIRD. But we find no special record of it in this reign, and we prefer therefore to assume, that it had been abandoned, being deservedly considered the quintis-sence of absurdity.

Such indeed was the extravagance of fashion at this period, that in 1363 the House of Commons made a formal complaint about the matter, and actually an Act of Parliament was passed to prohibit the excessive usage of rich clothing, which it was apprehended would impoverish the nation. Among the sumptuary rules which our Collective Wisdom thought proper to propose, we learn that—

"Furs of ermine and lettice,* and embellishments of pearls, excepting for a head-dress, were forbidden to any but the royal family and nobles who had upwards of £1000 a year. Cloths of gold and silver, and habits embroidered with jewellery, lined with pure miniver and other costly furs, were permitted only to knights and ladies whose incomes exceeded 400 marks per annum. Knights whose income exceeded 200 marks, and squires possessing £200 in lands or tenements, were permitted to wear cloths of silver or of wool of not more than the value of six marks the whole piece; but all persons under the rank of knighthood, or of less property than the last mentioned, were confined to using cloth worth not more than four marks, and were prohibited from wearing embroidery and silks, or any kind of ornaments of silver, gold, or jewellery. Rings, buckles, ouches, girdles, and ribands, were all forbidden decorations; and the penalty annexed to the infringement of this statute was the forfeiture of the dress or ornament so worn."

This Act, it would seem, was directed not so much against the ladies as the gentlemen, although the former, we are told, "dyd far outstrip ye men in all mannere of arraies and curious apparell." Perhaps the House, however, was afraid to risk the chance of a female revolution, if they entured much to interfere with ladies' dresses. We tremble to consider what a fearful reign of terror would infallibly result from such a daring venture now, and what a number of our members would be sure to get their ears boxed if they made it (say) illegal to wear military heels, or lessened by one inch the miles of crinoline now staggered under.

The Scots, who seldom have committed great excesses in expense, and who too well know the worth of siller to be so silly as to waste it in extravagance of dress, had a rhyme about this period which ran (or halted) thus:—

"Long beirds hertiless,†
Peynted‡ hoods witless,
Gay cotes graceless,
Maketh Englonde thriftless."

From this and other evidence, it appears that beards were generally worn both long and pointed, and that capuchons with long peaks or tails were made to match. Whether these pointed cloak-hoods were ever brought in front to protect a cherished beard from dirt, or dust, or wet, is a point which a debating club would do well to dilate upon. Our own idea inclines to think they sometimes were, and we recommend the dodge to the notice of the swells who seem to spend their life now in growing long cat's-whiskers, which on Derby days or drizzling ones, might be saved much hirsute injury by being bottled up in beard-bags.

* Disciples of LORD MAMSBERRY who are heedless of orthography, may be informed that the word "lettice" when written with an "i" does not mean the pleasant vegetable, but an unpleasant little animal, described by COTGRAVE as "a beast of a whitish grey colour."

† Some writers read "shirtless," but we are not so "hertiless," or heartless, as to copy them.

‡ "Peynted" may mean either pointed or painted: it being considered quite the thing to paint or decorate the hood, as well as the cote hardie, with flowers and quaint mottoes, as we have above described. Whether the word "dunce" was ever painted on the hood, we are unable to determine, but the epithet of "witless" almost makes us think it may have been.

THE RAGGED CLERGY.

LOOKING before and after, the mind of man (the mind of woman is nearsighted and regards only the present) at Midsummer, naturally both reverts and adverts to Christmas. Whilst we are consuming ice, and refrigerating our interiors with shandygaff or champagne cup—supposing ourselves to be blest with a modest competence—we are thinking of roast beef, and plum-pudding, and hot spiced elder-wine and ale. The coal merchant sends round his circular to say that his goods are getting as cheap as they can be, and in the midst of the dog-days—the cat-and-dog-days being now at last over—we lay in our winter's stock. As we kick off sheet and counterpane in composing ourselves to slumber, we remember what a load of bed-clothes we required during the frost, and wonder if we shall want as much this time six months. Coals and Blankets being thus brought within the scope of our consideration; suggest the subscriptions which the benevolent are called upon to disburse in order that their destitute fellow creatures may be provided with fuel and bedding. Ideas of soup-kitchens also present themselves, and, in connection with them, the unhappy people who want them, that they may not starve, and who must be supplied with firing and flannel, lest they should freeze to death. The present warm and sunshiny portion of the year is that which especially obtrudes on the thought of reflecting persons the fact that large multitudes of our fellow creatures are hungry and naked, and will therefore, also, in half-a-year's time or sooner, be wretchedly cold.

Heated as it were thus by the solar rays, Imagination beholds a vast crowd of lean, wan, sallow, sunken-cheeked, hollow-eyed, shivering, groaning, paralysed, convulsed, contorted, shrunken, tumid, and altogether miserable men, women and children, who are not only fellow creatures but fellow Christians most of them. Working people out of employ, with their families, constitute the reality which thus foreshadows itself in a Midsummer Night's Dream. Working people—but not all underpaid journeymen tailors, or distressed needlewomen, or even well-paid bricklayers' labourers on strike. These same working-people out of employ, or in employment at starvation prices, include a very considerable number of those labourers whose work lies in what is called the vineyard. It is a fact that many of them are working clergymen. These fellow Christians of ours comprise a very large number of Christian pastors—who may feed their flocks indeed with spiritual nutriment, but themselves actually want bread. Numerous fellow clergymen may be contemplated among these scarecrows by the bloated or the beneficent pluralist.

The above statements will be found to be warranted by the contents of a little blue book which has lately been written by the REV. W. G. JERVIS, M.A., and published under the title of *Startling Facts*. MR. JERVIS is Secretary to the Poor Clergy Relief Society, which advertises for cast-off apparel wherewithal to clothe naked Priests and Deacons. The demand for such aid may well be presumed from the fact, proclaimed in this work, that there are more than 5,000 Curates ministering in the Church of England whose incomes do not average above £80 per annum, and as many as the same number of beneficed Clergymen whose clerical incomes are under £150 a year. Poor angels! This is something like apostolic poverty—isn't it?

The following are specimens of the entreaties and supplications of various poor clergy for alms, as cited by the REV. MR. JERVIS:—

"Within the last three months I have been wearing a coat in rags, and shoes which, from inability to get them mended, let in water every time I put them on; and for weeks together we have not been able to have a dinner from Sunday to Sunday, but have been compelled to allow ourselves but two meals a day, and those two composed of tea without sugar and bread without butter." "I solemnly assure you, that I have not food for more than to-day, and that I have not the means of procuring it till Friday next." "They" (an Incumbent's twelve children) "cannot attend divine service on the Sabbath-day for want of clothes and shoes."—"I ask to be supplied gratuitously with a donation of clothing."—"We never can afford animal food more than once a week."—"Frequently" (this was a clergyman whose wife was starved to death) "we have not had a mouthful of butcher's meat for months together, and have felt really thankful that we had a potatoe."—"I have a wife and seven children dependent on an income of £52 per annum, which I find inadequate for the maintenance of my large family; and I am in great distress."

Bishop, have you got a copper to relieve a poor clergyman?—a poor clergyman, bishop, who has not tasted food all this blessed day. That is the style of solicitation to which scholars and gentlemen are nearly reduced by clerical poverty. We shall have ministers of the wealthy Church of England lying about on the pavement, and illustrating the Gospel, which it is their vocation to preach, in coloured chalk, and writing under the picture thus delineated "I am starving." Or, perhaps they will perambulate Cathedral closes in torn surplices, singing psalms, in hopes to get a sixpence tossed to them out of the dean's window.

Statesmen object, that if the Church revenues were divided equally amongst the clergy of all ranks, there would be only £240 a-year for each parson; so that if there were no "blanks" in the Establishment, there would be no "prizes." But what necessity is there for prizes? What harm would be done if the clergy were levelled down to £240 a-year a-piece? Is it credible that one soul the less would be saved in consequence of that pecuniary arrangement? Rich bishops and deans are great ornaments to society, but they might be as useful as ST. PAUL on £240 per annum, as far as their utility depends upon their incomes. In the meantime, could not dignitaries, who generally leave large fortunes behind them, afford to endow a few ragged churches, to be served by ragged clergymen, provided by MR. JERVIS's society with old clothes? "*Startling Facts*" is a book which ought to lie on every prelate's library table.

THE BLOCKADE OF THE SESSION.

THE Obstructives have been having a rare time of it in Parliament. Not content with having put a stopper on Reform, they have impeded every useful measure of the Session, and the car of legislation has been brought quite to a stand-still through the quantity of spokes—or, more correctly, speeches—they have put into its wheels. The Savings Banks Bill easily they knocked upon the head; and though the Bankruptcy Bill loudly was called for by the country, the Obstructives interposed, and would not let it pass. Quite early in the Session they stopped the measure for reforming the London Corporation; and now the same fate seems to threaten the Bill proposed for strengthening our forces in India. There is little doubt, indeed, they would have ended it long since, had not the PREMIER somewhat awed them by his dreadful threat that the House should sit till Christmas rather than not carry it.

Chief of the Obstructives is the clever MR. HORSMAN, whose powers of obstruction are really quite remarkable. If there be any truth in the science of phrenology, we think were MR. HORSMAN'S bumps to be examined, he would be found to have a wondrous organ of obstructiveness. "MR. HORSMAN'S speech stops the way," may be taken as a summary of all the late debates, when anything important has been ripe to be discussed. What his constituents may think of him is a point which "hath no magnitude" (as saith EUCLID) in his eyes, and which apparently he keeps out of sight as much as possible. Certainly were justice done to MR. HORSMAN, it would be only fair to charge him with having done more to prevent the course of legislation than any other Honourable Member of the House: and the damage he has caused to the interests of the country might be laid before him in the shape of a small Bill, which should enumerate as items the Bills lost through his means. MR. HORSMAN might be credited with the speeches he has made (some of which, in point of eloquence, have been really to his credit), and *per contrà* might be debited with all the valuable time which he has taken up in talk, and the many useful measures he has thus obstructed. The account we think should then be shown to his constituents, that they may see exactly what it is he owes to them. We think were voters saddled with the legislative debts which their Members owe the country, most probably when next he asked them for a seat there would be some talk of unhorsing the Horsman.

The Diggings of Suez.

AT a late meeting of the Suez Canal Company, on the production of its accounts 1,000,000 fr. were found to have been spent in the costs of direction. Of this sum 500,000 fr. had gone for the journeys of M. LESSEPS. To this was added a further sum for furnishing that gentleman's rooms at Paris; and, withal 400,000 fr. for the salaries of the members of the direction, namely, of M. LESSEPS and one or two associates. If M. LESSEPS does not make a canal out of the Suez excavation, he will have found it a mine.

A Spiritual Calling.

A MR. HUME professes to have the power of calling spirits from the vasty deep, and shallow-minded persons put belief in his profession. As profession is not always accompanied by practice, it would be well if they would look a little deeper in the matter, for it may possibly turn out that they are being Hume-bugged.

THINGS HAVE COME TO A PRETTY PASS INDEED, WHEN A DRAWING-ROOM TABLE JUMPS UP, AND AFTER PLAYING A TUNE ON ITS ACCORDION, OFFERS ITS HAND TO THE HOUSEMAID!——

(NOW, WITHOUT ANY OF THE GAMMON OF PUTTING LIGHTS OUT, AND DARKENING THE ROOM, THIS REALLY *DID* HAPPEN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT—YOU NEEDN'T BELIEVE IT, OF COURSE, UNLESS YOU LIKE.)

A DUCK (O' DIAMONDS) OF A BONNET!

AMONG other highly interesting feminine intelligence, a fashionable contemporary, the other day, informed us that—

"Bonnets are just now less pretentious in their decoration; fewer flowers are worn, and those somewhat negligently; there is above all, a diminution in the amount of the gilt ornaments to which we have frequently alluded, and they seem likely to give way to another mode just coming into fashion: we mean imitations of precious stones, which will afford a wider range for the display of taste, and have a somewhat less appearance of tinsel. We may therefore expect shortly to have to describe the imitations of some of the most celebrated diamonds, opals, rubies, pearls, &c., which, if well executed, will throw much light around the heads of the ladies; but will, we are afraid, add materially to the weight and cost of their chapeaux. We really think that BENEDICT & Co. ought to make a demonstration against these continuous efforts to assault their purses, and try to convince their better halves that imitated precious stones will only injure the naturally much superior effect produced by themselves, who are the real jewels of the creation."

"*Rich and rare were the gems she wore*" is a bit of an old song with which our lady readers may probably be conversant, but which, if this new fashion become popular, will hardly be found applicable to those who may be followers of it. All are not gems that glitter; and as we hate shams, we certainly shall set our face against a fashion which cannot be regarded as otherwise than sham-full. Our love for lovely woman is very far too true for us to countenance a custom which puts ought of false about her, and the light of Koh-i-Noors would find small favour in our eyes if we fancied that those brilliants were of Brummagem construction. Indeed even could we manage to view the gems as genuine, they would not much enhance to us the value of their wearers. Holding as we do, that beauty unadorned is adorned the most, we really should not more admire our wife in a new bonnet, which entitled her in verity to be called a "duck o' diamonds." Nor do we think that she herself would feel the happier for wearing it, for probably the weight of it would soon give her a headache.

We trust the ladies then will show the wisdom of their sex by taking the advice which is given them in *Punch*, and neither wearing bonnets trimmed with false jewels nor real ones. To carry half a stone or so of precious stones upon one's head cannot well be other than a precious nuisance; and as it may prove, perhaps, a sort of capital punishment, we hope that the fair sex will not suffer themselves to suffer it. Jewels as they are to us, let them rest quite satisfied that we prize them for their own sake, and not for their fine fashions, and that it is their precious selves and not their precious stones we value. Were the dear creatures to wear a peck of Koh-i-Noors apiece, they could not be more dear, though they might be more expensive to us; and in the business-sounding name therefore of "BENEDICT & Co." (the Co. comprising fathers, brothers, uncles, cousins, friends, and lovers of the sex) we protest against our women wearing such rich things as may perhaps eventually bring us to the poor-house.

THE SYSTEM OF KINDNESS.

THE liberal Government of the future, in pursuance of the policy of constitutional benevolence, will be open to receive tenders for the following Articles of Comfort and Luxury:—

Venison for Workhouses.
Pommade for Prisons.
Smelling Salts for the Navy.
Eau-de-Cologne for HER MAJESTY'S Land Forces.
Crinoline for Female Refuges.
Sugar Candy for Charity Schools.
Caviare for the Million.

The Government does not pledge itself to accept the lowest tender.

A Fair Attempt.

SEVERAL jokes were made at the Dramatic Fancy Fair, and not the worst of them was made by a small wag in our hearing, who noticing how happy the young actresses all looked in their booths, said the place reminded him of Boothia Felix.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, August 11, 1860.

Country Bus Conductor (with extreme politeness). "*Yes, Miss—quite full, Miss—in fact, we've one more than our number* now, *Miss.*"

THE ROYAL BLUE AND YELLOW.

The Seventh of August, 1860, is a day which will be everlastingly celebrated in the annals of Scotland. Latest posterity, as well as the present generation, will associate that memorable anniversary with the Edinburgh Review, where the Queen appeared as a Reviewer of the gallant Scotch Volunteers. The contributors to this great Review, composing the number which came out on that occasion, amounted to twenty-one thousand; and their entire force includes nine thousand more. There can be no doubt that such a host of slashing blades would effectually cut up the audacious authors of any foreign attack upon British liberty.

Multum in Parvo.

A Book has just been published under the title of *Astronomy in a Nutshell.* The whole system of Astronomy in a Nutshell? A nutshell may contain a nucleus, but can hardly be big enough to enclose even the smallest entire comet.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

August 6. *Monday.* On the day when Paterfamilias is going to take his family out of town, it may have been remarked by those who watch domestic interiors, that there is pretty sure to be something disagreeable before starting. P. F. himself, perhaps, loses his keys; and after he has raged for half an hour, and accused everybody of taking them, he remembers that he left them in the pocket of the pair of trousers which is at the very bottom of the big corded trunk. Or Materfamilias has collected and paid all the bills, as she thinks, when a dirty boy comes with a peremptory message from an impertinent newsvendor, demanding one pound eighteen and threepence on the instant; and Paterfamilias is furious at having to take the money out of what he had put into his purse for the journey. Or the children seize the opportunity—their legitimate guardians being all engaged in the last preparations—to ramp about the house like wild cats, make unusual and preternatural noises, pull about things they ordinarily dare not touch; and finally, just at the moment when P. F. is struggling frantically with a huge strap, and is irritable at not being quite sure that he has read *Bradshaw* rightly, they become so outrageous that Louisa is suddenly ordered into the back drawing-room, and threatened with no end of Aunt and Church, Robert is savagely shoved into a chair and forbidden to speak or move, and Arthur retreats to the stairs howling from a sound box on the ear. Then Materfamilias turns irate at these energetic police measures (though she has herself been scolding the children incessantly for three hours), and making a short answer to the next speech, receives a vindictive snub, and an order to be kind enough to recollect who is the master of the house; and so, when the time for starting arrives, the holiday begins in pouting and sulks.

This is just the sort of thing that has been going on in the House of Commons. We had nearly got to the end of the Session, and were preparing for a jolly holiday, when discomfort and a row break out, there is a fight, and everybody is now thoroughly discontented, and everybody is blowing up everybody else. Nay, Parliament is worse off than the private family; for P. F. with all his irritation, is a kind old fellow, and will not disappoint the household by postponing the journey, whereas Palmerston now declares that the Members shall not go out of town for a month, perhaps not for six weeks. Heavily are they being punished for the weeks consumed in gabble at the beginning of the Session.

To-night the Lords did mere machine-work, but the Commons had a desperate fray. Mr. Disraeli had ordered a whip on Mr. Gladstone's resolution for lowering the duty on the import of foreign paper. So Mr. Brand and his colleague exerted themselves to gather together the Opposition men, and the danger appeared so great that Lord Palmerston called a meeting of Liberals in Downing Street, and preached to them upon the necessity of sustaining the Government. As he was good enough to add, that he should regard the votes of his supporters as evidence of confidence in the Government and its policy, he was immediately assured in return, especially by the Members returned by the Irish priests, that the Government would be supported, but that there was no confidence in them. However, Pam laughed, and in the course of the meeting took the opportunity of further pleasing the Irishry by mentioning that he had just heard that Garibaldians had landed in Naples, and that he was sure everybody wished them success. How many Papist Members were driven away by this declaration may be doubtful, but out of 76 Irish who voted that night, 57 voted against Lord Pam.

Well, the night came, and Mr. Gladstone made a long and spirited speech, and moved his resolution. His special point was, that we were bound by the French Treaty to reduce the duty. Christopher Puller, a Liberal ex-Chancery lawyer, opposed him, and pleaded for the paper-makers, who expect to be hit hard, the manufacture duty being kept on, and the import duty being reduced so as to let in foreign paper. Mr. Childers believed, on the contrary, that the paper-makers would be gainers by the opening up wider fields of operation. Mr. Crossley, carpet-maker, crossly described Protection as the robbing somebody else, and was glad that the makers were to be unprotected. Mr. Maguire, journalist, opposed the resolution, and advised the House to wait, and do no more to please France until we had a stronger and more determined Government, who would do something to benefit England. Sir Hugh Cairns, lawyer, then delivered the crack speech against Government, but *Mr. Punch* seldom listens to these lawyers, and went into the smoking-room to chaff Mr. Bright. Somebody came in and said that the Attorney-General had walked into Cairns, told him he evinced far too much assurance, and also knew nothing of the subject. When *Mr. Punch* went back to his place, Mr. Norris, paper-maker, was complaining on behalf of his craft, and Mr. Henley, grumbler, followed with a big brief grumble at Gladstone. Lord John Russell took a larger view of the case, told the paper-makers that if they were like other Englishmen they ought to be able to help themselves without protection, and urged that on the grounds of treaty, wisdom, and policy, the resolution

was right, to which several allegations MR. DISRAELI demurred, and argued that the treaty did not bind us to the reduction, and that we ought not to be precipitate in a measure that would injure important interests. LORD PALMERSTON cleverly said, that he was not surprised that the lawyers could not understand the treaty, but that he was surprised that honest and straightforward men, "who looked at matters in a common sense light," could doubt about its meaning. He said that the French Government had acted in a liberal and handsome manner, and had offered us time to make the reduction, but that he thought that we ought at once to fulfil our engagements. We were too far advanced in the paths of free-trade to retrace our steps.

Then did the Committee divide, and the Government had 266 votes, and the Opposition 233, total 499, majority for Ministers 33. PULLER wanted to fight on a second resolution, but was ordered by MR. DISRAELI to accept the situation, and so ended the great Battle of Papyrus.

Mr. Punch must not omit to mention, that MR. ALDERMAN SIDNEY has been elected for Stafford. *Mr. Punch* congratulates the respected Tea-party, and opes eel not find the orrible ours of the ouse ostile to is elth.

Tuesday. Lords at machine-work. Commons passed the Indian Army Fusion Bill. The Ministers have invented a capital way of evading the questions which Members want to ask. They stay away until it is past the hour at which questions may be put, and then come in with a dear-me-have-I-been-wanted-you-don't-say-so smirk on their faces, and smile blandly at the sold inquirer. We don't believe, however, that this sort of thing is prescribed in Magna Charta. SIR FITZROY KELLY, the signer of ridiculous addresses to GOUGH, the tee-totalling spouter, whom the *Morning Star* brackets with BYRON and HAYDON, but gives GOUGH superior praise—you don't believe it? Here is the passage from a leader of the 10th instant:—

"Such change of treatment has often before driven strong men to despair. It drove BYRON to debauchery, and HAYDON to self-destruction; but, through the power of living faith, GOUGH has risen on the wave intended to overwhelm him, brighter in spirit and stronger in his intellectual manhood."

Now then. No, come, while we are about it, here is another—

"Those who most appreciate the graphic power of DANTE and the music of SHELLY (*sic*) increasingly admire the growing power of MR. GOUGH."

Are you satisfied?—Well, SIR FITZROY KELLY, who signs ridiculous addresses to this compeer of BYRON, HAYDON, DANTE, and SHELLEY, consistently made a fight for the maltsters to-night, but was defeated by 89 to 49. Seven valuable criminal Bills, which had passed the Lords, were withdrawn by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, on account of the lateness of the Session. So much for cackle.

Wednesday. A Church Bill coming on in Committee in the Commons, of course there was some good fun. It was the Bill for enabling the Bishop and other authorities to deal with the City Churches which have no congregations. There is to be power to remove these. But MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK (not the other one) insisted upon making four of the most beautiful City Churches quite safe, by scheduling them as tabooed. He was a good deal attacked, but he was quite right. "Who would pull down such Churches?" was asked. It might have been answered, "Why, miserable Vandals like those who were going to pull down the Ladye Chapel, a very few years ago, if London had not sent up a menacing yell of indignation." Moreover, none of the Church spires and towers ought to be touched—they are the ornaments of the City. *Mr. Punch* would like to see anybody lay a hand on his neighbour, St. Bride. In half a minute from his getting down his rifle, the respected Sexton of the parish would have a job. *Mr. Punch* applauds MR. BENTINCK, and does not applaud MR. B. OSBORNE for pirating a Latin joke out of HOOD'S *Whims and Oddities*, and for making another joke of his own out of one of the most touching parables in the Christian's portion of The Book. Nor is he greatly delighted with MR. HUBBARD, for arguing that if *a* Church ceased to belong to *the* Church, it mattered not whether it were made a Dissenting chapel or a gin-shop.

Thursday. The Lords managed to get up a little steam over the Dean of York question. This affair looked like a job,—a large increase of salary suddenly given to a rich man,—but it is explained by the BISHOP OF LONDON to be the right arrangement, and intended to prevent the appointment from becoming an appanage of aristocratic families. If BISHOP TAIT says the thing is right, BISHOP PUNCH will not ask another question.

CAPTAIN FOWKE, Royal Engineer, and of the South Kensington Museum, has devised a very clever and economical plan for improving the National Gallery. There are three reasons in that sentence why, of course, the authorities set themselves against it. Two are in the adjectives; the third is in the fact that the Captain is a practical soldier, and not a petted architect, who would make a bad job of the affair, and spend twice the amount of the contract. If CAPTAIN FOWKE'S plan receives fair play, its adoption will be called for by the public. To-night, MR. COWPER expressed his dissatisfaction with it. The New Kensington Ride question came up, and was discussed with much fire. LORD JOHN MANNERS and MR. MALINS abused the ride; MR. COWPER defended it, and actually scoffed at The Vestries—and, we believe, still lives. A fight was taken, and 71 supported the Ride to 48 against it.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL explained to the House that Spain wanted to be considered one of the Great Powers. She is so proud of having paid one of her debts, and of having been only baffled, not beaten, in Africa, that she is ready to burst with glory. LORD JOHN RUSSELL intimated that he had no motion of yielding to such folly, and that at all events he should keep Spain in her place until next Session. Well said, author of "*Don Carlos*." MR. EDWIN JAMES then opposed the Fortifications Bill, and after a debate, and a smart speech from PAM, who laughed at everybody for declaring his own profession to be the one that was to save the country, the Bill was carried, on Second reading, by 143 to 32, majority 111. Something about the Galway Packet contract naturally sent *Mr. Punch* to sleep, but he was waked by hearing MR. ROEBUCK, evidently in a dreadful rage, declaring that he laughed everybody to scorn.

Friday in the Lords was noteworthy, because LORD CLYDE came out in the character of a Maiden Speaker. The heroic maiden was not so fluent as JOAN OF ARC, but spoke much to the purpose, and heartily approved the Indian Army Fusion Bill. LORD ELLENBOROUGH opposed it, and incidentally rebuked the Anglo-Indian press for the mischievous ribaldry it is always launching at the natives and their religion and customs. LORD DERBY had fears about the proposed change, but as the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE and a large majority in the Commons approved it, he should not oppose it. So the Bill was read a Second time. Speaking on the elongation of the Session, LORD REDESDALE strongly objected to being kept in town, and said that the QUEEN had set everybody a good example by taking her holiday, and going off to Scotland. There was some sense in this speech.

In the Commons there was a very miscellaneous discussion. The metropolitan Members abused COWPER for sneering at the Vestries; MR. CONINGHAM abused SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE for being dear, as was alleged, in a recent picture purchase; MR. BRIGHT abused everybody on the Paper Question, and was himself blown up by LORD PALMERSTON for reviving old grievances and making puling lamentations; the Irish Members abused the Government for letting coercion Bills be passed for Ireland, and MR. NUMB-SKULLY declared they were more needed in England; and everybody abused *Mr. Punch's* patience, and sent him out of the House in a rage, muttering; *Quousque tandem, Dog-and-Cat-alina, abutere, &c.*

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

OUR young friend the PRINCE OF WALES is likely to see some strange things, both in the country he enters as Viceroy and in that he approaches as Visitor. We hope that H.R.H. will keep a diary, as it promises to be a collection of curiosities. For instance, here is a little anecdote which *Mr. Punch* extracts from an American paper:—

"A CLERGYMAN FIGHTING.—On Sunday last, the monotony of church-going was unpleasantly disturbed by a street fight between a Wesleyan Methodist preacher named BOLTON, and a pious man named WILLIAMS. The brethren had a fine fight of it for a while, and would probably have ended with a visit to the hospital, had not MR. WILLIAMS thrown up the sponge at the request of the police, just as the REV REND MR. BOLTON was putting in some of his most scientific fibbers. This desperate affair took place in Toronto, Canada, and was witnessed by a large crowd of delighted citizens."

But this was a mere display of *odium theologicum*, and its termination was milksoppy in the extreme, a complaint which cannot be made in reference to the following little scene, also described in an American journal:—

"INDICTMENT OF A CRITIC FOR KILLING AN ACTOR.—We notice by late exchanges that MR. GEORGE W. OVERALL, the theatrical critic of the New Orleans *Delta* (we believe) has been indicted by the Grand Jury of that city for manslaughter, he having shot an actor named HARRY COPELAND. If we remember the particulars of the encounter rightly, COPELAND assailed MR. OVERALL in the street, in consequence of some close criticism of his acting by the latter, when the critic shot him in self-defence. We are no advocates of the pistol business so common in the South; but it seems to us that the assailant, in this case, only got his just deserts. When a journalist cannot express an honest opinion without incurring the rowdyish attacks of the criticised, it is high time that some one should be taught a severe and useful lesson."

The Republicans far surpass the Colonists in thoroughly doing what they set about. If any national and characteristic scenes of these kinds should be got up for the instruction and delight of the Prince, *Mr. Punch* will feel that a delicate compliment has been paid to the Royal Family of England.

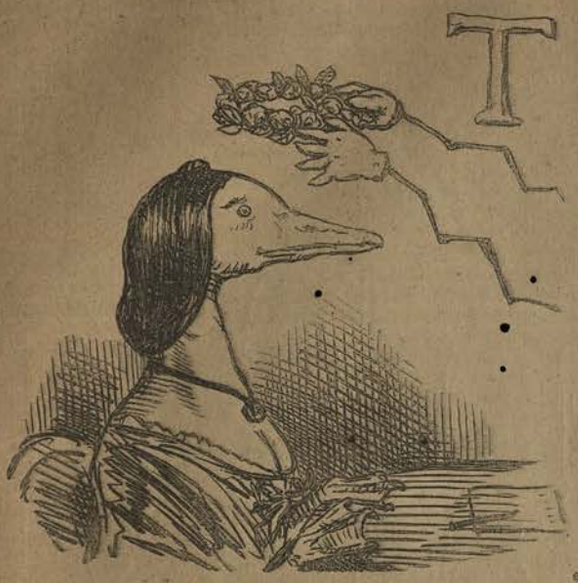
Natural and Supernatural.

A "THIRSTY SOUL" of our acquaintance avows his entire belief in MR. HOME'S being lifted into the air by spiritual influences, as described in the *Cornhill Magazine* for this month. He declares he has more than once been elevated by spirits himself.

A GOOD JOKE FOR ITALY.—GARIBALDI is getting on like a man with a wheelbarrow, carrying everything before him.

HOME,* GREAT HOME!

(Respectfully dedicated to all admirers of that mighty medium.)



THROUGH humbugs and fallacies though we may roam,
Be they never so artful, there 's no case like HOME.
With a lift from the spirits he 'll rise in the air
(Though, as lights are put out first, we can't see him there)
HOME, HOME, great HOME—
There 's no case like HOME!

Of itself his Accordion to play will begin,
(If you won't look too hard at the works hid within:)
Spirit-hands, at his bidding, will come, touch, and go
(But you mustn't peep under the table, you know).
HOME, HOME, great HOME—
There 's no case like HOME!

Spring-blinds will fly up or run down at his word,
(If a wire has been previously fixed to the cord.)
He can make tables dance and bid chairs stand on end
(But, of course, it must be in the house of a friend).
HOME, HOME, great HOME!
There 's no case like HOME!

The spirits to *him* (howe'er others may hap),
Have proved themselves worth something more than a rap;
And a new age of miracles people may mark,
(If they 'll only consent to be kept in the dark).
HOME, HOME, great HOME—
There 's no case like HOME!

* Such, it appears, is the true orthography of this gentleman's name, whose flying exploits so far outdo those of *Peter Wilkins*.—See *Facts Stranger than Fiction*, Cornhill Magazine for August.

A PROTESTANT PANIC.

THERE is a MR. TURNBULL, a Roman Catholic, who has been appointed to the office of Calenderer of Foreign Papers in the State Paper Office. This does not, at first glance, seem to be a fact worth recording, except in the Red Book, or some such esteemed work of reference. But we must not judge by first glances. As the children say, "looky ear:"—

"A deputation has had an interview with VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, to present a memorial respecting the appointment. The deputation consisted of the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, LORD CALTHORPE, the HON. A. KINNAIRD M.P., SIR W. VERNER, BART., M.P., &c. &c. The memorial presented by LORD SHAFTESBURY was signed by 2,500 persons of whom 10 were Peers, 18 Members of Parliament, 10 Baronets, 85 Magistrates, 518 Clergymen, 553 Dissenting Ministers, besides several generals, admirals, and other officers in the army and navy, heads of colleges, literary and other gentlemen. MR. KINNAIRD at the same time presented a similar memorial from Scotland, signed by 3,500 persons. The memorials were very graciously received by the PREMIER, who promised that the subject should receive the attention it deserved. It appeared that MR. TURNBULL is distrusted even by the friends who appointed him, two competent persons (Protestants) being ordered to 'revise' all his abstracts."

This is the most astounding phenomenon *Mr. Punch* has witnessed since DONATI's comet. Six thousand persons in a state of agitation about one poor man, who, under other circumstances, *Mr. Punch* would have supposed to be a superior clerk, whose business it is to make a *précis* of a document, endorse it, and put it in a pigeon-hole, making a proper entry in an index-book, so that it might be easily found again. But the whole Evangelical world is up in arms against the party. What is the crime which he is suspected of meditating, or can possibly commit? Into the State Paper Office rush the Six Thousand, but who is the enemy? Are they afraid that MR. TURNBULL will translate the old documents wrongly, and forge evidence that this country really belongs to the KING OF NAPLES or the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA? Or is he suspected of intending to introduce passages into the love-letters of PHILIP to Sanguinary MARY, which will show that England broke faith with Spain in remaining Protestant? Or will TURNBULL turn Bulls from Rome into engines damaging to our national character. If so, it is quite right to set two Protestant sentinels over him; but why the Six Thousand to watch the sentinels? This is altogether a most inexplicable case of Protestant Terror, and *Mr. Punch* would much like to have it cleared up. SHAFTESBURY had better call at 85 some morning before 6.

Putting Louis Napoleon's Pipe Out.

THE French EMPEROR complains bitterly of the English Government's interpolation of a bar in his favourite air, *Partant pour la Syrie*. He declares it quite spoils his latest arrangement of that favourite melody, which he had intended to be *in five flats*. It seems the Five Powers did not exactly like the Imperial time, or tune either.

PROPOSED CREATION IN THE SMARTEST NATION.

WHO will bet *Mr. Punch* a red cent that in ten years time our American cousins do not create an American Peerage? The Upper Ten are evidently awakening to a sense of the distinctions between people. The *New York Herald*, the leading journal of the States, is perfectly disgusted with the snobbishness of the Aldermen of that City. Now that the PRINCE OF WALES is to be the guest of the President, QUEEN VICTORIA's "good friend" is affectionately urged to take care that the young stranger is not approached by the "vulgar rowdies" who belong to the Corporation. It is particularly desired that he should not take to the old world such an impression of republicanism as he is likely to derive from seeing and hearing these vulgar personages. The Mayor of New York, whom LORD JOHN RUSSELL, blundering, called Your Excellency, is not an unworthy person, it seems.

"That he will discharge in a fitting and dignified manner his duties as host, and that he will convey to his guest an agreeable impression of the cultivation and refinement of the community of which he is the head, we are fully persuaded. Whatever MAYOR WOOD's failings may be, no one will accuse him of being wanting in the manners and bearing of a gentleman, and there is not, perhaps, a man in this city better qualified to play the part expected of him on this occasion."

But as for the Aldermen and such like, they are to keep off, and not disgrace the Republic. If a banquet is to be got up, it

"Should be entrusted to the management of a committee of *gentlemen* in whom the public have confidence; otherwise it might degenerate into another such scene of rowdyism and vulgarity as the Japanese ball presented."

As *Mr. Punch* knows everything, it is his duty to add, in justice to the Editor of the New York paper, that his opinion of the present municipal authorities of the territory formerly the property and still bearing the name of the DUKE OF YORK, is amply borne out by facts, especially facts which are occasionally elicited before the Police Magistrates of that locality; and on the part of the English nation, *Mr. Punch* begs to express his sense of the courtesy intended by the advocacy of the exclusion of the "rowdies" from the hospitalities that await the young Prince. On the whole, however, *Mr. Punch* strongly recommends the construction of a Peerage to the consideration of his American friends. When *Mr. Punch* himself next visits the States, he trusts to be welcomed by the EARL OF LINCOLN and the MARQUIS OF BENNETT, and is ready to bet his own Lincoln and Bennett (quite right, Wiscount, to explain that he means a At) that MR. DOUGLAS will look uncommonly well in a coronet, of which his Scottish namesake, the MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY will be very happy to send him a pattern. The DUKE OF BRECKENRIDGE is a title that would sound nobly, and as that nobleman is, according to GARRETT DAVIS:—

"A gentleman of good intents, fine manners, easy and graceful elocution, while his habits are indolent, and his manners and thoughts superficial,"

the Duke must be the exact counterpart of the majority of our own titled Swells. Let America think of it, and open a Herald's Office in connection with the Office of the *Herald*.

A FACT.

Jeames. "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, HERE IS *MASTER* CARLO! BUT I CAN'T SEE *MISS* FLOSS NOWHERES!"

THE TWO SICK MEN.

In Europe two sick men do dwell,
Of whom there's little hope;
The SULTAN one: as far from well
The other is the POPE.
This wreck a triple crown, and that
A Royal turban wears;
Too weak the head in either hat
To manage its affairs.

The first has been a sufferer sad
For many a weary day;
And loads of physic he has had
To keep grim Death at bay.
The second 'gan to limp and reel
Some dozen years ago,
When his French doctor threw in steel;
Maintained his system so.

Eruptions, here and there, about
Each leper's surface rage;
And either is well nigh worn out
By frequent hæmorrhage.
Yet their physician still declares
That both must more be bled,
And take more steel, by which he swears,
Exhibited with lead.

The POPE cries, "Heathen friend, I see
You've got my doctor too;
He hasn't done much good to me,
May he do more to you!"
"My Giaour," the groaning TURK replies,
"We're past physician's skill;
To cure us if your doctor tries
He'll all the sooner kill."

Gone are both systems to decay.
Effete old POPE and TURK!
No Constitution left have they
Whereon the Leech might work.
Could they but break up quietly,
And leave the world in peace,
Blest would the dissolution be,
And happy the release.

MISS MERMAID.

MISS MARTINEAU wrote admirably (which indeed is tautology) upon the duty of teaching young ladies to swim. According to an advertisement which has caught *Mr. Punch's* eye, a very young lady follows in MISS MARTINEAU's wake, and is setting the example. A little MISS BECKWITH, aged six years, has, it seems, attained great skill in swimming, and disports herself, in the prettiest of costume, in the great Lambeth bath. A little Duck. Except that the pedigree would not be complimentary, *Mr. Punch* would suppose the fair little *baigneuse* to be a descendant of *Macheath's* friend, *Jenny Diver*.

"Who taught the little Nautilus to swim?"

is an improved quotation which occurs to *Mr. Punch's* well-regulated memory, but only to be immediately rejected; because, in the first place, she is not a naughty lass, but a very good lass, and in the second, because the question is superfluous, as she is stated to have been taught by her papa, a distinguished swimmer, to whom *Mr. Punch* tenders his congratulations on having a child who will always be able to keep her head above water.

CHEERING IF TRUE.

IN these days of alarming and unpleasant rumours, the report mentioned in the following extract from the French correspondence of the *Times* will be hailed, as a lively variation of the melancholy air which has so long been resounding on the trumpet of common Fame:—

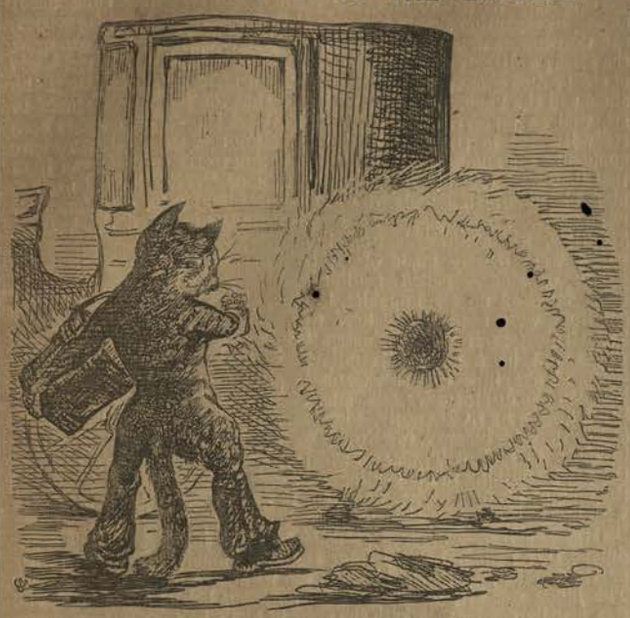
"As a prelude, it is said, to the total abolition of passports for foreigners travelling in France, the EMPEROR has ordered that foreigners coming to Paris to witness the festivities on the 15th of August, the EMPEROR'S *fête*, shall not be required to show passports."

This tune goes nicely. Is it not too cheerful to be true? Is Pandora's box not yet quite empty? Are peaceable people still in a condition to entertain some little hope? Can we venture to give ear to any announcement of aught but impending calamity—war, plague, pestilence, famine, deficit and increased taxation? The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has written us a very promising letter. The abolition of passports would indeed be a great step in the direction of performance. Something like confidence would be created in Europe by the spectacle of such an Imperial stride accomplished in the Seven League Napoleon Boots.

THE TWO SICK MEN.

Pope. "THEY HAVE SENT YOU MY FRENCH DOCTOR, I SEE. HIS COURSE OF STEEL HASN'T DONE *MY* SYSTEM MUCH GOOD."

A GO AT THE GABBLERS.



H! What is to be done with our talkative M. P.s? This is a question which is yearly getting more and more momentous. Every session is more taken up and wasted by them than the last, and the more they sit and talk, the less the country is advantaged by it. Here we are in August, and their tongues are just as voluble as they were in April; and nobody except the grouse is any whit the better off for the clatter they keep up. As for any business being got through in their presence, one might as well expect to get an epic poem written within hearing of an organ-grinder. Their gabble is enough to distract the strongest mind, and divert from what engages it the steadiest attention. Who can hope to see a Bill safe through the House, when a hundred tongues are waiting ready primed to fire away upon it? The batteries, it is true, are mostly loaded with blank cartridge, but then they kick up such a ceaseless row, that no one possibly can work in it.

Talk, talk, talk,
Till the brain grows dizzy and dim:
And talk, talk, talk,
Till the cheerfulest face looks grim.
And it's oh! what a din they make,
In spite of the cries of "spoke!"
And in spite of the fact that each bottled-up Act,
Will be turned to a bottle of smoke.

Now, what is to be done to bring these garrulous M.P.s beneath the wholesome influence of the Eary Closing Movement, or, in language less circuitous, to make them "shut up" sooner than they have done of late? Everybody grumbles at the way in which the country's time is taken up, and nobody appears to know of any remedy to name for it. State physicians, if appealed to, blandly shrug their shoulders, and say they fear the case is past all curing. Hear, for instance, how the *Times* talks on the matter, and hints that a reform pill must in some shape be prescribed for it:—

"No greater service could be rendered to the efficient transaction of public affairs, and the maintenance of the high character of public men, than a scheme by which the House should be enabled to protect itself against its unruly members, and to find time for all its business by economising that which it devotes to the least important part. * * * * The man who shall invent any means by which Parliament can discharge efficiently the duties that it has undertaken, will be the author of a real Reform Bill, that will give a stability to our institutions which at this moment they do not possess, and avert the most formidable danger which can overtake an ancient constitution—that of being found unequal to cope with the circumstances of a society into the midst of which it has descended."

Thus appealed to, *Mr. Punch*, whose talents are devoted to the service of his country, has felt in duty bound to keep his brains upon the rack, until he could devise a scheme for silencing the gabblers, and removing the obstructives to the business of the nation. With this view he has nightly dosed himself with tea, and has supped off toasted cheese to keep himself awake, and unnaturally stimulate his powers of invention. The result is, he at length has hit upon a plan by which the workers in the House will be secured due peace and quiet, without shortening by one syllable the pratings of the talkers. *Mr. Punch* suggests, that henceforth the House should be divided, and that the talkers and the workers should be kept distinct and separate. As no Member is influenced by what he hears in Parliament, there can be but very small advantage in his hearing it. Votes, it is well known, are always cut and dried beforehand, and not one in a million is biassed by the speeches. Gabblers get upon their legs that they may use their tongues, merely, and never dream of getting workers to waste their time in hearing them. It is clear then, that for all the good they do in the House, the talkers might, in fact, be every whit as well kept out of it.

But *Mr. Punch*, who ever tempers justice with mercy, will not be so cruel as to hint that this is requisite. A Bill for the Removal of these National Nuisances would no doubt be vastly popular, and has much to recommend it. Nevertheless, *Mr. Punch* will not at present call for it, but will content himself with simply severing the House, and separating its productive from its unproductive Members. The former might still occupy the chamber they now sit in, being secured from any chance of interruption by the latter: to whom should be allotted a chamber by themselves, where they might gabble as they pleased without annoying anybody. Reporters might attend when they were specially engaged; and the luxury of seeing one's pet speeches put in print might thus be graciously provided for all who chose to pay for it.

By separating thus the really busy bees of Parliament from the idly buzzing drones by whom the business is impeded, the great hive of St. Stephens will be cleaned out quite sufficiently, and room be found to lay up goodly stores of useful Acts. When the drones can't interrupt them, the working bees, no doubt, will stick to work like wax; and will no more have their time wasted by swarms of gabbling good-for-nothings, whose only point of difference from the family of drones is, that now and then one finds that they are gifted with a sting.

FAST YOUNG LADIES.

Here's a stunning set of us,
Fast young ladies;
Here's a flashy set of us,
Fast young ladies;
Nowise shy or timorous,
Up to all that men discuss,
Never mind how scandalous,
Fast young ladies.

Wide-awakes our heads adorn,
Fast young ladies;
Feathers in our hats are worn,
Fast young ladies;
Skirts hitched up on spreading frame,
Petticoats as bright as flame,
Dandy high-heeled boots, proclaim
Fast young ladies.

Riding habits are the go,
Fast young ladies,
When we prance in Rotten Row,
Fast young ladies;
Where we're never at a loss
On the theme of "that 'ere 'oss,"
Which, as yet, we do not cross,
Fast young ladies.

There we scan, as bold as brass,
Fast young ladies,
Other parties as they pass,
Fast young ladies;
Parties whom our parents slow,
Tell us we ought not to know;
Shouldn't we, indeed? Why so,
Fast young ladies?

On the Turf we show our face,
Fast young ladies;
Know the odds of every race,
Fast young ladies;
Talk, as sharp as any knife,
Betting slang—we read *Bell's Life*:
That's the ticket for a wife,
Fast young ladies!

We are not to be hooked in,
Fast young ladies;
I require a chap with tin,
Fast young ladies.
Love is humbug; cash the chief
Article in my belief:
All poor matches come to grief,
Fast young ladies.

Not to marry is my plan,
Fast young ladies,
Any but a wealthy man,
Fast young ladies.
Bother that romance and stuff!
She who likes it is a muff;
We are better up to snuff,
Fast young ladies.

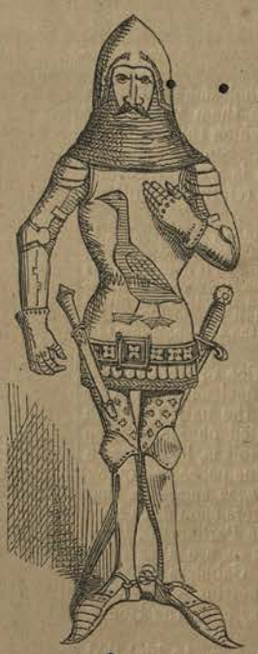
Give me but my quiet weed,
Fast young ladies,
Bitter ale and ample feed,
Fast young ladies;
Pay my bills, porte-monnaie stare,
Wardrobe stock—I ask no more,
Sentiment we vote a bore,
Fast young ladies.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THREE WORDS MORE ABOUT THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

FROM THE INITIAL LETTER TO THE GRANT OF THE DUCHY OF AQUITAINE.

COMING now to the military costume of this period, we would direct especial notice to the beautiful initial letter which our artist has selected to illuminate this chapter, as throwing a clear light upon the armour of the time. The letter we should note is quite correctly copied from one that any antiquary at a glance will recognise; but as some few of our readers may not be so well acquainted with it, we may append a word or two by way of explanation. Looking to the left, then, you will perceive his Gracious Majesty KING EDWARD THE THIRD a-sitting in his easy chair (please observe the cushion on it) and a-holding in his left hand either a sceptre or a sword or else a kitchen poker, it is really rather puzzling to decide precisely which. With his dexter hand the monarch is handing what might possibly be thought to be a newspaper, but which really is the grant of the Duchy of Aquitaine. The figure to the right is EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE, who is a-kneeling on his helmet to receive the Royal gift. Some conjecture that the reason why he chooses that position is simply that his leg armour was made a little tight, and if he had knelt upon the ground he could not have got up again. The spectator will remark the pourpoint over the thigh-pieces, a prevalent way of wearing it in this and the next reign. It likewise should be noticed, that the Prince is not so Black as history has painted him, but for which there seems to have been no colourable excuse. As shown in this initial, his complexion is as white as a Serenading Ethiop's who has had his face washed.*



FROM THE EFFIGY OF WILLIAM OF WIMBLEDON. DATE 1360.

Plate armour came much more into use during this reign, the body indeed being almost wholly covered by it. The chief cause of its adoption was, that it was very much lighter than chain-mail, which, with its appendages, was found so hot and heavy that the knights were sometimes suffocated, or sank beneath its weight. A light steel back- and breast-plate proved fully as protective as the hauberk and the plastron, and the plate was not so liable to be pushed into a wound as were the links of the chain-mail when broken by a lance-poke. This improvement in our armour was, it seems, of foreign origin. By the Florentine annals the year 1315 is given as the date of a new Horse-guards regulation, whereby every mounted soldier was ordered to have his helmet and his breastplate, his cuisses, jambes, and gauntlets, all of iron plate: and as the Italians were famous for the way in which they kept their irons in the fire, we found it worth our while to steal a leaf out of their books.

There may be doubts if many readers will remember such queer names, but mention should be made that brassarts and demibrassarts, and vant-braces or vambraces were separate bits of armour worn upon the arms; cuissarts or cuisses were used to shield the thigh, and boots of steel called greaves or jambes were worn upon the leg between the ancle and the knee. We have no doubt that the jambes were found to act well as preserves, but we think at times the shin must have been sadly jammed in them. A similar objection too, we think, must have applied to the manner of affording protection to the feet; for we learn that they were cased in what were known as "sollerets" of overlapping plates, which people who had corns found most corn-foundedly unpleasant. Similar plates were worn upon the backs of the leathern gauntlets, which upwards from the wrists were mostly made of steel. Knobs or spikes, called gadlings, being fastened on the knuckles, the gauntlets were occasionally used as knuckle-dusters, if "jacket-dusters" would not be a more appropriate term. Thus in a trial by combat between one JOHN DE VISCONTI and SIR THOMAS DE LA MARCHE, fought at Westminster before KING EDWARD in close lists, SIR THOMAS gained the day by dashing in his gadlings on the mug of his antagonist, who went to grass minus three ivories, and with his dexter peeper closed.*

GAUNTLET OF SIR THOMAS DE LA MARCHE. PADDINGTONIAN MUSEUM.

Over the body-armour a garment called a jupon was much worn during this period, being lighter and less cumbrous than the cyclas or the surcoat, which had been in use with the wearers of chain-mail. The jupon was girt loosely with the gorgeous belt of knighthood, and was usually emblazoned with the arms of him who wore it, or else was embroidered with griffins or green geese, or any other tasty and fanciful device.

People well up in their history, as (of course) are all our readers, need not be told that there was plenty of fighting in this reign. Else might we remind them of how KING EDWARD, making war with PHILIP THE TALL, of France, landed with his army on the coast of Flanders, after gaining a naval battle in which the enemy lost upwards of two hundred and thirty ships and thirty thousand men; and how, marching thence towards Paris,† he took the towns and villages which lay upon his route, and, as one old writer tells us, "at Caen in especiall he didde give ye Frenchmen peppere." The names of Poictiers, too, and Cressy must alike be fresh in the remembrance of our readers; who will doubtless recollect that it was at the latter battle that cannon were first used, although they by no means as yet supplanted bows and arrows. The first cannon indeed would now be thought mere popguns,

ARTILLERYMAN. TEMP. EDWARD THE THIRD. FROM A VERY CURIOUS ILLUMINATION IN THE "ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE" OF THOSE DAYS.

and, as arms, would be considered very weak compared with Armstrong's. We fancy, too, that what with their recoil and the chances of their bursting, they often did more damage to their own side than the enemy; while their range no doubt fell short of that attained by the long-bowmen, who, unless they drew the long bow in more senses than one, are believed to have killed their men at above four hundred yards with it. Our victory at Cressy was won mainly by the bow, our marksmen showing themselves markedly superior to the foreigners, who had the disadvantage too of shooting with wet weapons,

* That the Prince was called "the Black" from the colour of his armour is a notion which SIR SAMUEL MEYRICK has exploded: and it appears that the nickname was in truth a *nom de guerre*, being derived from the black looks with which he faced the foes whom he had put in his black books.

* We may note here, that the gauntlets of EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE were made of brass or laton, and the gadlings were fashioned in the shape of lions or leopards, the reader, if he pleases, may himself determine which. He will find the gauntlets hanging above the Prince's tomb in Canterbury Cathedral, together with his surcoat, shield, and tilting helmet, all of which are visible without increase of price; and we think the Dean and Chapter may very fairly calculate that after this announcement there will set in quite a rush of Canterbury pilgrims to see the interesting relics which are there on view.

† "What man has done," &c. We won't pursue the proverb; but should any future steps be taken in that direction, it will be seen by this that they are not without a precedent.

which materially damped the ardour of their fire. This we learn from various more or less authentic sources, and among them we may cite one of those curious old ballads which we believe that we have been the first to put in print. Herein it is stated that—

"Their bows hadde been washed, just washed in a showere,
And ye strings were so wetted and fraped,
That ye archers, who were of our foemen ye flowere,
Full soone were our prisoners made." *

It may be noticed here, that there has been much argument expended as to whether it was at the Battle of Cressy (which, from the rain that fell, has been by some folks called the Battle of Water-Cressy) that the BLACK PRINCE first adopted the sign of the Three Feathers, which has ever since continued the Prince of Wales his crest. CAMDEN states in his *Remains* (which Cox of Finsbury believes were written in Camden Town)—

"The victorious BLACK PRINCE used sometimes one feather, sometimes three, in token as some saye of his speedye execution in all his services, as ye posts in the Roman times were called *pterophori*, and wore feathers to signifie their flying post haste. But ye truth is ye he wonne them at ye battle of Cressy, from JOHN, King of Bohemia, whome he there slewe."

What authority he had for calling this "the truth," the learned CAMDEN carefully neglects to let us know; and as contemporary historians make no mention of the matter, we cannot pin our faith on MR. CAMDEN'S tale. The crest of JOHN OF BOHEMIA, as shown upon his seal, was the pinion of an ostrich; and whether the Prince plucked his feathers from JOHN'S wing is a matter of a pinion which we cannot well decide.† For his bravery at Cressy, the Prince received no end of praise from his father, who may have said his exploits were a feather in his cap: and the Prince may then have stuck three feathers in his cap to show how much he plumed himself on having pleased his parent. A single feather, we are told, was very often worn by civil people at this period, but whether the Prince led the mode or merely followed it, is a question upon which our means of knowledge are but node-rate.

* The English, with more forethought, had taken the precaution not to take their bows out of their cases until they were wanted, it being then an excellent war maxim to "keep your bowstrings dry."

† "STRAUSS," the German word for "ostrich," was used in ancient times to signify a combat, although it is now obsolete in that old-fashioned sense; and this may have been a reason for the pinion of the bird being adopted by the KING OF BOHEMIA as a crest. Another reason possibly was that the ostrich, being blest with an extraordinary digestion, was used to typify a soldier's appetite for steel, which he was continually at the risk of having to bite. In one of the old descriptions of the battle of Poictiers, we find the HOMER of the period saying "Many a hero, like the ostrich, had to digest both iron and steel"—without feeling much the better, we should say, for the steel mixture.

"IT BODES HIM GOOD."

"The shameful wrong which has so many years been done to an English gentleman, the BARON DE BODE, is again to be brought before Parliament, and must eventually be redressed."—*Daily Paper.*

WITH just indignation one's fit to explode;
When one reads of the case of the BARON DE BODE,
To whom this dishonest old country has owed
For years as much tin as you'd find in a lode.
His claim is undoubted, as oft hath been showed,
And proved by each treaty, each law, and each code;
Yet the twaddling Obstructive and Barnacle toad
Resists him in every conceivable mode,
And Circumlocution has jeeringly crowed
At every fresh obstacle thrown in his road.
Such treatment might almost to lunacy goad,
But that patience and courage the Baron has stowed
In his vessel, which one day will surely be towed
Into port, with a cargo of bullion to load,
While his foes look as blue as if painted with woad.
The seeds of success have been carefully sowed,
And one of these days shall the harvest be mowed.
Meantime *Mr. Punch* has indited this Ode
And bids the official Obstructives be blowed,
And pay up the claims of brave BARON DE BODE.

Equipoise for Ever.

SPAIN wants to be admitted among the Great Powers, does she? And France and Austria are willing to receive her? Very good; no objection to six of Papist if that is to be balanced by half-a-dozen of Protestant. The Swedish Turnip is as big as the Spanish Onion.

SUPERNATURAL PHILOSOPHERS.

THE Spiritualists pretend that their alleged miracles can be demonstrated. They confound demonstration with demonology.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

(Tuesday, August 7th.)

THERE'S an ancient periodical, in blue and yellow bound,
That appears on old Whig tables as quarter-day comes round,
And many a good old-fashioned Whig would make a sad ado,
Were a quarter-day to pass without his *Edinburgh Review!*

But not in old Whig uniform of blue and yellow pied
Was clad that Edinburgh Review which now wakes *Punch's* pride:
And not in issue quarterly, four numbers by the year,
Came out the Edinburgh Review which *Punch* would welcome here.

But in sober greys and russets, and in plaids of sombre sheen,
The latest Edinburgh Review was welcomed by our QUEEN:
And more than twenty thousand were the numbers it poured forth,
Where, Lion-like, grim Arthur's Seat looks down upon the Forth.

From the storm-swept head of Dunnet, to Solway's level sands—
From the sea-firths of Argyleshire to where Arbroath castle stands—
From Lowland heugh, and Highland strath, from mountain, moor, and fell,
Trooped forth those sturdy thousands—the loyal throng to swell.

The clansman with his claymore, his kilt and belted plaid,
The Lowlander in hodden grey, or darkling green arrayed;
The crofter from the loch-side, the gillie from the hill,
The farmer from the furrow, and the weaver from the mill.

Came gentle and came simple, came wealthy and came poor,
All moved by one intent, all bound by one tie, strong and sure;
By leal love of the Lady in whose soft sway we stand,
And love more leal, it such may be, for this their native land.

There have been times when North and South stood foot to foot for fray,
But no blood-feud has summoned the gathering of to-day;
The sons of merry England with Scotland's sons are here,
Shoulder to shoulder marching—true step and tuneful cheer.

St. Andrew's Cross from Arthur's Seat salutes with stately show
St. George's banner waving on Holyrood below;
Two hundred thousand faces on the hill-sides hide the green,
Two hundred thousand voices ring out "God save the QUEEN!"

And before the Royal Standard and the Royal presence, lo!
Where twenty thousand Volunteers in martial order go;
With rifles trailed, and swinging stride, and port erect and free—
If such are Britain's citizens, what should her soldiers be?

An hour has gone, and still pours on that armed and ordered tide,
And well the Queenly face may flush and pale with sudden pride,
For such a body-guard as this had never Queen I trow—
From the days that MALCOLM wore his torc of twisted gold, till now!

And never sent a country such a band of stalwart sons
To guard their hearths and household gods, their wives and little ones—
And never had defenders such an awful trust to hold,
As that which lies on us and them—these peaceful soldiers bold.

The South had spoken out before—and now outspeaks the North,
In this many-thousand muster upon the shores of Forth:
May it be long ere Scotland forgets the bold and true,
That came out this Seventh of August in her Edinburgh Review!

A Vicarious Crack.

THE new Report of the Lunacy Commission states, that out of every 600 persons, one is cracked. Now the House of Commons consists of 654 persons, and therefore must contain one person, and also the twelfth part of one, incapable of managing affairs. A Committee ought to be moved for, in order to ascertain who these parties are. Or, shall we accept the largest compound of the two things that make a senator, namely, Tin and Brass, as the representative of the House, and regard the crack in Big Ben as the case of Parliamentary Lunacy.

THE HOUSE OF CHATTERBOXES.

THE Long Parliament made a name for itself in history, and the present House of Commons bids fair to earn a somewhat similar name. It will probably be denominated the Long-Winded Parliament.

GREAT CASE OF TABLE-TURNING.—The PRINCE OF PRUSSIA turning the tables on LOUIS NAPOLEON at the Baden interview.

SARCASTIC CONDUCTOR. "*Now, Sir; 'Ere y' are. Room for yer all inside!*"

A PRINCE OF A YOUNG FELLOW.

"OH, MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, "*Verbena Villa, Friday.*

"I AM *so* delighted. That dear *darling* PRINCE OF WALES! Isn't he a *duck?* Only hear now how delightfully his charming Royal Highness is getting on in Canada. This is what the *New York Herald* tells us of the Ball which was given at the Colonial House, in the parish of St. John's,* to him:—

"The Prince arrived at about ten o'clock, and was greeted with loud, enthusiastic, and prolonged cheers—the bands playing '*God save the Queen.*' The Prince was dressed in the full uniform of a British colonel. He was accompanied by the EARL OF ST. GERMANS, who was dressed in blue, with a badge, and the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, who wore his full uniform. The Prince danced six times during the evening, and remained with the company until half-past two o'clock this morning. The dancing, on the whole, among the company was not very good. The Prince very affably and good-naturedly corrected some of the blundering dancers, and every now and then called out the different figures of the dance. He is himself a very graceful and accomplished dancer, as he fully proved in the way he whirled through waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles. While he danced he was repeatedly cheered, and he very properly took a new partner whenever he stood up to dance. The people everywhere are greatly delighted. The unpretending and genial disposition of the young Prince has gained him the affection of many true and worthy hearts."

"There! isn't that *delicious!* Only think now of our PRINCE OF WALES having to turn *dancing-master!* Oh, how I should have *loved* to have been 'whirled through a waltz' with him! I'm sure His Highness wouldn't have found *me* a 'blundering dancer.' Poor fellow! I dare say that he was *sadly vexed* to find that the Canadians were so clumsy in a ball-room. Really, I've *no patience* with such ungainly creatures. My heart *bleeds* to think how terribly they trod upon his toes, and wobbled in their waltzing. Clearly something should be done to prevent such *stupid things* from troubling our Princes. Oh, if I'd been there! Wouldn't I have put their noses out of joint just! I should *so* like to show them how an *English* girl can dance, particularly when she gets a *Prince* to be her partner!

"I don't quite understand though what the paper means by saying that whenever the Prince danced he 'very properly took a new partner.' I confess I can't see what there is so '*very proper*' in this. I know myself I like to keep more to *one* partner, than to have to dance about with nobody knows whom, so that one never has the chance of a bit of a *flirtation*, and still less of arriving at the *interesting moment* when one *may* hear something *serious*. I'm sure that my Mamma knows much better than a *newspaper* what is 'very proper' for one; and I know that when the other night I danced *six times* with young LORD CRŒSUS, Ma whispered me *en passant* to try and dance a *seventh*, and told me when I had done so, that it was '*very proper!*'

"But variety, you know, isn't *always* charming, is it? at any rate, in Canada it doesn't seem to be so. At least, although the paper says that the Prince has 'gained the affection of many true and worthy hearts,' I don't much think His Highness has *lost his own* at present. And I hope he'll bring it back with him as whole as it was, doubtless, when he took it out; though for that matter, perhaps, if it really *is* the law that he musn't form a marriage with a nice good *English* girl, I don't know, but I'd like him to bring home a born Yankee rather than be forced for some ridiculous *State* reasons, to give his Royal hand to one of those *Small Germans*, who are doubtless looking out for it.

"I am, dear *Mr. Punch*, yours, and Oh! the Prince's, if he might but have me!

"With the fondest love and *reverence*,

"GEORGIANA GUSHINGTON."

* St. John's is not a parish, and is not in Canada. But never mind, Miss. Loyalty ranks higher than Geography.—*Punch.*

Hume's Historical Antecedents.

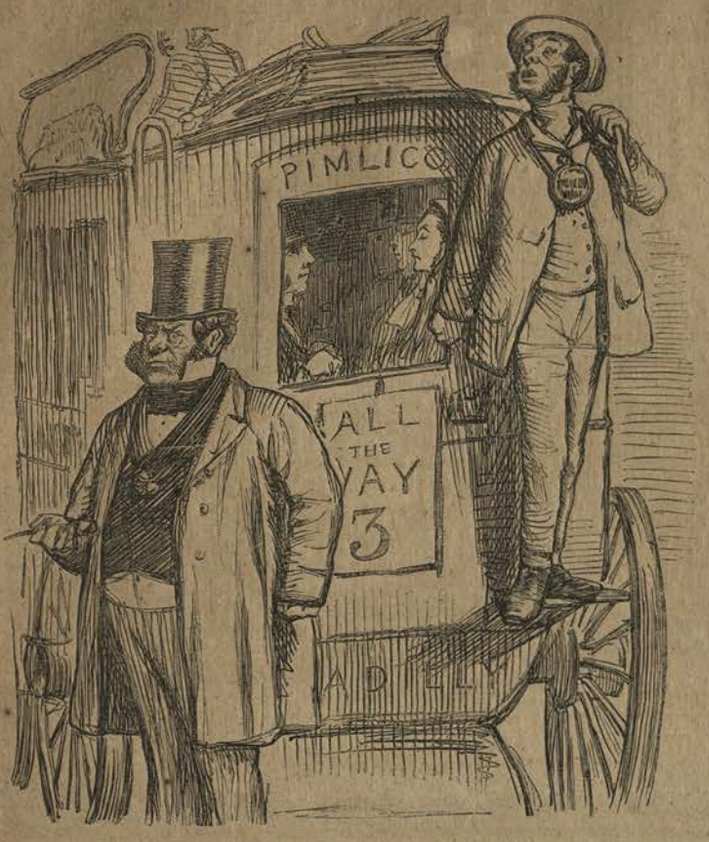
WE are authorised to state, that HUME the spirit-rapper is no connection of HUME, the historian of England. The mistake probably originated in the miracle-mongering gentleman's connection with RA[P]PIN. His real name is HOME, and certain fashionable ladies are constantly "at Home" for a little flying, or table-romping, or spirit-handing, or any other similar explosion of the anything but high spirits of the season.

"THE DENOMINATIONAL REASON WHY."

WHAT is the POPE'S warrant for demanding Peter's Pence?

His Holiness claims to have derived a power of attorney from St. Peter.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, August 18, 1860.



IRASCIBLE OLD GENTLEMAN. "*Don't answer me, Sir! I repeat the Omnibus is in a disgustingly filthy statesir—the cushions are damp—abominably damp—I shall, shall, shall make it my business to complain to the Company—I'll I'll—write to the Ti——*"

DRIVER (impatiently). "*Now, Bill, what's the matter, who 'a you got there?*"

CONDUCTOR. "*Oh, only the Hemperor o' Roosher!—All right!*"

THE SONG OF SUPPLY.

(BY A ST. STEPHEN'S OVERLOOKER.)

DASH through the paper, boys; knock off Supply—
August is waning, September is nigh!
Six months of Session you wasted in talk,
You'd a Budget to bait, a Reform Bill to baulk—
But now the arrears of the work must be done,
By cribbing from slumber and cribbing from sun;
So all hands to the crank, boys,
And turn it in rank, boys,
All hands to the crank, boys, and round by the run!

Some sages maintain work and play both go quicker
For mixing, as topers mix lymph and strong liquor;
But you, gallant spirits, have voted it shorter,
First to drink all the spirits, and then all the water.
Let us see, now talk's alcohol's spent, you won't shirk
—Howe'er nauseous such tipple—the water of work—
Then all hands to the crank, boys,
And turn it in rank, boys,
And cough down all who prate, though 'twere CHATHAM or BURKE.

What if they are millions with which you've to deal:
'Tis you make the national shoe—sole and heel.
What odds if you stretch or screw in, ell or inch?
'Tis JOHN BULL has to wear it, and he'll feel the pinch.
He in law and finance trusts his cobbling to you,
So stick to your last, till Supply's rattled through—
Then all hands to the crank, boys,
And turn it in rank, boys,
Supplies we must have if we sit till all's blue!

This is no time for haggling, and shaping, and squaring;
A fig for each saved candle-end and cheeseparing!
Into items we'd rather you didn't look close,
Just give us the sums that we want, in the gross.
With your priv'lege of *voting* the cash be content,
And don't bother your heads about how it is *spent*—
So all hands to the crank, boys,
And turn it in rank, boys,
We must have Supplies, if we keep you till Lent.

NEW EDITION OF "EVELYN'S *Sylver*."—A fine of £500 in gold. Publisher, COCKBURN (not BENTLEY).

A PRINCE IN A YANKEE PRINT.

AN American journal has cut out our *Court Circular*. The special reporter of the *New York Herald*, appointed to watch and record the progress of the PRINCE OF WALES, relates, with wonderful minuteness the performance, by his Royal Highness, of actions of which the importance is immense. For instance:—

"At the Newfoundland ball he danced eleven of the thirteen dances; but last night he was the hero of seven quadrilles, four waltzes, four gallops, and three polkas."

Put that grand fact down, CLIO. Note this also, Muse of History:—

"This morning he was out in plain dress, walking with his suite."

Book also the following memorable relations:—

"At eleven he appeared in uniform, and held a levee at the Government House, which was attended by 300 persons. At half-past twelve he stood, hat in hand, with his suite, and was photographed in the private grounds of Government House. At half-past two the Prince drove in an open carriage with LORD and LADY MULGRAVE, the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, and LORD ST GERMANS, to the dockyard, and embarked amid the thunders of a Royal salute from the batteries and ships, and the cheers of a vast multitude, for the Nile, to lunch with the admiral, and witness the regatta."

Of all the details in the foregoing narrative the most striking, perhaps, is the specification of the solemn circumstance, that the PRINCE OF WALES stood, hat in hand, with his suite, and was photographed in the private grounds of Government House at half-past twelve. It is much to be regretted that the republican chronicler of the princely movements was not, also, photographed at the same time. Standing, watch in hand for his part, to time every change and transition of occupation or attitude on the part of his Royal Highness, he must himself have presented a picture of considerable grandeur and dignity. Ah! if all historians had only paid equal regard to exactness in taking notes of the acts and deeds of illustrious personages, there would be much less controversy than there unhappily is about many vital points in history, sacred and profane. But now for an ascent to particulars, even exceeding in consequence the most tremendous things contained in the preceding narrative:—

"He afterwards went on board the *Hero*, and substituted for his uniform a pair of drab trousers, a dark-blue buttoned walking coat, with an outside breast pocket for the handkerchief, an ordinary black hat, and walking-stick."

Here is a specimen of glorious word-painting indeed! For to what nobler purpose could words be applied than that of expressing the colours of the clothes of a Prince, and informing a breathlessly attentive world that his trousers were drab, that his walking-coat was blue, and his hat black? The further information that our Prince's walking coat was buttoned, and that it had on the outside of it a breast-pocket for the handkerchief, will be perused with eager interest wherever the English language is spoken, and will excite the enthusiasm of generations yet unborn, especially when it is recollected that this attire was substituted for a uniform on board the *Hero*; because if that is not an heroic act, what is? We can only lament that the foregoing impressive inventory of his Royal Highness's costume contains no account of his cravat, and not any mention of his boots; so that we do not know whether the former was white, black, or coloured, and as to the latter, although we may safely conjecture that they were of patent leather, we are not enabled even to guess whether they were Wellingtons or anklejacks with elastic side-springs. The reporter of the *New York Herald* forgets also to tell us what gloves were worn by the PRINCE OF WALES, and if he wore two or only one; a question naturally suggested by the consideration that he carried a walking-stick, in which case he may have worn his left glove only, and held the right in his left hand, or *vice versâ*, or have had both hands gloved and his stick in either one of them.

Those who are not magnanimous enough to care about the boots or clothes in which the PRINCE OF WALES is astonishing the American mind, may yet rejoice to know that the wearer of those habiliments is comporting himself in such a manner as to increase the great popularity which he necessarily inherits.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

UGUST 13. *Monday.* THE FESTIVAL OF ST. GROUSE! and here were Lords and Commons blazing away in Parliament instead of on the Moors! As a warning to posterity, *Mr. Punch* would give due prominence to this disgraceful fact, and he therefore has employed it as the base of his Big Cut. Having gabbled away their time in the beginning of the Session, Members now are kept in town to do the work they have neglected; like a lot of lazy schoolboys, who, having larked in school-time, are stopped from going out. Many a sportsman, surely, as he snoozes in the smoking-room, or snores on the back benches, must be haunted by the ghosts of the Keepers who are waiting for him, and must mistake the grumblings and the groanings over the Estimates for the yelpings and the growlings of his impatient dogs. The result of the day's sport may be told in no great space. A large covey of Bills was put up by their Lordships, some of which were done for (being Royally Assented to), while others, not so forward, were "advanced a stage," with the intent of being bagged the next time they were flushed. The EARL OF HARRINGTON got some sport out of the Ireland Refreshment Houses, by saying that the Bishops who opposed the Gin Bill were "Spiritual" Lords; and that the cheap wines which MR. GLADSTONE patronised were made from "grapestalks mixed with water and trodden with dirty feet." These statements both elicited the laughter of their Lordships; as did likewise the confession that the Earl had "in his earl-ier days indulged in no illiberal potations of wine, but he had never yet discovered that they had a sobering quality." Let the reader recollect this remarkable assertion!

The day's sport in the Commons was begun by SIR CHARLES WOOD, who fired away for some few hours upon the Indian Finances. All this verbal ammunition may be shot off in one volley: India wants Three Millions; will England let her borrow them? The interest taken in our finding capital for India was strikingly evinced by the aspect of our Parliament. When SIR CHARLES WOOD opened fire there was No House to attend to him, there being less than forty of our Statesmen who were present; and the Debate, which ended in the question being assented to, was conducted for the most part before less than thirty listeners.

Having thus resolved to fortify the Indian Finances, the thirty (or forty) turned their tongues upon the English Fortifications, and made their minds up, that if forts were ordered we must pay for them; and, therefore, that the Bill for Provision of Expenses could not well be smashed. In the discussion which took place, the Monster (MR. SIDNEY HERBERT) made a good defence for Government for the plans whereby it meant to make a better defence for Portsmouth; adding, in *Mr. Punch's* private ear, with liberty to print the joke, that with regard to placing forts about our ports, "*fort-iter occupa portum*" was the rule to be observed. Instead of going to bed by ten, as they doubtless would have done had they been out upon the Moors, the House sat up till half-past two; but nothing further worthy of recording passed, with the exception of the Bill imposing New Duties on Spirits, which MR. HOME and other Mediums would do well to peruse.

Tuesday. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, who has some knowledge of the Turks, wished to know if Government had sent a ship of war to Smyrna for the protection of the Christians; whereto Government replied, through the medium of LORD WODEHOUSE, that no ship had been sent to Smyrna quite direct, but that a strong squadron had orders to cruise along the Syrian coast, and if any row occurred they would assuredly be down upon it. The chances were though, that their presence would prevent such contingency; for no cur of a Druse would ever dare to show his teeth while he was in reach of the bite of British "bulldogs." On the Gas Bill being considered there was a bit of a flare-up, several noble lords opining that the measure was a bad one, and LORD LLANOVER explaining that it would have been much better had not the companies put such a pressure on the Commons.

Among the latter MR. JAMES produced a slight sensation by asking MR. COWPER, First Commissioner of Works, if he had delivered a discourse last Sunday in Hyde Park, and had harangued the British people on the subject of "Cowper's Folly," called otherwise his "Ride." In reply, MR. COWPER confessed that he *had* done a little Sunday spouting, for the Ride was such a hobby of his, that he couldn't well help mounting it whenever he had a chance. But he declared that what he said was quite on his own hook, and did not in any manner compromise the Government. *Mr. Punch*, however, cannot quite agree in this opinion, for he doubts if it comports with the dignity of senators to get upon their legs among *al fresco* meetings, and let off fireworks about themselves to amuse a London mob. *Mr. Punch* has little wish to see his friend LORD PALMERSTON step down from the Forum which he so long has graced, to address a MR. BUGGINS on the subject of the Income-Tax, or harangue a MR. HUGGINS on the policy of Turkey or the posture of the POPE.

Having talked for a few minutes about Corporal Punishment (which MR. ADFIELD and the Wiscount thought was very much too frequently adopted in our gaols, and *Mr. Punch*, it is unnecessary to state, thinks the reverse), the House inflicted a small dose of it upon itself, by sitting on the Estimates until after two o'clock. During the discussion SIR JOHN PAKINGTON endeavoured to get Members to Resolve that ragged schools should be more aided by the Government; but Members (who had mostly good coats on their backs) did not seem to see the need of giving more help to the ragged, and so the motion, on division, was lost by 41 to 25. *Mr Punch* mentions the numbers to show how many there are in Parliament who really care about the Education of the People, this being the evening when the grant for National Schools was (through the people's representatives) nationally discussed.

Wednesday. The Commons in Committee were engaged in considering the Civil Service Estimates, which, strange as it may seem, did not include an estimate of the services of *Mr. Punch.* The discussion, like the Estimates, was somewhat miscellaneous, embracing several subjects quite foreign to the matter; such, for instance, as the recent squabble down at Guildford, between MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN and MR. SHERIFF EVELYN, about which *Mr. Punch* may have something else to say. It should be noted, too, that though the Commons rose at Six o'clock, the Wiscount had been on his legs no less than twice six times. But when was WILLIAMS ever known to forget his country's interests? May the bump of his Economy never grow one atom less!

Thursday. The Lords had a rattling *battue* of little Bills; after which, the EARL OF HARRINGTON made a sadly silly speech, attempting to pit himself against SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN in determining what evidence a Court of Justice should receive. The case was one which *Mr. Punch* has recently adverted to, of a medical man at Lewes, who was cruelly accused of murdering his mother; an accusation which (except in the eyesight of LORD HARRINGTON) there was not a scrap or shred of evidence to prove. With proper sternness was his Lordship rebuked by the LORD CHANCELLOR, who said his Lordship's motion was "utterly uncalled for," and that he ought to have known better than to cast doubts on a trial which "had been fairly conducted in the face of the country."

The other House was occupied in shovelling out Supplies; whereanent there was some talk about the British Museum, which MR. AYRTON said (to use an American expression) was sartinly a-gitten sorter bust up by the Bilers. The latter (known less commonly as the Kensington Museum) were open in the evening, and therefore could be visited, whereas the show in Bloomsbury was only visible by daylight, when working-men had little opportunity to profit by it. A question being raised as to whether Government knew that recruits were being enlisted here to serve under GARIBALDI, LORD PALMERSTON said that Government had no knowledge of the fact, but when they had he felt quite sure that they would "do their duty." As their duty seems to be to put the Foreign Enlistment Act in operation, Volunteers who talk of going to have a crack at BOMBA had better just read over the provisions of that Act. A resolution granting a sum of near three hundred thousand pounds for education of the Irish was the signal, not unnaturally, for a regular Irish row, more especially as MR. CARDWELL, the mover for the vote, showed most clearly that the money would be profitably spent. The vote being agreed to, after much verbal shillelaghing, the House adjourned at soon after half-past three A.M.

Friday. The Lords talked for two hours, but did not say two words which *Mr. Punch* deems worth reporting.

Although up late the night before, the Commons met at noon, when MR. GLADSTONE said he wanted a couple of millions raised by Exchequer Bonds or Bills (he didn't much care which), and having explained that but for the wet weather he would only have wanted one, the House consulted its barometer, and agreed to his request. Shovelling out Supplies was then the order of the day, and in the evening this agreeable occupation was resumed. Time was, however, found for talk on some few dozen other topics on the *tapis*, and among them LORD

FERMOY called attention to the fact that a black blackguard named BADAHUNG, who is at present king of Dahomey, is going to butcher in cold blood a couple of thousand prisoners, as a "grand custom" in honour of the death of the late king. In regard to this, LORD PALMERSTON said, that endeavours had been made to "persuade" the Royal miscreant to give up these little luxuries: his Lordship adding, that while the Slave Trade lasted there was little good in preaching to black blackguards about Cruelty: and so long as there were white blackguards who spent money in the Slave Trade, we could not well expect black blackguards to abandon it.

Saturday. At Two o'clock, A.M., the Parliamentary proceedings were closed by *Mr. Punch*, who walked home arm-in-arm with the juvenescent PREMIER; and having lately been engaged in brushing up his Scottish (no, don't say "Scotch," please, Wiscount!) with the view of holding converse with the keepers on his moor, gave vent to his disgust at the dulness of the Session in the following sad strain:—

There is nae spoort about the House,
There is nae spoort at a';
I wad I were amang the grouse,
Five hoonder' miles awa!

THE REV. ROBIN REDBREAST.

THE Redbreast has acquired a good name which he little deserves. In point of fact he is a fierce and pugnacious little wretch, apt to kill the other small birds in an aviary, and peck their eyes out. His intrusive impudence, however, passes for affection towards mankind, and his requiem-like song has gained for him a peculiar character for tenderness and compassion; insomuch that the old ballad-maker is generally felt to have conceived a natural idea in relating of the "*Children in the Wood*," the pathetic circumstance that—

"Robin Redbreast painfully
Did cover them with leaves."

The truth is, that Robin Redbreast would never dream of doing aught approaching to sexton's work, except in order, on his own personal account, to pick up worms. However, he has a reputation for the piety which performs the last offices to humanity—has, as aforesaid, acquired a good name; a name for performing the charity of sepulture: and that good name may therefore be fitly transferred to the REV. STEPHEN ROSSE HUGHES, of Llanallgo, near Moelfre, Anglesey, and also to his brother the REV. HUGH ROBERT HUGHES, of Penrhoslligwy, who, between them, interred about 230 bodies of persons lost in the *Royal Charter*. This herculean as well as Christian feat they accomplished with the least possible assistance. A horse, a cart, a sheet, and three or four men, formed all the appliances whereby the former of the above-named truly reverend gentlemen managed to unite the duties of the clergyman with those of the undertaker. At Llanallgo there lay at one time the corpses of 40 men and women requiring to be identified, and awaiting burial. They were both identified and buried by the REV. STEPHEN HUGHES, whose house in the meanwhile was crowded with their inquiring and distracted relatives. He buried 145 bodies; had to exhume several for inspection by friends; kept a pitch fire burning to disinfect the atmosphere, and a white surplice hanging at hand on his door; and had to write 1,070 letters. His reverend brother's labours may be pretty nearly expressed by the word ditto. Their arduous, melancholy, and unpleasant but generous exertions have cost them dear.

The foregoing facts having been considered, a subscription has been started, with a view to present the Rev. Robin Redbreast, *alias* the REV. S. R. HUGHES, and his brother, the REV. H. R. HUGHES, with a purse. Surely the fuller that purse can be filled, the better, that it may rather more than reimburse them for their actual expenses; and all those gentlemen and ladies who are of that opinion are at liberty to express it by remitting a sum of money to PRESCOTT, GROTE & Co., Threadneedle Street; the Commercial Bank, Henrietta Street: or the gentleman named in the *Times* advertisement whence the above particulars are derived.

The erection of a monolith at Moelfre to the memory of those who were drowned, is also proposed; and anybody can contribute to that object also, who considers that a gravestone is an advantage to the dead, a solace to the living, or an object of interest to posterity.

Carrying Coals to Newcastle.

A PARAGRAPH has lately been "going the round of the Press," informing us that PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE has recently visited Norfolk, for the purpose of taking rubbings of some of the "brasses" in that county. Has PRINCE LUCIEN exhausted his own family resources in this respect? One would suppose that the EMPEROR and PLONPLON would have furnished him with brass enough to satisfy the most inordinate appetite for portrait-rubbings in that material.

SPIRIT CONJURING.

THERE are some people in the world who daringly declare, however vulgarly unfashionable they make themselves by doing so, that the so-called "manifestations" of MR. HOME and other Spirit-rappers are manifestly merely the machinations of a conjurer. The trick of spiritual elevation, or rising in the air, they say is done in a like way as the aërial suspension by ROBERT HOUDIN of his son; while the show of spirit-hands, which is effected in the dark, they protest may be achieved by just a bit of wax or wood, displayed by the mere aid of lazy-tongs and phosphorus. In fact, they look upon a "Medium" as merely an accomplice, and say that spirits may be raised by the wonder-working magic of the Wizard of the North, or the almost supernatural *diablerie* of DOBLER.

Now, disposed as *Punch* may be to coincide in their opinion, *Punch* cannot quite allow that he thinks it is a fair one; in so far at least as it tends to make comparison between a rapper and a conjurer. The spirit tricksters always do their chief tricks in the dark, and only in the presence of persons who believe in them. Sceptics like *Mr. Punch* are carefully excluded, or if admitted, obtain entrance upon such conditions only as preclude their fairly testing the trickeries they witness. In fact, knowing well what clumsy machinery they work with, the rappers live in constant dread of its detection, and by working in the dark they take precautions not to let the faintest ray of light upon it. They confess themselves thereby far inferior to the Wizards of the North, South, East, or West, and in no sense are they worthy to be named in the same breath with a HOUDIN or a DOBLER, or a WILJALBA FRIKELL. No: MR. HOME may call himself a Rapper if he likes; but, whatever else he be, he clearly is No Conjurer.

Unspeakable Atrocity.

THOSE horrid snobs who deprecate the nice new horse-ride which MR. COWPER has provided for the Superior Classes in Kensington Gardens—wretches who are unable to pronounce the letter *h* in its right place—have actually the bad taste and vulgarity to denominate that fashionable hippodrome an 'ossification of the lungs of London!

WORTH A RAP AND SOMETHING MORE.

IT is evident, by what we hear of the gains of the Spirit-rapping business, that its professors must obtain a considerable command over one *medium* at least—and that is the circulating *medium*.

A SPIRIT DRAWING. BY OUR OWN MEDIUM.

MRS. GROUSE AND MRS. PARTRIDGE.

(An Autumn Eclogue.)

MRS. GROUSE.
Good morning, MRS. PARTRIDGE, I hope that MR. P.
Is well, and all the little ones?

MRS. PARTRIDGE.
Quite, thank you, MRS. G.
And how are all *your* family, and connections, in the heather?

MRS. GROUSE.
Why—what *can* one expect, with this miserable weather?
I've lost six of my last thirteen, and poor G.'s cough's quite hacking.

MRS. PARTRIDGE.
You should try a change of air.

MRS. GROUSE.
Yes. We're thinking about packing.
But you know with a sick husband, and small family besides—

MRS. PARTRIDGE (*sympathisingly*).
Ah! Indeed I do, my dear. When you and I were brides,
We thought little of the troubles and the worrits and vexations,
As thick as crows at sowing-time in married life's probations;
But really what with egg-stealers, and gamekeepers, and poachers,—
Not to speak of stoats and foumarts, and such four-footed encroachers,—
And those murderous breech-loaders, and those cruel patent cartridges,
I wonder one finds heart to lay, and brood and hatch young partridges.
Then there's that GLADSTONE too—the man is one of my specific hates—
Must be going and reducing the charge for Game certificates!
I suppose there weren't already guns enough—past keeping count of 'em—
Blazing and banging at us, that he doubles the amount of 'em.
One would think his *bottle*-conjuring, with all its crop of quarrels,
Might have made him somewhat scrupulous of so increasing *barrels*.

MRS. GROUSE.
Such Glad-stones may do for pavement, side by side with good intentions;
Of course you know *they* serve to *pave* a place one never mentions:
But one thing we *do* owe the man.

MRS. PARTRIDGE.
Indeed? And pray what is it?

MRS. GROUSE.
Not one M. P. upon the 12th was free the Moors to visit.
Thanks to MR. GLADSTONE's budget, and the way that it was gibbeted.

MRS. PARTRIDGE.
And that cock-and-bull-Reform Bill—

MRS. GROUSE.
No doubt that, too, contributed—
Treas'ry Bench and Opposition, on the one ground or the other,
Instead of firing into *us*, have been firing at each other.
Spending their powder and their shot in squabbling, talk, and chatter,
As if time were so abundant that its waste could make no matter.
How JOHN BULL stands that House, with all its blatancy and bubbles,
Amazes us up on the Moors—

MRS. PARTRIDGE.
And us, down in the stubbles.
Think if *our* old cocks sat crowing and laying down the law,
When they should be picking grubs up for their ladies in the straw,
Or on the watch for keepers or beaters, or p'raps netters,
Not to speak of guns and pointers, retriever dogs and setters?

MRS. GROUSE.
Yes, indeed, dear MRS. P.; and if *we* in *our* vocation,
Behaved like representatives of this poor British nation,
What hosts of ill-starred squeakers to death we should see paddled,
What number of good eggs, by bad sitting, would be addled!
What scores of bad eggs brooded that could never come to chicks,
However sanguine the mamma, and free from gadding tricks.
In short, G. says, if *we* did things "*in Parliamenti modo*"
Partridge and Grouse would shortly be as mythic as the Dodo!

MRS. PARTRIDGE.
"'Tis an ill wind blows no one good," so the old proverb runs,
The more M.P.s fire off their talk, the less they'll use their guns.
And when they do, it's well for us, though serious for their pots,
That, judging by their speeches, they're uncommonly bad shots.
And *we* shan't run much danger if our legislators' aim
Be as bad at grouse and partridge, as at House of Commons game.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

P—M—N. "IT'S NO USE YOU KEEPERS WAITING THERE; THEY WON'T 'BE UP' FOR A LONG TIME."

SINGULAR IF TRUE.

*(An extract from the Note-book of a Spiritual Enthusiast.)**

"IN the name of the Prophet,—FIGS!" was the oft repeated cry of the truly pious Mussulman; and a similar ejaculation may possibly be uttered by unbelieving Giaours who read this strange narration, and instead of being awed by it, incline to laugh at my expense. The fearfully appalling facts which I describe, these sceptics will regard as merely optical delusions, and of no moment whatever, even were they truths. But disbelief is the resource of uninquiring intellects. Sluggish minds decline to jump to a conclusion. They find such mental exercise very far too active for them. Scepticism is indeed the common characteristic of the vulgar English people. Your snub plebeian nose turns up at anything which is not stupidly conventional. It is the sharp, thin, highborn nostril that sniffs out novel wonders, and graciously inclines itself to persons who are elsewhere held in doubtful odour. Sweet to it is the propinquity of savans and philosophers whom the common *plebs* regards as charlatans and quacks, because it is too lazy to submit to be converted by them.

To begin at the beginning, it is needful I should state, that I thoroughly believe in all the mysteries of spirit-rapping, and have often turned my hand to the turning of a table, which science (so my friends say) has almost turned my head. All my life indeed, or at least since I have come to years of gin-discretion, I have had an almost daily acquaintanceship with spirits, and have summoned them whenever I have (*gratis*) got the chance. My last spiritual intercourse was, however, so extraordinary that I feel it is my duty to expand the notes I made of it: a feeling which I need not say is somewhat strengthened by the hope that my narration will be liberally paid for by the editor who has the fortune to be favoured with it.

Having thus taken the reader into my confidence, I must now take him, in spirit, to the parlour of a tavern, where the spiritual wonders occurred which I relate. The time is morning; and the only persons present are two gentlemen, one of whom, it must be needless to mention, is myself. The other is a friend of mine, whom I have ever trusted as far as I could see him, and if he gave me good security would even trust him farther still. We are at breakfast, and two bloaters have been placed before me, which I am requested by my friend to help. In one hand I hold a knife which is rather the worse for wear, having a split handle and a limp bent point; and in the other I have a fork which is not over clean, and has been in its youth deprived of one of its three prongs. Just as I am proceeding to obey my friend's behest, and am in the act of transfixation of the bloater which is next to me, I see the fish give a decided wriggle with its tail, as though it were endeavouring to escape my thrust; and at the same time a soft gurgle strikes upon my ear, apparently proceeding from the gullet of the fish. Startled, yet not appalled, by what is very obviously a spiritual phenomenon, I prepare again to thrust my fork into the fish; but lo! again there is a waggle of the spirit-moving tail, and again I hear a murmur of soft music from the mouth. This convincing me, of course, that a spirit must be present, I gain my friend's permission to use him as a Medium, and go through the usual dodges to place him *en rapport*. To the question, if the Bloater had anything to say why we should not demolish it, the response was given audibly, "*I guess you'd better not!*" and then, in explanation of this spiritual warning, we were told that it (the fish) had died a natural death, and it felt therefore pretty sure that it would disagree with us. Being asked, what it could do to show that we might trust it, the Bloater gradually raised itself, and stood straight up on its tail; and then most reverentially bowed its head to each of us, and placed at the same time its fin upon its heart. The Bloater then informed us, that its parents were both dead, and that the fish which lay beside it was its only brother; a cruel codling having swallowed all the spawn their mother laid, with the exception of the ova whence these two orphans sprang. On being further questioned as to its relations, the Bloater said it was descended on the side of its great grandmother from the singing fish inhabiting the waters of Ceylon; and proudly added that this ancestress had assisted in the chorus at the concert under water, which was given some few years since at the bottom of Lake Chilka, in the presence of a most distinguished auditory; among whom was the Governor SIR EMERSON TENNENT, who was good enough to publish a report of the performance in his interesting book. This confession tempted me to ask the fish, if the ancestral talent had descended to it, and, a modest gulp and gurgle confessing that it had, I boldly asked the Bloater to oblige us with a song. Whereat with a slight show of not unnatural reluctance, the fish, in a faint treble, struck up this plaintive stave:—

"Some like coffee, some like tea,
Some like herrings just like Me!
I once was white: I now am red:
Just think of this when you go to bed.
Chorus. Sitch a getting up-stairs, and a——"

Here the singer was attacked with a violent fit of coughing, which it explained by telling us that some of the salt it had been cured with had got into its gills. Further conversation being thus precluded, our interesting *séance* was perforce brought to an end. I ought to add, however, that my friend, who as I have said had been acting as my Medium, had been throughout the interview in a most excited state, declaring every now and then that he believed I had gone mad, or else—I can't help smiling at the ludicrous alternative—or else he said, I had been dining out the night before, and had not yet managed to get over my debauch. To convince him how preposterous was this absurd impression, I asked him which of the four bloaters he would like first to be helped to, that I might show him that my hand and head were every whit as clear and steady as his own. On this he burst into a coarse laugh, and protested that there were only two fish in the dish; which of course was pure invention suggested by his malice at finding me the one most spiritually favoured; for it was I who first found out that there were spirits present, and thus had proved I was more influenced by them than himself.

* *Mr. Punch* need scarcely state that, though the writer of this narrative is perfectly well-known to him, he does not put the slightest atom of belief in it, nor does he expect that any of his readers will. They are, however, welcome to do so if they like, so long as they first *buy*, and do not meanly *borrow*, the number that contains it. In the words of the immortal showman (slightly altered), *Mr. Punch* would say: "My dears, first pay me down your money, and then I will concede you leave to take your choice."

THE SONG OF THE TALKATIVE MEMBER.

AIR—"*Let us all speak our minds, if we die for it.*"

PUNCH tells me 'tis fit that M.P.s should submit
To be tongue-tied submissively, meekly:
That the nonsense we say for some eight hours a day
Should be cut down to one hour weekly;
We are begged, just for peace, our prattle to cease,
As there's neither a wherefore nor why for it;
But I can't and I don't, and I shan't, and I won't—
No, I *will* make a speech, if I die for it!

Friends who owe one a grudge say one's talk is all fudge—
Mere bombast and bunkum, and so on:
But you'll surely allow we've a right to say how
We consider that matters should go on.
The business indeed would far quicker proceed,
If we simply said "No" or said "Aye" to it:
But we don't, and we can't, and we won't, and we shan't—
No, we *will* make a speech, if we die for it!

So all talkers, I hope, will take plenty of rope,
Nor care with what interests they trifle;
With ease, if we choose our tongues but to use,
We may all legislation quite stifle.
Let PAM, if he will, then bid us be still,
And silent, he'll have to pay high for it;
For we can't and we don't, and we shan't, and we won't—
No, we'll all of us speak, if we die for it!

The Pope's Own.

POPE'S *Essay on Man* is a great work; but POPE'S *Essay on (Irish) man* seems likely to turn out an alarming failure. We perceive that MAJOR LAFFAN, the commander of these broths of boys,—broths that boil up at once, and require no stirring at all, at all—appends to his name the appropriate addition "of Knock Abbey," a name redolent of the Church-militant. He must find his duty of keeping down the Celtic exuberance of the Brigade anything but a LAFFAN matter.

COMPOSITION BY AN ENGLISH MASTER.

OUT of all the curiosities of advertising literature few are much more remarkable than the subjoined advertisement:—

MANSION HOUSE SCHOOL, St. David's, Exeter, will Re-open on Thursday, 26th July. MR. HYPHEN has a few vacancies to supply the places of Pupils leaving school.

This School educates Boys for the Civil Service, Military, and Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations.

The instruction of the whole School is preparatory for these latter examinations, the highest class going in for the senior, and the next for the junior branch of them. At the Oxford Local Examination for 1859, MR. HYPHEN passed more Candidates than any School in England, and at the Cambridge Examination for the same year was second only to the Liverpool Collegiate Institution.

MR HYPHEN'S school educates boys for the "Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations" as well as for "the Civil Service" and the "Military." That is, perhaps, to say, that MR. HYPHEN does not educate them without assistance. If MR. HYPHEN did "pass more candidates than any school in England" last year at the Oxford Local Examination, and (in passing candidates) "was second only to the Liverpool Collegiate Institution," it must be presumed that he did not educate them in all the branches of learning wherein he contrived to pass them. Indeed it is difficult to conceive in what department of education he could possibly have instructed them. MR. HYPHEN appears to be what is called an English master, and to merit that appellation by inability to write English. What does he mean by saying that he "has a few vacancies to supply the places of pupils leaving school?" Grammatically this is nonsense; but the sense which he would express, if he could, probably is simply that he has a few vacancies for pupils. Unless he keeps a staff of competent ushers, doesn't he wish he may get them?

A Song about a Sheriff.

THE penalty which MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN imposed the other day at Guildford on 'SQUIRE EVELYN, the respected High Sheriff of Surrey, will long be remembered in that polite sphere of society of which the affable and learned Judge is so distinguished an ornament. In moments of postprandial conviviality, no doubt, JUDGE BLACKBURN will often be called upon to oblige the company with the song of "*The Fined Old English Gentleman.*"

MAKING GAME OF THE SPEAKER.

AN enthusiastic partridge-shooter, who has the misfortune to be an M.P., and of course looks forward with horror to the prolongation of the Session into September, under the influence of his partridge prepossessions, the other day addressed the august occupant of the Chair of the House as "MR. SQUEAKER."

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"WHEN good QUEEN BESS, of pious memory, visited the well-known College of Saint Ulric's, Eastminster, the young gentlemen who were educated at that establishment used to pass in review before her.

"Who has not heard the pretty jest (all jests were pretty in those days) made by the scholar who, on one of these occasions was asked by her Majesty, when he had last been flogged? Quoting a celebrated Epic poet, as he dropped on one knee, the arch boy replied—

"Infandum, regina jubes, renovare dolorem,"

and was immediately rewarded with a groat from the Privy Purse, or, as some say, by a *buss* from the Royal lips.

"The anecdote was related to me as I pored over my VIRGIL in the fourth form at Eastminster, and I remember thinking the youth must have been a prodigy of wit and satire. For such a sally to so great a BESS, fourpence certainly seems an insignificant tip; but having my groat, I don't think I should have cared for the other portion of the *honorarium*.

"GRINDLEY, whose fag I was at school, and who is now an undermaster at Eastminster, comes up to town for the holidays, and at breakfast with me one morning, suggested the above-mentioned subject for a picture.

"I don't think it would make a bad group. Fancy the maiden Queen in her Royal robes and ruffles (carefully studied in the Post-Peruginesque manner), DR. PEDAGOGUS, cap in hand, looking fat and smiling (as every Head master ought to look in the presence of his Sovereign) and the chubby honest school-boy pointing to a flogging-stool 'of the period.'

"Full of the idea, I went down last week to the scenes of my youth, which I had not visited for many years. '*O Tempus edax rerum!*' what has become of the Tantivy coach, driven by SNAFFLER, ablest of whips, by whose side I was so proud to sit, as the vehicle rolled up to the College Arms? The journey which once occupied a day, is now accomplished in a couple of hours. The Tantivy has gone the way of all wood and varnish, and SNAFFLER—perhaps he too has driven off into Hades.

"There are moments in a man's life subject to sensations which it is impossible to define. What were mine on revisiting these Classic regions? Was the retrospect pleasurable or otherwise? I vow I cannot say. A host of old associations rise up to plead on either side, and make the verdict doubtful. When the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* felt unhappy, he rushed to the river-side, and listened to the bargemen's merry chaff. For my part I prefer a moral homœopathy, and earnestly recommend stinging-nettles for ill-humour. Was BURTON gloomy at sixteen? I trow not. Schools never grow old. Schoolboys are always jolly—

"O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint."

[you see I am quoting from the Latin Grammar, with which I was once tolerably familiar: don't suppose, however, that *I* wish to set up for a scholar, or can construe so much as a line of OVID without a dictionary.]

"It is twelve o'clock, and the boys come rushing down from prayers, which, in accordance with ancient precedent are always recited in the heathen tongue. Two or three of the monitors in infinitesimal white ties (in *my* day we exhibited a bow of gigantic proportions) stalk up, and, with a sort of bashful impudence, characteristic of our British youth—inquire my business. 'An old Oppidan, eh?' says one, 'what name? EASEL? O yes—it's *up school* in the fourth, along with JONES and TRYAGGEN.' (We all had our names painted up on the walls in mediæval characters by a High Church plumber who held hereditary office, and so only charged us a guinea a-piece for the job). 'I suppose you'd like to go over the old shop—and I say—come and dine with us in Hall,' added the Captain very graciously. 'Senior table you know—let me see—mutton to-day—here! You feller. BROWN! run to MOTHER HARDBAKE'S, and get me a pot of red-currant jelly, and—hi, stop a minute! can't you—say the last was mildewy, and she'd better send it good this time—look sharp now, take it to Hall.' And here MR. BROWN, Jun., who in the holidays has a powdered retainer, six feet high, with tremendous calves, to do his bidding, set off on his errand without a murmur.

"Yes, MRS. B., your son is undergoing his probationary term as a fag, as many a good fellow has done before him. Very dreadful, is it not? gentle youths treated as menials. Confess now, didn't you expect that in a community of gentlemen, '&c. &c. &c.' Gentlemen! Lord bless you, Madam, if I kept BURKE'S *Peerage* in my studio (I mean to get a copy as soon as ever I can afford it—it looks so very respectable)—I say if I had the *Peerage* or the *Palace Register* at hand, I could point out a dozen titled personages who, in the capacity of fags, have made coffee, brushed coats, and posted letters for JACK EASEL, ESQ., and I, in my turn have done a hundred like kind offices for MESSRS. BOBTAIL AND TAGGE (the eminent button-manufacturers) before those gentlemen assumed the *toga virilis*, or succeeded to their parent's business. And are we not all the better for the discipline? If you had brought up MASTER BROWN at home on the Sandford and Merton plan, or sent him to Pentonville Proprietary Academy, or to

read with a Swiss pastor at Zurich, or placed him at the HONOURABLE AND REVEREND MEELEY MOUTHER'S Seminary for young gentlemen, he might have escaped 'the horrid system;' but permit me to say, that he would in all probability have grown up a milksop, and perhaps encountered worse evils than having to fetch a pot of jam. At a private school he might have been at the mercy of any tall dunce who chose to bully him. As for foreign establishments—I own I am prejudiced—but when I remember what an insufferable young puppy a French '*écolier*' generally is, when I think of German '*burschen*' ripping up each other's noses in honour of a yard of twopenny ribbon, I must say I am thankful my *Alma Mater* lived on British soil.

"As we enter the old building, BOB the porter looks hard at me and touches his hat. How many nights has BOB mounted guard at the College gates—the old Cerberus! (he has but one head on his shoulders, but it is a knowing one). BOB is stern and incorrupt. If young gentlemen will stay out after lock-hours, is it his fault? BOB has a son who is called young BOB, and is growing up the image of his sire. By-and-by he will hold the keys of office and become old BOB himself (the *sobriquet* is hereditary), 'and thus from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and then—' pooh! the sentiment is an old one.

"A score of familiar objects present themselves, and set me a-thinking of old times. At this desk sat DICK searching for 'synonyms' in his *Gradus*, and composing those wonderful stanzas which were sure to be criticised so unmercifully the next morning. In those days it was the fashion to translate POPE into Latin elegiacs (we were rather famous for our verses at Eastminster), and I remember DICK'S 'rendering' 'Lo, the poor Indian whose untutored, &c.' by

"'Indicus ecce rudis *cujus mens* artibus expers,"

than which, perhaps you never read a more execrable hexameter. I thought DR. DACTYL, the second master, would have gone off in a fit of apoplexy when he read the line, but his constitution survived the shock; and I read in the *Guardian* the other day that he had been raised to the See of Azov, in which episcopal and lucrative post he will doubtless be able to turn his attention to 'quantities.' Here sat poor DICK, I say, thumbing his *Gradus* or stammering over the woes of *Hecuba*—yet why '*poor* DICK?' if he made no use of his pen, he soon learned to wield his sword. In the shout of battle he forgot the horrors of a Greek chorus, and gained more laurels one morning in the Crimea than he might have gathered all his life hobbling over Mount Parnassus.

"What has become of the rest of 'our set?' Where is the studious MUGWELL who read Hebrew better than the Doctor himself, and whose highest ambition was to gain the Scholarship awarded to proficients in that profound language? Where are the laughter-loving JOLLIFFE, and TROTMAN of the seedy highlows? Where is SWELLINGTON, the beauty of whose waistcoats so raised our envy that we called him, ironically, the 'Gorgeous Vest?' Some we have missed, and some we know, and some it is expedient to forget. I saw LORD STONEHOUSE cut FRED STIPPLER dead last year in Rome because the honest painter had adopted the easy dress and manners of the Café Hellenico, and yet I remember them together at the school-confectioner's, vowing eternal friendship and pledging each other in goblets of ginger beer. '*Tick me a puff*, MOTHER HARDBAKE!' I think I hear his Lordship say. Good Heavens! what a lot of pastry we could digest in those days!

* * * * * *

"I dined in Hall at one o'clock—taking my old seat and drinking the old ale (CORK the butler knows my tap) afterwards went into the Fives Court, and was beaten in three games 'easy' by young RACKET, of the fifth form, and at last came away, thankful in my heart for that fine Old English Institution—A Public School.

"There! I have made my sketch. The Limner's name goes in the corner—thus,

"JACK EASEL, *fecit*."

A SWIMMING EXAMPLE.

WE in general pay but small regard to penny-a-liner paragraphs, but here is one deserving of exception from our rule:—

"PRESENCE OF MIND.—A son of MR. T. of Windsor, between ten and eleven years old, while fishing in the River Thames, fell into the water. Although unable to swim, the little fellow, having seen his father indulge in the amusement of floating down the stream, had the presence of mind to imitate him, by throwing himself on his back, head straight, and his hands in his trouser's pockets. He thus floated some distance when MR. A. of Windsor, who was rowing up the river, hearing the little fellow crying out 'God save me!' 'God help me!' immediately proceeded to his rescue."

"Death by drowning" is so frequent a heading in our newspapers that a paragraph like this forms an agreeable relief, and we think that the more widely it is read the better. We should like all "little fellows" of ten or twelve years old, to get by heart this little anecdote of how one of their own age saved himself from drowning although he could not swim. The story should be added to the *Boy's own Book*, and girls as well as boys should be made more self-reliant by it. "*Learn to Float*" should be an early lesson in a copy-book, and "*Keep your hands down*" might be written as the one just next preceding it. Children of both sexes, until they have learned to swim (and the sooner national swimming schools are thrown open the better), should have their minds impressed with the easily proved fact, that their bodies cannot sink, if they do but keep their hands down, and throw their heads well back. Let them take example by brave little MASTER T., who we hope as he grows up will go on swimmingly in life, and always be as able as he has been in this instance to keep his head above water.

LEGENDS NO LIES.

AT the final meeting of the British Archæological Association the other day, there arose a discussion, reported to have been one of considerable interest, relative to the cause of the remarkable deformity of several of the skulls found at Wroxeter. These skulls are twisted all manner of ways—one side of the face, for example, projecting very far in front of the other, insomuch that, as in the case of the youth described by the late CHARLES MATHEWS, both the eyes, at least their sockets, may be seen in profile. In a paper on the subject of the crania thus queerly shaped, written by DR. HENRY WRIGHT, their distortion was attributed to posthumous causes; moisture, and subsequent frost. MR. T. WRIGHT, on the contrary, was inclined to think that the heads had been deformed in infancy, they having belonged, not to ancient Romans, but, to some of the barbarians who had destroyed the city of Uriconium. In this opinion it is probable that MR. T. WRIGHT is not altogether wrong.

On the mind of which the early faith remains unperverted by modern scientific theories, there can be no doubt that the misshapen skulls in question are those of barbarians, whether born with lop-sided loggerheads on their shoulders, or having had their numskulls squeezed awry in their cradles; of which suppositions the former is by far the more probable. The universality with which *Blunderbore* and his brethren, in *Jack the Giant-Killer* and all the like illuminated works which antiquity has handed down for the instruction of youth, are represented with monstrous heads, whilst the same conformation has from time immemorial been given to similar characters in Christmas Pantomimes, evidences a constant tradition of the existence of an ancient race of savages whose heads were malformed and misproportioned, and who were also remarkable for prodigious noses and goggle eyes. To this class belonged the ogres and giants about whom we used to read, and who were no doubt all killed off by such heroes as the *Jack* whose adventures are recounted in the chronicle above quoted, and his celebrated namesake of the Beanstalk. The bulging and contorted skulls dug up at Wroxeter are doubtless the remains of some of the enormous louts who were destroyed either by one of those two Champions, or by one of the Seven, or by some other equally doughty deliverer. Perhaps it was *Guy of Warwick* who extirpated all those other Guys. Geology has already proved the literal correctness of those records of the nursery which allege the former existence of dragons; authentic animals whose relics we behold in the bones of the flying saurians. There is every season to suppose that they belched smoke and fire. Archæology, hand in hand with the sister science, demonstrates, in the amorphous skulls discovered at Wroxeter, the kindred fact, that this island was once the abode of a race of horribly absurd wretches at least closely allied to *Cormoran*, *Blunderbore*, and their gigantic brotherhood, by their ugly mugs. None but the obstinately incredulous can refuse to believe in the British griffins of old, and the giants who, physiognomically, must have very closely resembled the griffins.

List, List, Oh List!

CAPTAIN STYLES should mind his eye. Enlisting Volunteers for GARIBALDI is a noble enterprise, but had better be carried out "upon the shady side of the law." Otherwise JOHN STYLES may find himself restored to his old relations with JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE.

PROLIX TALKERS (*especially true of the Parleurs in Parliament*). They bore and bore, but with all their boreing, they never penetrate.

OBVIOUS:

CAPTAIN OF VOLUNTEERS. "*Now, have you got any more Ammunition?*"
THE COMPANY (in Chorus). "*No—no—all gone!*"
CAPTAIN. "*Ah!—Well!—Ah!—CEASE FIRING!*"

THE PRINCE AND HIS PRESENTS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES seems having a hard time of it in Canada. Not merely is he daily bored with deputations, and nightly burthened with State-dinners, or bothered by State-balls where the folks don't know the figures of even a quadrille, and His Royal Highness has to teach his partners how to polk; but besides all this, it seems, the Prince is hourly pestered with inanimate annoyances, in the shape of presents made to him by advertising tradesmen, whose aim is that their names should be mentioned in the papers in connection with the Prince. As a sample of this dodge, and not the least unpleasant one, we find the following reported in the *Daily News*:—

"PRESENTS FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.—A Canadian paper says, our friend ROBINSON, the scissors-grinder, has prepared a rustic chair for presentation; and we venture to predict that His Royal Highness will not see anything in Canada with which he will be more astonished than he will be with this same chair. It is ornamented with snakes and serpents, as well as woodcuts of LORD PALMERSTON and LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who are supposed to be waiting for an audience with the Prince. MR. ROBINSON has also made two walking-sticks for His Royal Highness, one of which is painted black, and is intended to be used at funerals only."

Of course the Falls of Niagara will fall into the shade in comparison with the chair which "our friend ROBINSON, the scissors-grinder," has been preparing to "astonish" the mind of the young Prince. If the prediction of the Canadian reporter be fulfilled, nothing in the way of nature or of art will come up to this wondrous piece of sedentary location; with its fanciful adornment of snakes entwined with serpents (will the writer by the next mail teach us to distinguish them?), herewith our two first statesmen are appropriately placed. The walking-sticks moreover were most suitably selected: for everybody knows how much our nobles use them, and how no funeral equipment is esteemed complete without them.

We could wish though MR. ROBINSON, before he got his gifts in readiness, had considered if His Royal Highness could receive them, without sacrificing somewhat the dignity of England, and of England's Sovereign whom he represents. To make our Princes presents implies that they have need of the articles presented, and this clearly is an insult to the country of their birth. If Royalty wants rustic chairs JOHN BULL can afford to pay for them, and need not be beholden to Colonial MR. ROBINSONS to supply the Royal want. MR. BULL did not send his eldest son to Canada to be treated like a beggar by whom the smallest contributions, walking-sticks included, would be thankfully received. MR ROBINSON no doubt had not the least intention of insulting MR. BULL. All that he intended was, just to get his name put forward in the newspapers, as one of the 'cute traders who tried to do a stroke of business by toadying the Prince. But MR. BULL will not allow his Royal boys in this way to be made commercial travellers, by being used when travelling for purposes of trade. And he therefore gives this scissors-grinder a rap upon the knuckles with one of his own walking-sticks, and assures him, that his absence from the Royal precincts will always be esteemed more highly than his presents.

A BULLYING BOY WELL WHIPPED.

OH, weep for the hour,
When to EVELYN'S bower
The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE with a birch rod came:
MASTER E. he looked affright,
As very well he might,
And wished he hadn't played such a cheeky game.

MASTER E. has lots of tin,
And he thought to save his skin
By affixing to a cheque his extremely solvent name;
But SIR ALEXANDER C.
Whipped the bumptious MASTER E.,
And taught him that the Judges were not bumpkin's game.

SLAVERY.—A Black Thorn in the side of America.

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GOOD PLAIN COOK. "*Three Cattipillers in the Brockilow, Miss!!! Why, I thought, after all this rain we've had, one couldn't have been left alive!*"

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

LORD PALMERSTON well remarked, that it was amusing to see the different views which different Members took of the subject of fortifications, according to their different lines of thought. The plan of maintaining an efficient fleet and army, and, in addition, fortifying our chief dockyards and arsenals with stone walls and other defences calculated to enable a few men to hold them for several weeks is, in *Mr. Punch's* opinion, the best that could be adopted—next to that of applying to the defence of the nation those lighter works which are on sale at 85, Fleet Street.

An Impossible Compound.

SOME people affect to separate the spiritual from the temporal capacity of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Holiness from the Humbug. It is, however, difficult to conceive a personage who is half Humbug and half Holiness; and by far the more natural supposition is, that the Holiness of Rome is wholly Humbug.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

August 20. *Monday.* The Lords doing crank-work—grinding away with almost profitless exertion at the nearly needless measures sent them by the Commons. From this description of their labours must, however, be excepted their Second Reading of the Bill for providing Fortifications, which, with all due deference to LORD PALMERSTON'S French "friend," can neither be regarded as profitless nor needless. On this point spake LORD ELLENBOROUGH with his usual spirit, and perhaps with something more than his usual common sense:—

"I vote for this measure most willingly, because I entertain that firm distrust of the French Government which LORD JOHN RUSSELL frankly told the French Government months ago all the world would entertain if that Government persevered in its scheme for annexing Savoy and Nice. . . . And because when a man has once so committed himself by his conduct as to give reason to suppose that he does not act from pure motives, those who believe him afterwards—say what he may—deserve any misfortune that may befall them."

If this should catch the eye of Our Foreign Correspondent it may explain why his kind letter was not received so gushingly in England as he hoped; for nine Englishmen in ten are of LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S opinion, and the tenth would be so, too, if he did but read his *Punch*.

The Commons met at half-past three, and before they got to business had their usual go of gab. Among the hundred other interesting topics which were talked of, SIR W. GALLWEY complained of the condition of Victoria Street, where, thanks to the exertions of a Commission, called facetiously the "Westminster Improvement" one, houses are in ruins, and their inmates are in rags, and sites for building are so filthy they are not fit to be seen. As a climax to the horrors of this Carthage of a place, which deserves the word *Delenda* to mark it in the map, SIR W. GALLWEY said, that in a corner near the Abbey, the Dean and Chapter had constructed a most hideous erection, which "outside looked like a nunnery, and was inside, he understood, a den of attorneys" (!). If SIR W. really wishes to improve our public thoroughfares (which are many of them so foul that no fair one can walk thorough them), there are other hideous nuisances for him to try his hand on: such, for instance, as the organ-fiends, the singing blacks, and howling bellowers, who especially infest the "quiet" streets and squares, where decent people who pay taxes have to live, and work, and sleep—that is, if, having been born deaf, or being blest with nerves of cast-iron, they can contrive to do so. *Mr. Punch*, he need not say, will be "the man for GALLWEY," should that gentleman want help to bring all these street nuisances beneath the operation of the Nuisances Removal Act.

The Syrian question being opened, LORD PALMERSTON protested, in reply to MR. MONSELL, that he thought it was of vital consequence to Europe that *one* of the Two Sick Men should be kept still alive, and capable of kicking; for there undoubtedly would be a jolly row among his neighbours if he even were dismembered, or, worse still, became defunct. Then an Irish row of the first magnitude arose, in reference to the Irish Party Emblems Bill, which MR. HENNESSY protested was the "hoighth of insult;" while several other Members, who by their language owned the sister-kingdom as their mother, declared they felt the Bill a degradition to their counthree, and, bedad, they meant to foight it to the last dhrop of their breath.

Tuesday. Lords still at the crank. Commons in the morning got through a little business and a lot of talk. In the evening another of the Innocents was Massacred; but as the innocent was nothing more than a small Bill for doing something for the natives of New Zealand, (which, since you ask the question, Viscount *is* a long way off), of course the House was moved but little by the sacrifice, the only motion being that it should be made.

A discussion then took place upon the Bill for Naval Discipline, which LORD CHARLES PAGET explained was to supersede an Act passed in the reign of CHARLES THE SECOND, that had since then been the text-book of our naval law. It was thought that as this old Act had now seen service for two centuries, there might be some few holes in it which required repairing; but on being overhauled it was found, like the gunboats, in such a rotten state, that the Government resolved that it should be put out of commission, and that a new one should be launched, spick and span, to take its place. The Bill (which in the main was approved by almost all the great naval authorities, including MR. AYRTON and MR. WISCOUNT WILLIAMS), will usefully facilitate the holding of courts-martial, and will secure them an extension of their power to give punishment, by allowing them more liberty to sentence men to less of it. Traitors, and only traitors, will, without alternative, if found guilty, suffer death; but cowards and deserters, and all lesser offenders, including thieves and drunkards, will be punished by imprisonment, by flogging, or dismissal, it being left to the court-martial, in its judgment, to judge which. So when JACK has his Gill (and something more, perhaps) of spirits, and his grog by ill-luck happens to get into his head, he will not of necessity be made a marked man (on his back) for it. Eight-and-forty lashes is the maximum of flogging which can henceforth be awarded, and no one for a first offence

of any sort will suffer it. As the Cat has been considered one of the worst hindrances to the manning of our fleets, *Mr. Punch* would give due prominence to the above-recorded facts. He would note too, that LORD PAGET "could show, by sure statistics, that this degrading punishment is steadily decreasing, and is gradually but certainly dying out of the service." So cheer up, my lads! Take heart, ye hearts of oak! Your old enemy is clearly now on its last legs. Although the Cat may have as many lives as tails, there is no doubt that common sense will ere long be the death of it. "Jack Tar" is said to be derived from *jactari*, to boast: and certainly our Jack Tars may boast that by good conduct they are gradually driving the Cat out of the service.

With the exception of a word or two about the DEAN OF YORK, the doubling of whose snug little salary MR. BERNAL OSBORNE spoke of as "the great job of the Session," the whole remainder of the evening was occupied by what one can but call a Jolly Row, on the subject of the Bill about the Roman Catholic Charities, which was proposed to be "amended" by striking out Clause I. MR. HENNESSY declared that so far from being viewed as a charitable act, the measure now must rather be regarded as a penal one; and although his name, he owned, was on its back, he wished the Bill to be dishonoured and returned with "no effects." This wish was repeated by CARDINAL WISEMAN'S echo (need *Punch* mention SIR GEORGE BOWYER?), who indulged in such a quantity of kind remarks about the Government, that the SPEAKER had to tell him he was getting "unparliamentary," and LORD PALMERSTON accused him of "not being a master of his own language," which, as he talked the best of Billingsgate, was a rather cruel cut.

Wednesday. In the Commons MR. COCHRANE wished to know if MR. EVELYN, "the fined old English gentleman," would, because of his high character, be let off paying the £500 imposed for his late lark at Guildford. Whereto SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS replied, he had no doubt of the High Sheriff's high character, but that was no apology for his low behaviour. If he wanted to be let off, he should petition the Home Secretary, and not bother the House; but his better plan would be to make two notes in EVELYN'S *Diary: Mem.* To fork out the Five Hundred; and *Mem.* Don't insult a Judge again!

The Union of City Benefices Bill then came on for discussion, and was eventually ordered to be reported, but actually not until no fewer than fifty-nine short speeches had been made on it.

The House adjourned at 5·40, when the Government proceeded (by a *Citizen* steamboat) to discuss by far the most important business of the day:—viz., their annual Whitebait Feed at the Trafalgar Hotel, Greenwich. Covers were laid for thirty; nearly all of whom remembered that punctuality is the soul of dining; the only late arrival being the RIGHT HON. WILLIAM GLADSTONE, who, it was supposed, had been at work upon the Paper Duties, and who was greeted with a shout of "O, WILLIE, we have missed you!" *Mr. Punch* was the only favoured visitor invited, and occupied the post of honour at the right-hand of the Chair. The dinner that was served was worthy of the occasion, and so was *Mr. Punch's* appetite, which indeed but rarely fails him when there is something good to eat. It was, however, noticed that the bait were rather large; another penalty entailed by a late Session on our senators, and which, it may be hoped, they will not readily forget. The only toast worth recording was the health of *Mr. Punch;* and this LORD PALMERSTON proposed in an elegant oration, which *Mr. Punch's* modesty forbids him to report. Having gone into Committee on the Provisional Expenses Bill, which was not laid upon the table until rather a late hour, the Members of both Houses adjourned to *Mr. Punch's* residence, where the sitting, like the Session, had its end in smoke.

Thursday. Being up so late last night, both Houses adjourned early; Lords knocking off at six, and Commons being actually Counted Out at eight. But before they called their Hansoms, they passed the Bills for Naval Discipline, and for Union of Benefices, and (in spite of SIR G. BOWYER, who said that there was no morality in England now that divorces had become as cheap a luxury as pine-apples) they read a Second Time the Divorce Court Bill. Moreover, they found time for lamenting with LORD PALMERSTON, that the PASHA OF EGYPT had been sold by buying shares in the Suez Canal bubble; and they listened for some minutes to SIR DE LACY EVANS, who wants to see a biggish fort or two stuck on Shooter's Hill, and if he gets them (as a tax-payer, *Punch* wishes that he may!) will probably then ask to have the ditto done for Primrose.

Friday. The LORD CHANCELLOR brought in a Bill to repeal a heap of statutes which, although as old and obsolete as a Court of Justice jokes, have by some slip only been "impliedly repealed." This Bill he observed, would lop off a lot of useless limbs from the body of the law, so that what is now so bulky will collapse into a moderate and manageable size. His Lordship also called attention to the law reforms which have been effected in the Session, and delivered an affecting funeral oration upon such of his sixteen small legal children as had died. Of these he specially lamented the fate of all his seven little Criminal Innocents, who had been massacred most cruelly in the other House.

At half-past six the Commons were again Counted Out, there being only 3 and 20 Members present. This result was partly caused by some curious remarks which were let fall by SIR GEORGE BOWYER, on the subject of the doings of the hero GARIBALDI; whom, with singular consistency he first of all denounced as an "unprincipled pirate," and then fittingly belikened to that "patriotic" person, TANTIA TOPEE! *Mr. Punch* of course could not stop to listen to such balderdash as BOWYER'S, and so shut up his note-book, and hailed the nearest Hansom: an example which the Commons showed their Commons sense by following.

SHOCKING LANGUAGE IN THE LORDS.

THE House of Lords may assert its privileges; but if it wishes them to be respected, it must maintain its state. Bearing this maxim in mind, let us examine the subjoined remark, reported to have been uttered in the august assembly above-named by no less a person than the PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL. Is it possible that EARL GRANVILLE could have allowed the common, popular, mechanical, indeed I might almost say improper expression, contained in these words, to escape the enclosure of his Lordship's teeth?

"The other House had been sitting for an unprecedented number of hours every day, and it would not look very well for their Lordships to strike work five or six weeks before the end of the Session (*Oh, oh!*)—well, at any rate, a good month."

"Well, indeed may the very ignoble idiom, employed by the noble Lord to signify their Lordships' discontinuance of their legislative exertions, have excited, in the superior House of Parliament, the unusual exclamation of 'Oh, oh!' To speak of the cessation of labour as 'striking work' might not be astonishing on the part of an individual of no rank or position in Society, addressing an assembly of bricklayers; although indeed the adoption of the phrase would in that case involve a peculiarly objectionable allusion. But are the functions of the House of Peers to be degraded to a level with the manual occupations of journeymen, by being characterised, and that by a member of their own order, in language borrowed from the workshop? In what stonemason's yard did LORD GRANVILLE learn to represent the Peers of the Realm as proposing to 'strike work?' His phraseology was even less decorous than it would have been if he had described them as intending to shut up shop!

"EARL GRANVILLE'S mention of 'striking work' in reference to noble Lords, was certainly calculated to elicit ejaculations of remonstrance. But there is too much reason to believe that the protest of 'Oh, oh!' had a much less lofty meaning, and was intended to express, not any disapprobation of the terms which the noble Earl condescended to use, but, simply dissent from the statement which those extremely vernacular terms served his Lordship to convey. Where—as the late MR. LISTON might have demanded—where is the dignity of recognising such familiar forms of speech? Familiarity doth breed contempt, and contempt will entail political extinction. What would the great LORD CHATHAM have thought of speaking of the House of Lords as ready to 'strike work?' He would have probably fainted at the very idea, and thus have prematurely afforded the subject which he furnished to the pencil of COPLEY. At all events, before venturing to use such an expression, he would undoubtedly have exchanged the flowing and majestic wig of the statesman for the artificer's quadrangular and brown-paper cap. I have the honour to be eternally yours,

"THE SPIRIT OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON."

"P.S. Make allowance for the Medium through whom I communicate, and correct my spelling."

A SPIRITED ATTACK.

BY A STRONG-MINDED ASSAILANT.

O MR. PUNCH,—

"ACCUSTOMED as you are to poke your fun at the most *solemn* subjects (have you not profanely cut your jokes about the *wide dresses* and *weather*, and punned your very worst upon a hundred other matters, which everybody else considers anything but laughing ones?) I am not at all astonished at the *ribald unbelief* with which the mysteries of Spirit-rapping have been welcomed in your columns. Scepticism is so frequent a resource of sluggish minds, and to ridicule is always so much easier than to reason, that nobody who knew you expected you would own yourself a convert to a faith which taxes to their utmost our powers of credulity. Instead of volunteering to come and be convinced by the arguments which nightly are extracted from our furniture, you hold yourself aloof in *lazy disbelief*, and refuse to let a Medium come across your threshold.* You turn a deaf ear to the *truths* which are rapped out of our tables, and when a spiritual enthusiast is lifted to the ceiling, you regard his elevation as the *height* of imposition, and rank it among one of a conjurer's *low tricks*.

"I must, however, grant that you do not cram your scepticism down the public throat, without adding now and then a bit of sugar to the dose. You are not quite so one-sided as are unbelievers generally, who when they choose to play *Sir Oracle*, allow no other dog to bark. By admitting to your columns the *interesting* narrative of the spirit-conversation of the Bloater and the Rapper, you let your readers have *some* knowledge of the wonders which are working, and gave them a fair chance of conversion to our faith. Although you sceptically headed the narration '*Strange, if True*,' you did not tamper with the facts that were so lucidly described in it, but allowed them, in the majesty of all their grand momentousness, to sink into the mind by the force of their own weight! For this you have my thanks, Sir, and the thanks of every lover of *justice* and of *truth*. But as you seem to cast some doubt upon the statement I refer to (every whit of which I need not say *I* thoroughly believe), I should like to be the means of allaying your suspicions, and convincing you that fish can *talk* and *sing* as well as *fly* and *swim*. Of the first of these four facts I need cite no further proof than the recent exhibition of the far-famed *Talking Fish*, whose premature decease was almost nationally deplored. The *second* interesting truth is stated in these words by SIR EMERSON TENNENT, to whom, as one of the distinguished patrons of its *grandmother*, the Bloater in the narrative so feelingly referred:—

"'I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water of Lake Chilka, in Ceylon, like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wineglass, when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself: the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the woodwork of the boat, the vibration was greatly increased in volume by conduction. The sounds varied considerably at different points, as we moved across the lake, as if the numbers of the animals from which they proceeded was greatest in particular spots: and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until on returning to the original locality the sounds were at once renewed.'

"Still further to prove the existence of these fish, which it appears are not confined to the waters of Ceylon, another eminent naturalist, DR. ADAMS, tells us—

"'While in the brig *Ariel*, then lying off the mouth of the river of Borneo, I had the good fortune to hear the solemn aquatic concert of the far-famed organ-fish, or drum—a species of Pogonias. These singular fishes produce a loud monotonous singing sound, which rises and falls and sometimes dies away, or assumes a very low drumming character: and the noises appeared to proceed mysteriously from the bottom of the vessel. This strange submarine chorus of fishes continued to amuse us for about a quarter of an hour, when the music, if so it can be called, suddenly ceased, probably on the dispersion of the band of performers.'

"Sir, the statements of these naturalists are, to my mind, quite as strange as the tales of *supernaturalists*, which, instead of crediting, you hold in sad contempt. DR. ADAMS says that *he* has heard a singing fish, and you believe *him*. Your narrator says the same thing, and you disbelieve *him*! In the name of common sense and common justice, why is this? Why doubt that there are singing-fish existent here in England as well as in Ceylon? SHAKSPEARE speaks of calling *spirits* from the 'vasty deep,' and is not this, Sir, I would ask, the *clearest proof* that he believed in their marine existence? and will you, Sir, dare to pit *your* knowledge against *his*, and cast your grovelling doubts upon the grand truths *he* believed in? Sir, the story of the *Singing Bloater*, as narrated in your columns, may have possibly seemed '*Strange*' to you, but there cannot be a shadow of a doubt that it is '*True*.' And if, after all the pains I have taken to convert you, you still question if a herring can be really heard to sing by a person who is *under the influence of spirits*, come and take a cup of *tea* with me, and let my Medium box your ears for you, and I'll wager that you'll hear a most decided singing in them.

"I remain, Sir, yours expectingly,
"SOPHONISBA SMITH.

(*A strong-minded Woman, and by no means a weak-handed one, as my table-turning trials have repeatedly made manifest.*)"

* This is not the fact, Madam, *Mr. Punch* has more than once said that he should be most happy to see any of these gentlemen (or ladies) at his official residence. He will likewise be delighted to see them go through what he still must persist to call their "tricks," on condition that he really *is* allowed to see them; but, as his sight is not a cat's, he cannot be expected to do this in the dark.

"AND SO SAY ALL OF US."

IN the Lord Mayor's Court, a few days since, an action peculiarly fit to be adjudicated on by that tribunal, was tried before the Recorder and a Common Jury. It was brought by MR. WILLIAM SAWYER, the landlord of the London, at the corner of Chancery Lane, against MR. JERVIS, a barrister, and Treasurer of an Institution called the Social Club, to recover £14 6*s.* 11*d.* for a supper had at the London in December, 1859. In the report of the case it is stated that—

"Thirty-three sat down to supper, and they managed to dispose of no less than thirty-eight crown bowls of punch, besides beer and wine and spirits, for which they paid at the time. There were also items for pipes, tobacco, and broken glass, which were not disputed."

The Social Club is described as composed of "members of the bar, military officers, merchants, and gentlemen." They are stated to have "proceeded with their merriment and enjoyment until four o'clock in the morning."

The item for broken glass in MR. SAWYER'S account was probably very considerable. Thirty-eight crown bowls of punch alone, imbibed by thirty-three persons, might be expected to involve a very large breakage of that fragile article. Add to all that punch an indefinite quantity of wine, beer, and spirits, and the result will in any case probably be the comminution of every vitreous and fictile vessel on the table, and indeed in the room. On the occasion in question the crown bowls most likely went as well as their contents, and it was a mercy if no cracked crowns, as well as cracked bowls, were the consequence. The charge for broken glass was wisely not disputed—it was no doubt indisputable. It would be satisfactory to know that glass vessels were the only tumblers that sustained any damage on this festive occasion.

The Dangers of Steeple-Chasing.

IF the Union of Benefices Bill be carried out, "Woe," cry the Architects, "to all WREN'S exquisite City steeples." In fact, when these architectural master-pieces are pulled down, we may give a new interpretation to the famous epitaph on the great designer of St. Paul's. "*Si monumentum quæras, circumspice.*"—"If you ask for his Monument, don't you wish you may find it."

LATEST CLUB NEWS.

SPAIN, put up by France and Austria, as a candidate for admission to the United European, has been blackballed by England, who declines to associate with an Uncertificated Insolvent. Spain is so frantic that she is half inclined to pay her debts, but will probably think twice over so rash an act.

Piscator. "OHO! THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THE BIG TROUT ARE, IS IT? THEN THIS IS THE SORT OF FLY, I THINK!"

THE WARNING OF THE WHITEBAIT.

IN th' *Arabian Nights Entertainments*,
Is a tale of a little fish talking,
And though such piscatorial attainments
May be nothing to tables a-walking,
And Mediums revealing themselves at the ceiling,
Pulled up, through unlicensed and grave spirit-dealing,
And arm-chairs up ottomans stalking—

And though he who wishes to hear vocal fishes—
If we credit SIR EMERSON TENNENT,
Needn't seek them in magic Egyptian dishes,
Nor beneath MENDEZ PINTO's broad pennant—
But in Chilka's fair lake may hear the fish make
A concert at dusk, which for rhyme's urgent sake,
May best be described as "*surprenant*."

Still one can't quite expect to be heard with respect,
When one states that on MR. HART's premises,
There 've been cases of Whitebait—served up as the right bait,
To a party who 'd just steamed down Thamesis—
Giving vent to discourse full of logic and force,
Though such tales we accept as mere matters of course
In the regions once ruled o'er by RAMESES.

Yet this, I 've heard tell, very lately befell,
In the course of that Cabinet dinner,
Which is held when the Session—with languid progression,
And House growing thinner and thinner,—
O'er Saharas of speeches, that Pisgah-point reaches,
Whence the green land of leisure tired statesmen beseeches,
To enter and take up possession.

For this feast, as all know, the Cabinet go
To Greenwich, and every dish is
(From the carp, souché stewed in, to Cabinet pudding)
Emblematic of loaves and of fishes;
But flounders and plaice are forbidden, in case
Of their prompting a pun to some blunderer's face—
An omission that 's highly judicious.

The initiate assure us that Cabinet jollity,
As displayed with discreetly-closed doors,
If you measure by quantity rather than quality,
Unofficial facetiousness floors.
And through key-holes and chinks oose out hints of high jinks,
When official reserve at wild rollicking winks,
And the soul red-tape's band over-soars.

'Twas just—in the dinner of Wednesday last,—
As the fun to this maximum drew—
When the mirth ministerial wax'd furious and fast,
And e'en LEWIS was almost warm'd through;
While PAM slapp'd GLADSTONE's back, LOWE hailed RUSSELL
as "JACK,"
And ARGYLL tickled BETHELL in playful attack,
And SOMERSET courteous grew—

The Whitebait—course first—had gone round, and the burst
Of voracity drew to a pause,
When, an extra-sized fish from the half-emptied dish
Expanded its sore-battered jaws,
With a "List, list, oh, list!"—and in ev'ry fist
Knife and fork hung suspended, hairs slowly uprist,
As the fish thus 'gan pleading its cause:—

"Broil ye not in your shame! shades of UDE and CARÊME!
With the pang that your spirits must own,
To see thus shovelled down wretched Whitebait done brown,
Of dimensions till this year unknown!
Fish, fated as fecund, on this Twenty-second
Of August—a month past the time when we reckoned
The perils of Greenwich outgrown!

"In the House week by week, it was still speak, speak, speak;
Ev'ry ill had its measure, but talk;
And Bill after Bill, howe'er puff'd, turned out ill,—
What the House could not bungle, 't would baulk.
There sat Bunkum, enthroned in Reform *à la* RUSSELL;
Ambition, in GLADSTONE-Finance; Bounce and Bustle
Incarnate in BETHELL did stalk.

RETRIBUTION, OR THE GREENWICH DINNER.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL. "THIS CAN'T BE WHITEBAIT?"

LORD PALMERSTON. "OH, YES! YOU WOULD MAKE IT SO LATE IN THE SEASON."

"And all to no good!—'Ere she's out of the *Wood*
There's India sets up her halloo,
And stakes her advance upon WILSON'S finance,
And making one army of two.
The Reform Hustings-cry is put quietly by;
Law-Amendments hung up, like waste-paper, to dry;
The Bankruptcy Bill's fallen through.

"Oh, sure such a Session of empty profession,
So barren of work dared or done,
Old England saw never since MONTFORT'S endeavour
Her earliest Parliament won.
Such waste and such weariness, dulness and dreariness,
As Report and Debate in the readin' and hearin' is,
I never have gone through for one!

"'Gainst taste and time sinners, with this last of dinners
Your circle of blunders you crown—
And come here to eat Whitebait, our claims when we quite bate,
To be worth e'en the fork of a clown.
When we come here in dudgeon, as large as coarse gudgeon,
To be battered and devilled by some curst curmudgeon,
For snobs who spend August in Town!"

TIT-BITS FROM THE "TABLET."

SOMETIMES a dig into the *Tablet* Roman Catholic newspaper will reward the humorous explorer with many absurdities. Subjoined are a few gems of precious quality and various kind, derived, all of them, from the mine formed by the last number of that wonderful journal. The first, to be sure, occurs in a letter from Rome, quoted from the *Cork Examiner*. It relates to the "Pope's Own;" the soldiers of the Irish Brigade in Rome; of whom its author thus reports:—

"I can say that one is struck by their religious attitude, not a nominal but a genuine one (sono religiosi non di nome ma di opera)."

These Irish are, of course, enthusiastic papists. The religious attitude of such devotees is very peculiar. An idea of it may be obtained by an inspection of the pictures of saints exhibited in the windows of Roman Catholic bookshops. Many of the canonised gentlemen and ladies are delineated praying with twisted necks or dislocated limbs, in quite miraculous postures. One species of the religious attitude displayed by those pious but grotesque personages is that of ogling a skull, another that of making an obeisance to an image precisely similar to the curtsey which ballet-dancers are accustomed to drop before pachas and princes, apparently meaning, "See how submissive I am, and at the same time how very interesting and pretty I look." Considering this last variety of the religious attitude in question, one might almost suppose that a joke was intended by the statement that the Pope's Irish soldiers are religious "non di nome ma di *opera*."

The next good thing lies in the simplicity with which the desire quoted verbally in the following piece of foreign intelligence is treated as something extraordinary:—

"At one of the late public feasts in Modena, the astonished population read the following inscription inscribed by the scholars on a brilliant transparency:—'Vogliamo la vera Religione senza Papa e senza Preti.'—'We wish true Religion without either Pope or Priests.'"

As if this wish were a very unreasonable or very novel one.

Finally the *Tablet* treats us to the ensuing outbreak, in which a remarkable strength of language will perhaps be considered to be curiously blended with a corresponding weakness in every other respect but that of bigotry:—

"We are not prepared to deny that there may be a diabolical cunning and an infernal sagacity in the policy pursued by which NAPOLEON THE THIRD has been outbidden and overreached, and by which the Italian revolution, unchained by him for his own selfish purposes, has been converted into a danger and a difficulty for him from which it is hard to discover any means of escape."

Grant that the policy of wishing the deliverance of Italy from caps of silence, noisome dungeons, bastinado, hot-bottomed chairs, and Bourbonic and Austrian rule which rests on these appliances, together with papal domination, which is allied with that of Bourbon and Hapsburg, is diabolical and infernal. Admit that the policy is altogether infernal and diabolical, still where is the cunning of it? Did England ever make a secret of its desire to see the pontifical despotism and the absolute monarchy of Naples abolished? Is it particularly cunning, at least, to go about roaring "No Popery!" or chalking that popular exclamation up openly on the walls? Infernal straightforwardness and diabolical downrightness are the sins of which the *Tablet* should accuse British policy. Our outrageous contemporary perhaps regards as a master-stroke of diabolical cunning on the part of LORD PALMERSTON and LORD JOHN RUSSELL the Government's connivance at the enlistment of the poor Paddies who went out to fight the Pope's battles for a consideration which proved to be "monkey's allowance," and who have returned wiser and leaner men, and ragamuffins more squalid than they were when they started. This result the *Tablet* may believe to have been contrived by the Ministry with the diabolically cunning and infernally sagacious view of destroying the confidence of the faithful Irish in their priesthood, and thus as it were diminishing the verdure of Erin, or opening the eyes of Hibernia and abating the green in them.

A SONG BY A SABLE SCEPTIC.

ME go to Swarry oder night,
To see de man fly out ob sight:
By spirits he would rise, dey said,
But first de room must dark be made.

Chorus.
Sich a gettin' up a stare, and a playin' de accordion:
Sich a gettin' up a stare, when nobody can see!

De table first dey try to turn,
And bery soon de dodge I learn:
You move de knee beneath, and so
De table's taught to jump Jim Crow!
Chorus. Sich a gettin' up a stare, &c.

De spirit-hand it next appear,
And how dey work de ting is clear,
Of wax or wood de hand is made,
And by de phosph'rus *light displayed*.
Chorus. Sich a gettin' up a stare, &c.

An accordion on de ground dere lay,
Which all at once him 'gan to play:
P'raps de spirits don't know dere are such tings
As de snuff-boxes dat play by springs.
Chorus. Sich a gettin' up a stare, &c.

And den de fools dey gape and stare
To see de floatin' in de air,
But though it look a human figger,
De fact is doubtful to dis nigger.
Chorus. Sich a gettin' up a stare, &c.

For first of all dey dowse de gas,
De window den de form it pass;
But what de figger really be
'Tis difficult in de dark to see!
Chorus. Sich a gettin' up a stare, &c.

But if dis child some oder night
Go see de Spirit-movin' sight,
Him take a *spirit-lamp*, and so
Some light upon de subject throw!
Chorus. Sich a gettin' up a stare, &c.

A GEM FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

REDUNDANCIES in writing are not considered elegant: and in advertisements especially they are to be avoided, for unnecessary words are not printed without cost. Had the writer of the following borne this fact in mind, he would not have afforded us a laugh at his expense, which luxury we enjoyed on Thursday the 9th ultimo:—

INQUIRY.—D. A. S., late of Dublin, is earnestly requested, by his Irish correspondent in Paris, to WRITE (if living), regardless of circumstances, 20th of June being long since passed.

There is something so Hibernian in requesting that a person will please to write "if living," that the advertiser scarcely need have said that he was "Irish," the fact being quite patent from the two words introduced. Whether these two words cost the writer something extra, we need not waste our space in endeavouring to guess: but if they did, he will at least have this great consolation, that without them what he wrote would not have gained a place in *Punch*.

FROM OUR COCKNEY CORRESPONDENT.

"*York, August, 20th.*

O my request to be kind enough to allow me a holiday, dear *Mr. Punch*, you obligingly replied, 'Oh, be off;' and added that in consideration of my long and invaluable services, you would gladly defray all the expenses of my endeavours to recruit the health wasted in your service,* so I feel myself bound to send you a few flying notes of my journey.

"Having never been out of London before in all my life (except on occasion of a single visit to Gravesend, when I suffered so severely from sea-sickness, that I resolved never again to tempt the billowy ocean) my letters may be the more valuable to you, because they will convey the fresh and vivid impressions made upon a young, enthusiastic, and intelligent individual, who is not a Blazey, as the French say. I do not affect to suppose that I shall cast a new light upon the condition of England; no person but my gifted friend the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* can make himself thoroughly acquainted with a country during a run across it in a railway carriage; but I trust that the navetey of my sketches may atone for their possible want of originality.

"At present, Sir, I am in York, which you are aware is an ancient and celebrated city in Yorkshire, the see of an Archbishop, and the Deanery of a Dean, to whom, because he was already a very rich gentleman, the Church authorities have given a very large increase of income. Into the history of York I do not know that it is necessary for me to enter at any length, but I think it right to state that the sanatory reformers have a good deal to do there—comparisons are odorous, SHAKSPEARE says, and I should think that there must be a good many comparisons in York, although there is no comparison between its Cathedral and anything in London or Gravesend.

"But, Sir, what has astonished me most, is the extreme inaccuracy of the ideas which I—and I suppose thousands of other inhabitants of the Metropolis—have been accustomed to entertain in respect of the Yorkshire people and their habits. I have been accustomed to visit the theatres a good deal, *Mr. Punch*, and we all know that the stage holds the mirror up to Nature. Well, Sir, wishing to compare the verities of Nature with the transcripts of Art, I took the earliest opportunity of placing myself upon a bridge which forms the principal thoroughfare of York. Here, Sir, with a note-book in my hand, and a pleasant smile on my face, I prepared to be amused, but in a kindly way, with the sterling honesty and rough humour which so delights us in the mimic scene. In order to give the Yorkshireman the opportunity of developing his nature, I accosted the first who seemed likely to be a good specimen of his race. He was a tall, stalwart, broadfaced, powerful fellow.

"*Your Correspondent.* This is indeed a noble city, my friend, interesting in its archæological features, which present so remarkable a combination of Pagan and Catholic type; and favoured in its locality, which enables it at once to invite agricultural and mercantile contributions to its prosperity.

"*Yorkshire Individual.* Ay, it be a main foine place, but to my moind the foinest thing about it loike be the honest hearts that beat beneath the bosoms of its sons, and that lift 'em as high as yon Minster above aught that is debasing and degrading, mun.

"At least, *Mr. Punch*, that is what I expected him to say, with a slap on his waistcoat. I regret to add, however, that what he said was,

"'Thee be dom'd!'

"And that what he did was, to shove your correspondent into the gutter, and walk on without the least allusion to the latter's being a stranger, to whom it be our duty to show koindness like, if he bain't too proud to accept the humble fare of the honest peasant, whose roof may be lowly, but who would bend to no haughty lord that ever hid his head in his spangled coronet.

"But we must not judge of a whole county by a single individual, and having witnessed upon the stage the frank and hearty hospitality of the Yorkshireman, and being moreover uncommonly thirsty, I crossed the bridge, and observing through an open window a family at their early dinner I approached, and putting my head in, said, gaily:—

"'I am a stranger in these parts, and have travelled far, and am hungry and thirsty. Need I say more?'

"The Paterfamilias, a very respectable looking person, rose from the table, and I expected to hear him exclaim,

"'Coom in, mun, what dost stond there talking for—eat and drink first, and talk after if thee be so minded, but do not wrong the warm-hearted Yorkshireman by utterin' a doubt like whether all he have be not at the wayfarer's service. Dom it, SARAH, stick feyther's old chair for the gentleman.'

"But I am sorry to say that instead of this, he approached the window, and pointing across the road, said,

"'You will find excellent hotel accommodation at that house, Sir.'

"And he closed the window so rapidly, that if I had not drawn back my head with considerable speed, I should have been guillotined.

"Still, I resolved to make another attempt, and entertaining (as you are aware that I do entertain) a very favourable opinion of the female sex, I determined that I would next ascertain how far the stage portraiture of the Yorkshire girl resembled the original. So I walked up Micklegate to the Bar (where the heads of the DUKE OF YORK and the young DUKE OF RUTLAND were placed; but I suppose they have been removed, as I could see no traces of them), and meeting a pretty, rosy-faced, dark-eyed girl (whose hat I must say was uncommonly like any lady's hat in Oxford Street), I began, smilingly,—

"'I am a stranger in these parts, my pretty lass, but where such bright eyes and such ruby lips are found, I am sure that gentleness and kindness must reign supreme, and the stranger may dispel his terrors.'

"The young lady looked at me for a moment, and did not seem to know what to say. So I went on, as I have heard MR. JOHN COOPER do in a score of comedies of English manners.

"'Doubtless, fair one, you were expecting a more welcome arrival—nay, never let the blush of shame mantle on thy cheeks for an honest attachment, and sure am I that no other could be inspired by those dear eyes. Tell me, is it ROBIN, or LUBIN, for whom thy minutes lag so heavily?'

"Well, Sir, why did she not say, as she ought to have said, taking up the corner of her apron, and looking down,—

"Oh, Sir—I assure you—but will you not, if a stranger, come into my mother's cottage, and rest in the old arm-chair—we have no dainties, but if a dish of cream, and strawberries of my own gathering can tempt you, they will be welcome as the flowers of May diamonded with jew.'

"And at least, Sir, if she could not say that, she needed not to have said to a great policeman, B. 54, an exact *fac simile* of a London Bobby, only bigger—

"'This person is annoying me.'

"And why did that stupid and powerful owl walk me off, despite all my clamour, to the police-station, whence I was not delivered until late in the evening, and then through the good offices of the landlord of my hotel, who got me out, civilly enough, but would not in the least believe my story, and who, when he had taken my eager orders for supper, went out of the room, saying, slily,—

"'This isn't London, you know, Sir.'

"Confound it, *Mr. Punch*, I knew it was not London, but neither was it Yorkshire, so far as I had been taught. I begin to think these play-writing people are humbugs.

"Rain is falling—not so the esteem in which you are held by

"Your devoted servant, and

"*Mr. Punch.*" "COCKNEY CORRESPONDENT."

* It is hardly necessary for us to say, that no such ridiculous recognition or pre posterous promise ever escaped us. Our reply terminated at "be off."—ED. *Punch.*

SMITH O'BRIEN'S CONVICTION.

THE *Morning News*, Irish paper, publishes a letter, addressed to "MONSIEUR MARIE MARTIN, Paris," thanking that Frenchman for his pamphlet on *La Question Irlandaise*, and for the complimentary language which accompanied the present thereof. In conclusion, the writer assures M. MARTIN of "the existence of a disposition on the part of the Irish people to appreciate his desire to champion their rights and to defend their character;" adding:—

"Such being my conviction, I venture in their name to thank you for your past labours in their cause. I have the honour to be yours, very faithfully,

"WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN."

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN'S conviction was a conviction for High Treason, for which he was not hanged by a contemptuous mercy which appears to have greatly affronted him. In corresponding with an enemy of the United Kingdom, the captive of the cabbage-garden appears desirous of showing what a mistake was made by the QUEEN'S Government.

LATEST FROM NEW YORK.

WHY is a fast girl like the *Great Eastern* Steamship?

Because when she goes ahead, one is sure to see a Swell after her.

MR. SPURGEON'S TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

My dear friends and hearers, who, constant appearers
In this Tabernacle, are purposed, I trust,
Me long to sit under, whenever I thunder,
Who to build up these walls have come down with the dust,
To edification my peregrination
Would tend, if related, you seem to suppose,
I omitted to book it, as easy I took it,
But some few rough sketches to give you—here goes!

For Antwerp from London, in health somewhat undone,
I started, attended by many a friend,
I say that I started, but we were soon parted,
Because my companions left me at Gravesend.
Of blessings a cargo—thereon no embargo—
Did freight the steam-packet that bore us away;
An Essex man Captain, rich anecdote apt in,
We kept telling tales to each other all day.

At Antwerp we landed, and when we commanded
A view of the noble Cathedral, behold,
Out came a procession—perhaps from confession—
Of peasants and priests holding candles—large mould.
The consumption of tallow intended to hallow
The festive occasion was truly immense;
Some lamps, too, were bearing; the sun meanwhile flaring,
But when folks burn daylight their darkness is dense.

Now Antwerp's a city which we can but pity,
Though some for its wondrous religion extol,
Full of carved Virgin Maries; and each of them varies
From a Queen on her throne to a little black doll.
In each street and alley presides this Aunt Sally
Over shops; and a tar of the true British type
Declared, honest JACK, he had purchased his 'backy
At a shop where the Virgin sat smoking her pipe!

Our vessel exported a gang, ill-assorted,
Of Irish, to serve in the Papal brigade,
And thanks to their sender, and skipper, I tender,
For such a lot out of the country conveyed.
Their luggage was lighter than e'er loaded fighter,
They had one pocket handkerchief—there the list stops—
The Captain well prized them—thus characterised them—
He said "they were not fit to cut up for mops."

Such tatterdemalions to thrash the Italians,
Oh, doesn't the Pontiff just wish he may get?
His guards to be guarded will have, or discarded;
I never beheld such a beautiful set.
May Ireland's brave nation soon find occupation
More noble than propping a rotten old throne,
Which stands but to crumble; I pray it may tumble,
And brave GARIBALDI o'erthrow the "Pope's Own."

Some things I can't mention repelled my attention,
Exposed in that Catholic Antwerp for sale;
But I found a strong feeling all Belgium revealing
'Gainst LOUIS NAPOLEON; a symptom I hail.
Our ties are more German: I heard a good sermon
At Brussels, although it was preached by a priest.
Men smoking, toil shirking, I saw women working:
If their husbands they whacked, they'd have my leave at least.

Cologne, so high is it, I'll never revisit;
Such smells insupportable poison the air.
Than the eye more the nose is affected, with roses
By no means, but quite with another thing there.
Each yard still excelling the last in vile smelling,
As onward I travelled—I don't know of what—
I had ne'er before smelt it, severely I felt it,
I cannot say whether 't was Pop'ry or not.

At experience aiming, I witnessed the gaming
At Baden; ne'er saw a more terrible sight.
At rouge-et-noir playing, their precious souls slaying,
Why even the women there sit up all night!
Oh! none of you gamble, for if, in the scramble,
You lose, serve you right, 'tis still worse if you 've won:
For in that case Old Harry the winnings will carry
Away with the winner, as sure as a gun.

THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE OF NAPLES.

No wonder AQUILA flies to his brother Eagle at Paris. Society in Paris, we hear, is rotten—and "where the carcase is," there we know "*The Eagles will be gathered together.*"

A HORSE-CARPET FOR KENSINGTON GARDENS.

THE petition against the new horse-ride in Kensington Gardens has received the signatures of so many pedestrian snobs that it extends to the length of half a mile. HORSE COWPER—as the originator of the equestrian improvement in question deserves to be entitled for his chivalry—should show the wretches whose plebeian names are affixed to that mean parochial document at what a price he estimates them, their opinions, and wishes, by causing it to be unrolled and laid down along the tract of beautiful soft mud into which he is turning what was formerly mere turf, between the Round Pond and the Palace. The petition would be so nice for the horses' feet; and in trampling thereupon, by an act of graceful defiance, MR. COWPER and the 'Ossy party will, with a pardonable ostentation, indicate that they have got the ridiculous admirers of "beauty and repose" under their hoofs.

THE GENTS OF THE PRESS.

WRITERS for the newspapers are called in common parlance the Gentlemen of the Press. There are, however, some among them who, if they had their rights, would more properly be known as the No Gentlemen of the Press. These "parties" care but little for their duty to their neighbour, and can no more keep their pens from lying and from slandering, than they can keep their ears from eavesdropping and their eyes from keyholes. They are no respecters of persons or mahoganies, and whenever they accept a private invitation, it is with the intention to make public use of anything that happens to occur. If their memory should fail, they have recourse to their invention, and as they have to please the palate of a morbid class of readers, who are without a healthy appetite for wholesome literary food, they season what they scribble with a spice of gross impertinence, and are rather apt to flavour it with a sprinkling of scandal, and a *soupçon* of *gros sel*.

To show the estimation in which the labours of these literary "gents" are held, we cite the following extract from a letter by MR. COBDEN, who has personally had reason to complain of what they write:—

"The paragraph you enclosed, giving a conversation o mine, is one of those rascally acts of eaves-dropping for which American newspaper writers are so notorious. There is a good deal of the paragraph which agrees with what I have *thought*; but whether I expressed it in private conversation is more than I could swear to, as no one expects to be made responsible for private gossip. There ought to be the punishment of the pillory or the stocks revived for those who publish in newspapers the unguarded remarks which fall from a man in private conversation, when he frequently speaks merely to provoke a reply and keep people from going to sleep over too serious an interchange of views."

If we remember rightly, MR. COBDEN used to stick up for the Yankee press-wrights, and declare that their cheap papers were far better than our dear ones. But MR. COBDEN has seen reason to alter his opinion, and now acknowledges that cheapness is sometimes found in union with that which is not niceness. In this era of refinement there is little hope of clapping scandalmongers in the stocks; but *Mr. Punch's* public pillory will always be found open for any literary blackguard who deserves to be exposed in it.

"NOT UP TO HIS BUSINESS."

CROSS BUS DRIVER. "*Now, why didn't you take that there party?*"

CONDUCTOR. "*Said they wouldn't go.*"

CROSS BUS DRIVER. "*Said THEY wouldn't go? THEY said they wouldn't go? Why, what do you suppose you're put there for? You call that Conductin' a Bus. Oh! THEY wouldn't go! I like that, &c., &c.*"

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE.

WE have been for some weeks daily startled out of some of our five senses by the sight of a small paragraph in big type in the *Times*, which every morning occupies a most conspicuous position, and cannot fail to catch the eye of constant readers like ourselves in glancing down the page. The paragraph flits dodgily about the inner sheet; now appearing just at the end of the last leader, and anon being inserted at the close of the Court Circular, or with the maniacal returns of conscience money to the Exchequer, or as a tit-bit to wind up the very Latest Intelligence. Our interest and excitement are thus artfully kept up, for we cannot always at a glimpse recognise our old acquaintance, as we might do were it always printed in one place. We therefore every morning seize upon it with avidity, expecting to discover a most interesting announcement, such for instance, let us say, as any one of these:—

We rejoice to state the fact, that GARIBALDI has stormed Naples, and has taken BOMBA prisoner. The Royal miscreant is now in one of his own dungeons, and will be beheaded (it is hoped) on Monday next.

We are requested to announce that the EARL OF DERBY is now staying with his old friend MR. BRIGHT, and that LORD PALMERSTON will join them in the course of a few days. The meeting of these three statesmen is a political arrangement, of which a new Reform Bill is said to be the base.

It alarms us to have learned that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has completed his arrangements for invading England, and the ceremony will come off in the middle of next week. The troops will simultaneously effect an unmolested landing at Portsmouth, Dover, Plymouth, John o' Groat's House, and Sheerness; and after having devastated the outlying districts, will at once proceed together to demolish Windsor Castle, and then march on the Metropolis, which they intend to sack.

We believe that we may state, without much fear of contradiction, that VISCOUNT WILLIAMS is engaged in completing a big blue book, showing how many cheeseparings he has this year saved the nation, and what amount of loaves and fishes have been wasted by the Government since they first came into place.

It charms us to announce that MR. COBDEN is preparing a new Treaty of Commerce, whereby the EMPEROR will pledge himself to general disarmament; provided only that, to show him our intentions are pacific, we first disband our Army, sink our Navy, and disarm our Volunteers.

We are requested to make known the highly interesting fact, that *Mr. Punch*, who is about to complete his Thousandth Number, is making splendid preparations for this national event. Without undue divulging the secrets of the press, it may be confidently prophesied, that this his Thousandth effort will far exceed in every estimable quality the nine hundred and ninety and nine which have so happily preceded it.

Instead of some such startling pieces of intelligence, only just conceive how disappointing it has been to discover only this:—

"We beg to inform our readers that *The Times* may now be purchased at all railway stations in England and Wales where newspapers are sold at the *price of fourpence per copy*. Travellers who are unable to obtain *The Times* on demand will oblige us by making immediate complaint to the publisher."

Without presuming in the least to dictate to our contemporary, or interfering in the slightest with its business arrangements, may we not just drop the hint, that however vastly interesting this statement may have been when it was first put forward, it has now rather lost its freshness, and is becoming mere stale news? Moreover, now that we have given it insertion in our columns, we have of course secured for it a world-wide circulation, and there can therefore be no longer the least need to repeat it.

ANOTHER RAP AT THE RAPPERS.—One of those humbugs who are called "Mediums" has been heard to express a fear that, in consequence of the attacks which have been made on it by *Punch*, the business of a Spirit-rapper will be soon not worth a rap.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

TUESDAY, *August* 28. At last the weary Session, which like a wounded snake, had been dragging its slow length along since January the Twenty-fourth, was this day put an end to by PROTECTOR PUNCH, to whom the labour was confided of proroguing the Long Parliament. The ceremony took place at a little after two, in the presence of ten Ladies, three Bishops, and eight Lords, flanked by a scant sprinkling of the ever faithful Commons. This enumeration will serve to show what interest was taken in the proceedings, which were fraught as usual with the most intense excitement.

Upon arriving at the House, PROTECTOR PUNCH was formally conducted through the Commons, and observing there were actually forty Members present, he elegantly complimented them upon their courage, in being seen in London on the twenty-eighth of August "*Forties creantur fortibus*," said he, as he good-humouredly shook hands with the juvenescent PREMIER, and whispered something about Nestor looking like Narcissus.

Coming to the Woolsack, the PROTECTOR who had put on the big wig of the LORD CHANCELLOR (which *Lady Judy* said became him charmingly, and he therefore felt quite proud in it; although, not being used to wear it, he found the horsehair *would* tickle his ears), in the usual manner signified the Royal Assent to exactly fifty bills; counting them upon his fingers to make quite sure they were all right, and that he had not by some accident dropped one in his journey from Balmoral down to Fleet Street. Then amid the breathless silence of the House, the PROTECTOR PUNCH proceeded in his usual silver accents, as HER MAJESTY'S Commissioner, to spout this Gracious Speech:—

"My Lords, and you Gentlemen, too, of the Commons,
Pray lend me your ears; as to MARK did the Romans;
We come the misdeeds of the Session to bury,
To praise it, methinks, were preposterous, very.
'Twas a Session of fussing, of talking, not working,
Real business all shelving, and promises shirking;
And though I may speak on't as 'long and laborious,'
In such *strenua inertia* there's little that's glorious.

"To begin my stale news, I am happy to state
That my friends are all friendly, both small ones and great:
France, Russia, and Prussia, and Norway and Sweden
(Of our runaway rascals, which latter is *the* den),
Holland, Austria, Turkey, and Belgium, and Spain
(Whose people, tho' free, still in bond-age remain),
In fact all the Powers are peaceful I hope,
Excepting young BOMBA, and p'raps that old POPE;
Little wonder that o'er them the battle-cloud lours,
For such weak silly fools can be hardly called Powers.
Far more worthy the name is the brave GARIBALDI,
Who is dealing the death which all tyrannies shall die;
Right well he makes head, e'en his worst friends must own,
And the best *we* can do is to 'let well alone.'
(Cross the Channel, I trust, will be wafted this hint
Though the 'Boot' may pinch BOMBA, *Nap's* foot is not in't).

"I own I've scant love for tatterdemalians,
Who send us our organ-fiends, Northern Italians;
But I must say it caused me a moment's vexation
To see through the trick of their late annexation.
Yet now the deed 's done, the best course to pursue
Is to register simply that it *was* a doo.

"Of the Syrian slaughters I have heard with great grief,
And, with just indignation, have sent quick relief;
With Austria, and Prussia, and Russia, and France
I have joined, to the SULTAN some troops to advance,
Whereby of the Christians the terrors to end,
And the dastardly Druses to Hades to send.

"Another small matter I have for regret,
Viz.:—My China account is not quite settled yet.
That the Chinese care little for music 'tis clear,
To my overtures lately they turned a deaf ear;
As in harmony, therefore, to live they refuse,
I must see whether discord will long suit their views.
With the French, a few instruments lately I've sent,
Which will make these rash Pigtails their deafness repent—
One or two eighty-pounders, from ARMSTRONG's dark caves,
Will rather astonish the minds of the 'Braves;'
And I fancy ere long, as our force there increases,
If she don't sue for peace you'll find China in pieces.

"Coming now to home subjects, I say to your faces,
Your conduct in Parliament quite a disgrace is:
In a jiffy I'll count up the work that you've got done,
Rather longer 'twould take me to tell what you've *not* done.
You have made a French Treaty; you've voted Supplies;
At legal abuses you've had some small shies:
And to show you're at peace now with all foreign nations,
You've passed a small Bill for some fortifications.
You've united my forces in India at length,
And I trust that the act will show 'Union is Strength:'
Irish landlord and tenant you've placed on fair footing,
So I hope we shall hear of no more landlord shooting;
You have smashed party Emblems: and after long trying,
You have saved little children when bleaching from dy(e)ing;
Relief you have granted to Catholic charity,
Which, tho' SPOONER thinks otherwise, is not a rarity;
You've amended the law touching banks for Small Savings,
(Still for further amendment I own I've great cravings);
Naval Discipline too you have taken in hand,
And made it more easy to get my ships manned:
The Cat 's the chief hindrance, half an eye can see that;
But more 'care' for my men *must* ere long 'kill the Cat.'

"Thus in few words I've summed up the year's legislation,
And shown what odd jobs you have done for the nation;
But your strenuous idleness, as I've declared,
Has but kept you at work that you well might have spared.
Half the Session, and more than two weeks of the Grouse,
You have wasted in talk of Reforming the House;
While the wisest of measures, there can't be a doubt of it,
Were to turn all the talkative Members clean out of it!
For which sensible hint thank my friend with the hunch,
I need surely not name him—you *know* I mean *Punch!*

"Now for pleasanter themes. I am happy to say
That my boy is in Canada making a stay,
And there taking such steps (you have heard of his dancing)
As prove in the right path that he is advancing;
Indeed, such is his conduct, it must be allowed of him,
That his Mother has every right to feel proud of him.

"And not less deserving my high commendation
Is my Volunteer Army; whose organisation,
Both on leaders and men, have great credit reflected,
For they've both done their duty, as England expected;
And have made so remote the bare chance of invasion
That no shade of alarm it need henceforth occasion.

"Now, good-bye; and go home to your children and wives,
And show them your taste for home comfort survives.
Give an eye to your farms, and your tenants, and neighbours,
And let care for the poor be not least of your labours.
You'll not get much shooting;—the birds are all drowned;
But the means of time-slaughter may elsewhere be found:
There are schools to erect—there are horses to tame—

There are commons, and criminals, too, to reclaim;
There are oak-trees to plant; there are poachers to catch;
There are poor lands to drain; there are poor roofs to thatch;
At law-framing moreover your hands you may try,
(Pick a wet day for that, as the work's rather dry).
I 'd say more, but I see you are wanting your lunch,
So to sum up—*Mind weekly you study your Punch!*
If you want good advice, *that's* the shop to afford it ye:
So my Lords, *Vos Valete!* I need not add, *Plaudite!*"

At the conclusion of The Speech, PROTECTOR PUNCH received the thanks and gratulations of Both Houses on being happily released from the labours of his Essence. After this affecting ceremony, the PROTECTOR flung his big wig at the head of the LORD CHANCELLOR, and went to watch the Lower boys pack up for the holidays; where he was mightily amused at seeing little JOHNNY RUSSELL make a terribly wry face, because PAM wouldn't let him take his old Reform Bill hobby-horse to play with. When the last cab had departed, the PROTECTOR locked the door, and put the keys into his pocket; thereby showing he had read History, and was not too proud to imitate his namesake. Then after bonneting a small boy who happened to be staring at him, he hailed a special Hansom, and flew away upon the wings of love—a poetical expression for the fastest express train—to join the Grouse and *Judy*.

FROM OUR COCKNEY CORRESPONDENT.

To Mr. Punch.

"*Drumnadrochit Inn,*
"*Inverness-shire, Scotland.*

"SIR,

"I ADDRESSED you last from the interesting, though misunderstood regions of Yorkshire. I now write to you from the Highlands. The inn whence these lines are dated faces a scene which happily is not too often to be observed in this planet. I say happily, Sir, because we are all perfectly well aware that this world is a Vale of Tears, in which it is our duty to mortify ourselves, and make everybody else as uncomfortable as possible. If there were many places like Drumnadrochit, persons would be in fearful danger of forgetting that they ought to be miserable. The most glorious scenery, *Mr. Punch*, here surrounds a most delightful inn, and an inn, Sir, where not only are you made thoroughly comfortable, but where (unlike the vast majority of Scottish hotel-keepers) your kindhearted Landlady does not endeavour to revenge Flodden upon us English by charges as tremendous as those we made, upon that glorious day, on the army of KING JAMES THE FOURTH. Your health, Sir, in a dram.

"From York, Sir, to Drumnadrochit, is a considerable distance, and inasmuch as I have been receiving for the last week every kind of Scotch hospitality, and also every kind of Scotch information, it is possible that the notes I have been able to make may not convey very precise notions to your mind. I own to being in a Paradisaical muddle. Still, I have done my best, and have struggled up against the influence both of the Tumbler and the Eke, to write down facts for you, after retiring, (with slight assistance from my hosts) to my sleeping chamber. I can but transcribe those notes for you, being far too much occupied with fishing, theological discussion, and other diversions, to attempt anything like style. Your health, Sir, in a dram.

"I say then, Sir, that the harvest is in better condition than the English one, and the strawberries I got at Aberdeen, which is built of granite and celebrated for strawberries (also *Dugald Dalgetlie* was educated at the Marischal College) were very fine indeed. As to the vexed question between the Highlanders and their landlords, and the clearings away of the population, there seems to be a good deal to say on both sides, only the fact is certain that the Highland population is increasing, and not diminishing, and that if you eat the salmon at once while it is firm and curdy it is perfectly delicious. *Duncan* was not murdered by *Macbeth* in Cawdor Castle, and the latter reigned seventeen years, and was killed at Lumphanan, in Aberdeenshire, and DUNCAN was killed at Elgin, where there is a tall column, like the DUKE OF YORK'S, to the late DUKE OF GORDON, the DUKE OF RICHMOND'S predecessor, which I saw from the railway. MACBETH very likely had a castle at Inverness, at all events there is a high place where anybody might have had a castle, but this is not the place where Inverness Castle stands, quite different. In the latter is a very good picture of MR. CHARLES GRANT, father of LORD GLENELG, but they do not hear very well in the Assize Court. Inverness bridge fell down, but there is another now, a suspension one, and you do not pay anything to go over it. Your health, Sir, in a dram.

"*Smeddum* is a good Highland word, and means spirit and pluck, and Gaelic is the language Highlanders talk, when they do not talk English. There is great talk in Scotland now about the Volunteer Review, which must have been a very splendid sight, because the costumes of the North are picturesquer than ours, and the people quite covered Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. This reminds me of Holyrood, where I saw the room in which MARY was sitting with RIZZIO and some others, when DARNLEY and the lot came in and finished off the arrogant fiddler. But as to that being the Italian's blood on the ground, I don't believe a bit of it. Why, the Queen had the audience apartment altered, that she might not see the place where the party fell, and is it likely she wouldn't have the floor planed, or a new bit of planking put in? However, I bought a glass copy of her seal, the original CARDINAL WISEMAN has got, and I will change with his Eminence if he likes. There is not much to see in Holyrood Palace except the Chapel ruins, and they are not in it, but next door, and very interesting. Your health, Sir, in a dram.

"As I did not stop at Perth, I cannot say anything about it, and the same remark applies to several towns. The sandwiches at Keith are not good, nor is the coffee, and they charge threepence a-piece for penny cheese-cakes. All the railway officials are uncommonly civil, and I consider that railways have been a great boon to Scotland. You do not require passports to travel in this country, but your pass-book will show pretty clearly when you have been here, and I cannot think that the high charges at the hotels are wise. The Caledonian Canal is a truly grand work, linking the lakes, which are extraordinarily deep, at least Loch Ness is, being in some parts 150 fathoms, or 900 feet, which is nearly five times as much as the Monument is in height, and the Caledonian Canal may be considered a monument to TELFORD, whose name was TELFER, but he altered it. The drive along the side of Loch Ness to this place is lovely, but there are awful precipices on one side, and in many points not a bit of parapet, so that if the horses are restive, your pleasure in contemplating the placid waters of the lake is a little interfered with by your feeling at every kick that you are extremely likely to descend into the said still waters by an exceedingly short road. However, there would be no pleasure in travelling without adventure. Your health, Sir, in a dram.

"I will now enter into a somewhat elaborate, but I hope lucid statement of the theological differences in Scotland, and especially upon the points of dispute between the Establishment and the Free Kirk. In the first place you must understand that JOHN KNOX——

* * * * *

"PUNCH, OLD COVE,

"Do you send chaps like the writer of the above to observe life for you? You old Pump! Choose decenter lads. I am reading with a couple of men in the same inn (which deserves all your fellow has said of it, and more) and hearing a great bump, we came in to see what was up. Nothing was up, but your chap was down, having previously sent down the contents of a whiskey decanter. We've put him to bed, and he'll be all right to-morrow. Thinking your packet might be important, though the above stuff don't seem worth postage, I make it up, and if you've any manners you'll send us *Punch* while we're here.

"Ever yours,
"You old Bloater,
"*Monday Night.*" "HORACE M'DACTYL."

Men who have Helped Themselves.

THERE are various ways of helping yourself. You can do it *à la* STEPHENSON, or *à la* ROBESPIERRE. If you want to know what is the final reward of such men, read two great books:—*Self Help* and the *French Revolution*. The first you will find a glowing history of SMILES, the second a saddening record of THIERS.

HARBOURING MYSTERY.

E read that they have been preparing a "gridiron" at Milford Haven for the reception of the *Great Eastern*. What can the gridiron be wanted for? We are sure the *Great Eastern* has had broils enough in its day, and doesn't want being hauled over the coals again. Above all, we hope the gridiron hasn't been laid down for the purpose of cooking the ship's accounts? We must rush off to some spiritualist and despatch instantly a message to old COBBETT to ask him what, in the name of his celebrated *Register*, this gridiron means? Perhaps it has been called into requisition, in order to give the Big Ship, on its safe return, a warm reception? The shareholders, who have embarked so large a stake in this new enterprise, can now have the pleasure of seeing their stake being slowly done, as in a City cook-shop, on the gridiron. We only hope it may be done to their satisfaction, though shareholders are proverbially difficult customers to please. What a size, too, this culinary instrument must be, if it is anything in proportion to the delicate *morceau* that is to be placed upon it! Quite large enough, we should imagine, to cook even one of the Chops of the Channel?

REFORM YOUR MEMBERS' BILLS.

WE think it might keep Members more up to the mark, were they in some way made responsible for their conduct when in Parliament; as well for what they do, as for what they don't. Our public servants might in some things be treated like our private ones, and as we charge our maids-of-all-work with their breakages of crockery, so might we charge our M.P.s with their breakages of faith. At the close of every Session a Bill might be made out, showing all the promises broken by each Member, and the Bill might *in terrorem* be held by his constituents, who of course might claim exemption from publicly supporting him until he cleared it off. A Bill of the same sort might be preferred against the Government, setting forth the work which they were pledged to do, but which through negligence and chattering they had as usual failed to finish. The remanets, or leavings, might therein be enumerated; and each item might, if needful, be attended with an estimate, showing what amount of damage the neglect had caused the country, and in what manner the injury might be best repaired. This Bill it would of course be the business of the Opposition yearly to bring in; and to show they had read history, and knew something of law, we think that in distinction from the Bill of Rights, it might with some propriety be called the Bill of Lefts.

Kill-me-Quick.

AT the shop of a celebrated Perfumer in the Strand there is a card in the window whereon is inscribed "Garibaldi Bouquet." Of course, with all true Englishmen, the gallant GARIBALDI is in the very best of odour, because his exploits are performed in the cause of Liberty; although the only scent with which we can connect his name is the smell of gunpowder.

SMITH O'BRIEN SUB ROSÂ.

THAT honourable and useful gentleman, MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, has just published a letter, inspired with the most grateful loyalty and the sincerest patriotism, having for its object the suggestion of a device whereby the insidious intention of the British Government to prevent the Irish population from arming themselves and getting drilled under the name of Volunteers may be frustrated, and the law which forbids the unauthorised training of soldiers evaded. The following is the ingenious and ingenuous proposition of estimable O'BRIEN:—

"The existing law does not prevent individuals, except in proclaimed districts, from learning the use of arms. The law prohibits regimental training, but it does not impose a penalty on the practice by individuals of the art of rifle-shooting, and I conceive that any number of persons may meet to try their skill as marksmen. Let the leading gentlemen of Ireland, without distinction of party, offer prizes for marksmanship in rifle-shooting; and in case of need the organisation of such marksmen into military companies would be effected without difficulty in a few weeks, perhaps in a few days."

In the meanwhile there stands on the Statute Book a certain Act, to wit 1st George IV. c. 1.; which, no doubt, MR. O'BRIEN has read, and is quite satisfied that his brilliant scheme, for making riflemen of his trustworthy compatriots in spite of the ruling powers, is not threatened with the least discouragement by the following portion of that enactment:—

"All meetings and assemblies of persons *for the purpose of training and drilling themselves*, or of being trained or drilled *in the use of arms*, or for the purpose of practising military exercise, movements, or evolutions without lawful authority, shall be and are hereby prohibited as dangerous to the peace and security of HIS MAJESTY'S liege subjects and his Government."

Imprisonment for two years, or transportation for seven, are the penalties provided for disobedience to the foregoing prohibition. People who assemble and meet together for the purpose of drilling and training themselves in the use of arms are liable to those punishments, which need not, however, MR. O'BRIEN thinks, deter any number of persons from meeting to try their skill as marksmen. If, in accordance with MR. O'BRIEN'S advice, there should take place in Ireland any assembly of would-be organised combatants, with the view of learning to shoot, under the idea that training or drilling themselves in the use of arms is one thing, and co-operation in rifle-practice another thing, let us hope that MR. O'BRIEN will venture to test the correctness of his opinion to that effect by constituting himself one of the party. Let the experiment be tried on SMITH O'BRIEN. If it succeeds he will rejoice—if it fails he will be transported. One expatriation has taught him not again to risk the consequences of being taken in arms against the Crown among the cabbages. Another may teach him that a pardoned traitor made a great mistake when he attempted to levy rebellion under the rose.

THE THEATRICAL CENSUS OF EUROPE.

ACCORDING to a statistical work recently published on the Continent, it appears that at this moment there are in Europe no less than 18,640 actors, 21,609 actresses, 1,773 managers, and 21 manageresses. It is not stated whether England is included in the above enumeration. We should doubt it, for it is well known that we have so many actors in England that MR. BABBAGE'S calculating machine would certainly be brought to a stand-still, as effectually as though an Italian organ-boy was grinding away outside, if called upon to give an account of them all. In fact, so numerous are they, that if we were asked to give the name of a single actor at the present day, we should feel extremely puzzled. The best plan would be, to ask the very first actor you met. Be he high, or be he low; be he CHARLES KEAN, or be he HICKS—he would be sure to tell you that there was unquestionably *one* actor on the English stage, and that one was himself.

RIDDLE FOR A TOBACCO-PAPER.

Q. WHY does a Tobacconist invariably take his wooden figure of the snuff-taking Highlander in-doors overnight?

A. For fear there should be a *Scotch mist* before the morning.

SUBJECT FOR RUMINATION.

ON a board at some of the Railway Stations is advertised "Original Food for Cattle." One would think this was grass.

GOING OUT OF TOWN.

Paterfamilias. "I WAS THINKING, DARLING, THAT PERHAPS, AS IT IS A VERY LONG JOURNEY, IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I WENT *FIRST*, AND GOT EVERYTHING COMFORTABLE; YOU COULD THEN TRAVEL DOWN WITH NURSE AND THE CHILDREN AFTERWARDS."

[*Mamma doesn't seem to see it, and Nurse and Mamma-in-Law think him a Brute.*

GARIBALDI'S ASSES.

THE sympathy with GARIBALDI which *Punch* has always entertained was so enthusiastic, that it seemed capable of no increment. The little but interesting circumstance, mentioned in the following extract from the letter of the *Times* correspondent on a voyage with the Italian Liberator, has raised the enthusiasm of *Mr. Punch* on behalf of that glorious fellow, to a heat which would be many degrees above boiling, if *Punch's* enthusiasm could boil, which it cannot, because boiling necessarily involves evaporation, and his sentiments with regard to GARIBALDI are fixed and not to be volatilised. The Dictator of Sicily is not only a hero, but a wag. At the illustrious General's own place in the islet of Caprera, where he had landed with a select party, the scenery and the crops having undergone inspection:—

"Presently some of the domestic friends of the solitary landlord came up—sheep, goats, and pigs, which he knew and recognised one by one, four donkeys, one of whom he hailed by the august name of Pio Nono, and the others by other names equally illustrious in contemporary history which I shall not write down."

"Do," the KING OF NAPLES will doubtless say, when he reads the words last foregoing. "Write me down one of the asses." "And me another," the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA will as probably exclaim; addressing the other young tyrant, let us hope, at Vienna. "Oh, that he" (the *Times* correspondent) "were here to write me down an ass:" cries the young Neapolitan *Dogberry*, and the wish is echoed by the juvenile *Verges* of Austria.

GARIBALDI, by thus playfully assigning the names of his enemies to jackasses, indicates that he bears them no malice, and that, in his struggle to emancipate men from asinine despotisms, "nought is done in hate but all in honour." And if those poor despotic creatures would but accept their proper situation, and submit to their natural master, they would no doubt receive at his hands the same kind and gentle treatment as that which he is described as having extended to their representatives on the above-mentioned occasion:—

"The harmless creatures came forward to be petted by their kind master, and rubbed their long-eared heads against his legs."

If PIO NONO would only imitate this sensible as well as amiable conduct on the part of his quadruped namesake, instead of kicking against the prickles, he would show considerably more wisdom than he does in proposing his toes to the lips of the faithful. The other human counterparts of GARIBALDI's asses might also just as well submit as it were to be patted by the benevolent conqueror, and rub their long-eared heads against his legs.

But we have been confining our consideration all this time to three asses, and GARIBALDI has four. Who is the fourth Ass? What other name illustrious in contemporary history is it likely that a good and great man would confer on a jackass? LOUIS NAPOLEON is not an ass—although he is said to believe in Spirit-rapping. Yet GARIBALDI has evidently ideas of greatness which might induce him to regard many a personage great in the world's eye as merely a great donkey. Perhaps the fourth of his Asses bears the name of LAMORICIÈRE. Or can it be that GARIBALDI's fourth ass is LORD NORMANBY? If he has a fifth ass, to do any equally meritorious gentleman the honour of naming it after him, the POPE's Brass Band might bray for that distinction, to be awarded to the utterer of the loudest "ee-haw!"

Mechi in the Literary Field.

FIRED with emulation by the success of the *Garden that paid the Rent* (query? was this Covent Garden?), *Our Farm of Four Acres*, and from *Haytime to Hopping*, MR. MECHI, the great agricultural blade of Boot-tree Hall, is about publishing an agricultural treatise, entitled, *From Crops to Strops*.

THE WRONG WOMAN.

MR. O'BRIEN has addressed a letter full of French sympathies, and Milesian nonsequiturs, to M. MARIE MARTIN—the author of the silly pamphlet called "*La Question Irlandaise.*" MR. O'BRIEN must have misdirected his effusion. At all events it reads as if it had been meant not for MARIE MARTIN, but for BETTY.

PACKING UP FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

MASTER JOHN RUSSELL. "PLEASE, PAM, FIND ROOM FOR THIS."
MASTER PAM (THE BIG BOY OF THE SCHOOL). "NO, CERTAINLY NOT. YOU MUST LEAVE THAT OLD HOBBY OF YOURS BEHIND."

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE REIGN OF RICHARD THE SECOND.

RICHARD came to the throne when not quite twelve years old, but little as he was, there is reason to believe he was a great fop even then. A curious illumination in the Argentine Collection represents him in the act of "overing" a playmate, to whom the boyish King is crying (in a scroll) "Tucke in your Tuppennye!" and here the Royal pinafore is shown to be embroidered with the tastiest devices, and short as is his stature, the Royal youth is got up in the very height of fashion.

The boy being proverbially the father of the man, we find that as the King grew up, his love of finery grew with him. One of his coats was valued at thirty thousand marks, a fact which marks, we think, the Royal disposition. This high value arose chiefly from the quantity of needlework expended on the garment, and the precious lot of precious stones with which it was embroidered. Another of his robes, and very probably a Sunday one, is depicted in the portrait of him which is still on view, being preserved in Westminster Abbey, in the Chamber called "Jerusalem." This robe is adorned with an elegant embroidery of capital R's and roses: it being quite the fashion with the dandies of this period to have either their initials or a motto on their dresses, perhaps, as we have hinted, to mark them for the wash. Were the custom now revived, we can conceive what stupid mottoes would be sported by the gentish, who always mock and maul the fashions of their betters:—

"I wish my Gal to please:
O, ain't I just the Cheese!"

would doubtless be a popular device for a new shirt-front: while a couple of lines stating that—

"Yes, Moshesh is a Brick:
This cost but ten and a kick!"

might be fittingly embroidered on the back of a gent's paletot, displayed upon the dummy of an advertising slopshop.

COSTUME OF A CLERGYMAN. TEMP. RICHARD THE SECOND. FROM MR. PUNCH'S OWN ILLUMINATED COPY OF CHAUCER.

Under a foppish sovereign, foppery, of course, became the order of the day, and the lowest orders even became visibly infected by it. One writer hints, that servants dressed as finely as their masters; but accustomed as we are to be dazzled by the grandeur of our CHAWLESES and our JEAMESES, there is nothing very novel or surprising in this fact. KNIGHTON says, "Ye common people everich one dyd showe such vanitie in dress, yt in good sooth by their appearance it is well-nighe impossible for to distinguish riche frō poore, laitie frō clergy, high estate frō lowe." If this was then impossible, what must it be now? and how can we attempt to do what writers of the time confessed they shrank from trying? However, all the peemen of the period were not Knightons. Some of them were bright'uns, and saw clearer than the Knightons, and were able to distinguish persons of distinction. Not being a Jesuit, KNIGHTON possibly had not the word *distingué* in his dictionary. But other writers had, we find; and scarcely need we say, that one of these was CHAUCER, who wrote his *Canterbury Tales* about the close of this short reign, and dropped therein some interesting hints about the clothes of it. On one point his opinion coincides with that of KNIGHTON, in so far that he makes his ploughman chaff the clergy for riding on high horses glittering with gold, and being armed with swords and bucklers like to men of war, so that it was not easy to distinguish them from knights. To the latter charge the parsons might have not inaptly answered, that as part of the Church Militant they had a right to go well armed: and as for the offence of riding the high horse, that has been in all ages a clerical amusement, and in some parts of the country is said to be still extant.

In further illustration of the fashions of the clergy, CHAUCER has introduced a monk among his Canterbury Pilgrims, dressed plainly in defiance of the clerical regulations, inasmuch as he was anything but plainly dressed. The rich sleeves of his tunic were "edged with fur de gris, ye finest in ye land:" he wore bells upon his bridle, and a pair of "supple" boots; and under his chin his hood was fastened with a golden pin, which, as a climax to his fopperies, was actually fashioned "like a true lovere hys knotte!" Nor were the clerks, it seems, a whit less foppish than the parsons; for in the description which is given of one in the same poem, it is said (in other metre) that—

"Hys hose were red, hys kirtle blewe,
Hys surplice whyte as snow-droppe new:
Hys shoon were broidered lattice-wyse
With Paule's windowes, a quaint devyse:
In sooth hys togges ye world dyd telle
What paines he took to come out swelle."

Exceptions there were, doubtless, to the general clerical rule; for we find preachers complaining of the vanities and pomps of dress in which the laity indulged: and this they could not well have done if they had been themselves attired in gorgeous array. CHAUCER's parson has two charges to bring against the people: the one accusing them of superfluity, and the other of unseemly scantiness of dress: for it appears that both these fashions were in vogue at the same period.

NOBLE SWELLS. TEMP. RICHARD THE SECOND. FROM ALL SORTS OF VALUABLE MSS. OF THE PERIOD.

After speaking rather savagely of the first of these two "sins," which "maketh ye gown to draggle in ye mud and mire" (a miss-chance that is by no chance ever witnessed now), he condemns no less severely—

"Ye horrible disordinate scantinesse of clothyng, as be these cut slops or hanselines, that through their shortness, eke and through ye wrapping of their hose, which are departed of two colours, white and red, white and blue, white and blacke, or blacke and red, make ye wearers seeme as though ye fire of Saint Anthonie or othere suche mischance hadd cankered and consumedde one halfe of their bodies."

The "cut slops or hanselines" mentioned in this passage were shortened coats or jackets introduced about this time, and which were apparently of German importation. Among other vastly interesting historical intelligence, FROISSART has left on record, that when HENRY,

Duke of Lancaster, came back from the Continent, he made his entry into London in a "courte jacques" of cloth of gold, cut "*à la façhon d'Almayne.*" As another proof, moreover, of its German derivation, the "courte" or shortened coat is said to have been called "hanselein," from the German "HANS," or "JACK," whence the garment became known in England as a "jack-et." The word "slop," as applied to an article of dress, occurs for the first time in the passage we have quoted, and is probably derivable from the German *schleppe*, which signifies a something "trailing." Whether our cheap and n—not nice tailors, who are commonly called "slop-sellers," have any claim to be considered of German derivation, is a question which debating clubs may argue if they like, but which we have neither space nor inclination to discuss. But we may hint, that there is certainly some ground for the hypothesis: for the word "British" we know is synonymous with "brickish," and as slopsellers are never known to act like bricks, they clearly cannot claim that their origin is British.

Mention has been made in the last preceding extract of the fashion now of wearing "hose departed of two colours," and we find that parti-coloured robes were made to match—or rather, *not* to match would be speaking more correctly. Very quaint and queer were these parti-coloured dresses, which must have looked as though their wearers had left half of themselves at home, and had somehow got a moiety of some one else stuck on to them. The hose too being quite dissimilar, could hardly with propriety have been called a pair; and must have made men fancy that their right leg had by some mishap become a wrong one. Our circus "fools" have frequently adopted this strange fashion, without being aware perhaps that it had been devised by the wisdom of their ancestors. Could the latter now be summoned by the aid of Spirit-rapping, we can fancy with what horror they would see upon what shoulders their mantles had descended. We cannot think though, that our clowns are to be viewed in their stage-dress as greater fools than were their forefathers, for the latter set the fashion which is so ridiculous.

The parti-colours sometimes had political significance, and like those worn at elections were really party colours. In an old illumination representing JOHN OF GAUNT, who was the uncle of RICHARD THE SECOND, gravely sitting to decide the claims upon his nephew's coronation, the gaunt one wears a funnily grotesque appearance, by wearing a long robe divided down the middle, the one half being blue and the other being white, which we all know were the colours of the House of Lancaster. We think that great good might result were our M.P.s to revive this curious old fashion, and to show by their costume what party they belonged to. Were this hint to be acted on, not merely would the House present a much gayer appearance, by the magpie black and white in it being turned to peacock hues; but there would be far less chance that Members would enter the wrong lobby, as in the now expiring Session, has unluckily occurred. Unstable minds, moreover, might indicate their waverings, by wearing rainbow pegtops and coats of many colours; which with a variegated vest, and a tie of neutral tint, would show they were in-vest-ed with the freedom of a weathercock, and could veer round independently of any party tie.

FOND DELUSION.

First Tourist (*going North*). "HULLO, TOMPK——"

Second Ditto (*ditto, ditto*). "HSH——SH! CONFOUND IT, YOU'LL SPOIL ALL. THEY THINK IN THE TRAIN I'M A HIGHLAND CHIEF!!"

The Sultan's New Symbol.

THE following remarkable statement is contained in the foreign intelligence of a contemporary:—

"The Sultan has sent the Grand Cross of the Medjidie to ABD-EL-KADER."

Unless a quite unlooked-for change has taken place in the views of both ABD-EL-KADER and ABDUL MEDJID, we may say, that the decoration which the latter is above stated to have conferred on the former involves a curious amalgamation of the Cross and the Crescent.

UNDER CANVAS.

(A SIGH FROM A DAMP SUB.)

You volunteering gentlemen
Who live at home in ease,
How little do you think of us,
In mud up to our knees—
While in the huts at Aldershott,
Or on the Curragh bare.
'Neath the canvas damp, we curse the camp—
It's lucky we're free to swear!

A campaign in the rain is a trifle,
When glory's to be got:
Who'd grudge to clean his rifle,
When a foe it has sent to pot?
But this marching out to flounder about,
And afterwards march in,
Till your arms show a crust of dirt and rust,
And your company's wet to the skin—
With all complaining "it's always raining,"—
Is really letting one in!

When first I joined as Ensign,
My heart it did aspire,
In the mouth of a gun, at the word, to run,
And stand no end of fire.
But I certainly never bargained
For water to this extent,
Any pluck 'twould damp to live in camp,
With a shower-bath for one's tent.

The Camp campaigning duties,
Would teach us, we were told,
So day and night we have waged a fight,
With General Catarrh and Cold.
The command that gives most trouble,
And is heard in every quarter—
Is "Tallow your noses—double!"
And, "By the right—feet in hot water."

It seems so inconsistent,
This pitch to which we've got—
Feet in cold water every day,
And every night in hot!
Though honours fall but rarely,
On Glory's laurelled path,
Of one order, at least, *we've* had quite a feast—
The Order of the Bath!

So I sit, and my teeth they chatter,
And I mope like a half-drowned rat;
And the rain falls, patter, patter,
Through my tent on my Mackintosh mat.
And my damp clothes lie in a huddle,
Giving out a frowsy steam,
And my feet are in a puddle,
And my bed seems the bed of a stream,
Where I dream that I'm dry, and wake to sigh,
And find it is only a dream!

From my Swamp, The Curragh, Ireland.

THE TERRORS OF TABLE-TURNING.

REALLY, if this Spirit-moving mania be carried on much further, it will be necessary for persons who are about to marry to take steps to secure themselves from buying haunted furniture, and from possessing chairs and tables which are themselves "possessed." When we hear of wardrobes "manifesting signs of the most lively emotion" on being approached by the mistress of the house; of sofas "undergoing throes" and swaying to and fro with "tumultuous energy" when invited by a Medium to join in a *séance*; of heavy easy chairs standing up on their hind legs, and wheeling about and turning about like so many JIM CROWS, when informed through the same means, that there were "sperrits" present; of tables rising unsupported some three feet in the air, and then descending to the ground with such a "dreamy softness" that it rendered their alighting "almost imperceptible;" of tables "rearing themselves up at an angle of 45°," without letting the vases and things placed upon them topple over; of tables clambering up ottomans and jumping into beds, and performing such "strange antics" with such "violent vivacity" as clearly showed they were "infected with a wild rollicking glee," and "inspired with the most riotous animal spirits;" when we hear, we say, of furniture behaving itself in this way, we cannot but consider that people should be careful how they run the risk of contact with it, and that great pains should be taken to avoid the chance of accidents resulting from its getting into an excited state. After what has actually been seen by living witnesses (at least if we believe their tongues, and they themselves believe their eyes, without using their other senses, common sense included, to test the "truths" to which they testify), we should hardly think it safe to let a table cross our threshold without having some knowledge of its character and habits, and feeling guaranteed in some way that when a spirit moved it we need fear no ill effects. Having a wife and a large family of ten or twelve small children, from whom we daily are obliged by business to absent ourselves, it would never do to leave them at the mercy of strange furniture; which for aught we know might prove addicted to an intercourse with spirits, and be liable to get elevated, and suspended in the air, and alarm the household by the madness of its freaks.

Obviously, therefore, some measures must be taken whereby the peace of mind of parents may be thoroughly secured, on the point as to how far their tables may be trusted, and their chairs and sofas left without being strictly watched. Upholsterers must be eyed as jealously as horse-dealers, and whatever article of furniture they sell will have to be submitted to most scrutinising tests. When they turn out a new table, they will have to guarantee it as being free from rapping, tipping, or any other vicious tricks; and no father of a family will think it safe to buy an old one without asking the shopkeeper what character he had with it, and whether it had ever shown a restive disposition, or had betrayed a tendency to back-jump, rear, or kick. Prudent persons will require that their easy chairs and sofas should be similarly certified; and unless they can be warranted as sound and safe from spirits, of course they will not be allowed to come into a drawing-room, where ladies, not strong-minded, might be frightened into fits.

Nor, while the Spirit mania lasts, will such precautions be less needful with regard to bed-room furniture, which must equally awaken one's suspicion and alarm. After what has been detailed of tables jumping upon beds, and chests of drawers being seen to undulate and vibrate with emotion, and curtain-rods, for aught we know, to quiver with excitement and rotate with remorse, surely nobody would dream of purchasing a wardrobe without a proper warranty that it was all serene; or of suffering one's upholder to send one home a dressing-table, which, being addicted to show spirits in the looking-glass, might shake one so while shaving as to make one cut one's throat. In fact, as spirits don't seem proud, but condescend to take possession of things most insignificant, the smallest household articles will be objects of suspicion, the while one fears there may be "sperrits present" in one's house. For ourselves, we frankly own, that as we have by nature a somewhat nervous temperament, we would never even purchase a second-hand perambulator without having a full knowledge of its parentage and pedigree; nor could we with any comfort use so small a piece of furniture even as a footstool, if we fancied that a spirit-hand had (in the dark) been seen on it.

CAMPS AND DAMPS.

THERE are grievous complaints of the state of the cavalry horses in the Curragh Camp. It seems as if some biped wanted a good *curragh combing*, as well as these poor starved out quadrupeds. A "French Soldier" writes to the *Times*, declaring that the people most to blame are the soldiers themselves, who have not the *nous* to drain their camp, and pave sloped standing-places for their horses. Perhaps there may be some truth in this; but are we sure that the soldiers have been permitted—much more taught—to set about such works? Let us take care, before we blame them, to be sure that we put the saddle on the right horse—even though the saddle be a Cavalry one, and the horse a Dragoon.

A PROFITABLE LINE OF BUSINESS.

WE read that a certain Railway pays its Lawyers £30,000 a year. This is very pleasant for the Lawyers doubtlessly, and must pay them remarkably well to keep up a running account of such an agreeable magnitude; but how about the poor Shareholders? We do not allude to the preference, or the preference preference Shareholders with their 6, 7, and 8 per cent. guaranteed interest, but to those who originally invested in the speculation? It strikes us (we are talking of *Bradshaw* generally, and not picking out any separate line) that many of the Shareholders have to starve in order that one or two favoured Lawyers may be fed. Of all Railway branches, and but few of them pay, the Legal Branch is the most expensive, and yet Railways are always running to law, and thousands have to be paid as the penalty of the numerous Railway collisions that are continually taking place in consequence in the Courts of Law.

To no professional class, not even excepting the Engineers, has the establishment of Railways been so profitable as to the Lawyers. The Engineer finishes his line, and there to a great extent his interest ends; but you have never finished with your Lawyer. Once allow him to put his iron fingers on your line, and with the well-known tenacity that iron has for iron, he will not let go his clutch in a hurry. A mother-in-law in a household is not more difficult to be got rid of than a Lawyer who once gets his red-bag inside a Railway carriage. He is there, you may be sure, for life, and he takes the line in any direction he pleases, and, not only rides free of expense, but pockets every half-year the handsomest dividend that the Company pays. A cabman is not paid more than sixpence a mile, but a Railway Lawyer's fare, we should say, was cheap at the rate of a hundred a mile. The sooner the Shareholders put down such legal conveyances, or else keep a tight cheque-string on them, the better they will find it for their pockets. Our words for it, these furious-driving legal Phaetons, if not pulled up in time, will infallibly run away with all your money.

Of all the paces, there 's none like the Lawyer's pace for killing. In their time Lawyers have killed more than Railways. When the two combine, poor men must lose their own. In the meantime, the Railway axiom can safely be laid down, that Railways were established in this country for the special emolument of Lawyers and Directors. They take the first spoil; if anything is left (*if*), it is divided amongst the Shareholders.

CHILDREN, GOODS AND CHATTELS.

AT the Westminster Police Court we are informed by the *Morning Post* that—

"ALLEN FAIRRIE JOHNSTONE and SARAH ELLIOTT were further examined charged with stealing a valuable child."

A dear child we often hear of; but a valuable child is something apparently new. The fact is, however, that JANE SMITH, the valuable little article which MR. JOHNSTONE and MISS ELLIOTT were accused of purloining, draws large audiences by singing at various concert-rooms. She being only five years old, her value consists in the attraction which she exerts on the more intelligent portion of the British public in the character of musical prodigy or phenomenon and infant wonder. For stealing a child of this value how would the indictment run? The accused might perhaps be charged with having stolen, taken, and carried away one child, value £1000, for instance. A singing baby is at least as valuable as a singing mouse; but if it were as dear as it is valuable, its friends would take care of it, and the way to do that is not to let it go about singing at concerts at a time when it ought to be playing at home, or lying fast asleep in bed. Valuable children who are allowed to ruin their health by excitement and want of natural rest are very apt to be lost, if they are not stolen.

Is the punishment for stealing a child, whether of little or great value, as severe as that inflicted for stealing a sheep? The answer is not easy; for although numerous cases of kidnapping have occurred lately, the offenders, and especially the arch-offender, who stole the little Jew, appear all of them to have escaped justice.

The Bonapartist Claque at Naples.

IT seems that one can sing, as well dance, on a volcano. For instance, the Imperial *claqueurs*, in the pay of the Bonapartes, are trying to get at Naples a new song, entitled, "*Murat pour la Patrie*." They sing it with a great deal of warmth, but can get very few of the natives to join in the chorus. Apparently the Neapolitans do not think MURAT worth a song.

A LATIN ROOT.

WHY is an Irishman's dinner always ready?

Because (says the spirit of MURPHY, speaking through a Monkey Medium) it's "*Semper* praties."

PASSENGER (Rowin' Man). "*I say, Porter, just look after my Luggage, will you?*—Small Carpet-bag and Four-Oared Cutter—*and look sharp, I don't want to Lose this Train!*"

DWARFS AND GIANTS.

WHAT a blunder to talk of NAPOLEON THE GREAT!
No offence to the head of a neighbouring state;
The NAPOLEON here meant is NAPOLEON THE FIRST,
By whose plague of war-locusts all Europe was cursed.

NAPOLEON THE SLAYER, NAPOLEON THE THIEF,
His idol was glory, which brought him to grief;
Great mischief he did—there his greatness I own.
Must we honour old Nick for his fiery throne?

If the spirit that did, in the flesh, demon's work,
Is under our tables permitted to lurk,
There 's a question to which I would bid it reply,
By raps, if it could, and not rap out a lie.

I 'd ask it now, glory's true worth it has known,
Would it have GARIBALDI'S renown or its own;
Its career yet to run, if its choice it could make
Between fighting for Conquest and Liberty's sake?

The Hero who battles for Freedom and Right,
Is Day to the self-seeking Conqueror's Night;
Of the first let the memory be sweet as the rose:
Of the other, a deathless offence to the nose.

I 'm content with my cudgel and proud of my hunch,
But I 'd be GARIBALDI if I were not *Punch*.
Despise, World, the monsters that filled thee with groans;
Extol the subverter of tyrannous thrones!

What a Fool he must be!

A SMALL punster of our acquaintance who seems to know more of French history than he does of English spelling, says the battle which has recently been fought upon the Paper Duties, in some degree, reminds him of the famous Siege of Reams.

A PINCH OF CURRAGH POWDER.

CORRESPONDENTS from the Curragh Camp keep on painting their position in the wateriest of water-colours, and write as though their military ardour were quite damped by it. It seems, their tents are full of water, while their hearts are full of fire, burning as they are with the desire for drier quarters. As little, except sickness, can be gained by three months' soaking, we think the *venue* of the trial they have had might now be changed, and the heroes be allowed the chance of wearing a dry shirt, which is a luxury that lately they have not been indulged with. At any rate we think that while the soldiers have to soak, they ought to be supplied with an extra go of grog, which perhaps might counteract the evil of wet feet, and save the troops from catching influenza and sore throat. Could the old DUKE OF NORFOLK have been consulted in the matter, he would doubtless have prescribed a pinch of Curragh powder, as a means of giving warmth, and warding off the chills which even soldier's flesh is heir to. But a glass of grog "hot with" would better serve to keep the cold out, and would palatably raise the pecker of our troops. A soldier cares not for wet feet if he can but wet his whistle; but we think his thirst for glory is likely to be lessened, when the glory is presented to him as a doubtful sort of negus, consisting of a mixture of bad Tent and water.

The Vatican in Leicester Square.

WE understand that negotiations are on foot for purchasing the premises and building of the Great Globe in Leicester Square, in order to the conversion of that celebrated structure into a Palace for the POPE, who is shortly expected to emigrate from Italy, and, as we announced some time ago, take up his residence in this capital, and the above-named quarter thereof. The Great Globe will be just the place for his Holiness, as he will be able to get out in front of it over the door whenever he likes, and impart a benediction "*Urbi et Orbi*."

THE GAME OF CHANCE AT THE DIVORCE COURT.—Double, or Quits.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, September 8, 1860.

WHAT IT *MUST* HAVE COME TO, IF THE RAIN HAD CONTINUED MUCH LONGER!

"IS THERE ANY SPERRITS PRESENT?"

To the Editor of Punch.

"SIR,

"SEE what you have brought upon yourself by deriding and denying the wonderful facts of Spiritualism! Read the subjoined paragraph concerning you, extracted from the 'Notices to Correspondents' in the *Spiritual Magazine*:—

"INQUIRER.—'*A Word with Punch on the merits of his three Puppets, Sleekhead, Wronghead, and Thickhead*,' is, we believe, out of print. The exposures in it were certainly very damaging, but they answered the purpose. *Punch* never attacked MR. BUNN afterwards; perhaps the quiet intimation on the corner of the title-page, 'To be continued if necessary,' made *Punch* discreet rather than valiant. You are right in supposing that '*Thickhead*' is the present Editor of *Punch*."

"Besides deterring you from saying anything more against Spiritualism, the foregoing reference to yourself ought to convince you of its truth. Surely you must see that the passage above quoted is a communication from the spirit of the late BARNARD GREGORY, sometime Editor of the *Satirist*. Expect more, and worse, from the same quarter, if you keep on making jests of Mediums and talking tables. Your ridicule of quackery will be met with personal abuse, the author of which you may call a dirty blackguard, but you will disdain to answer him, and he will go about boasting that he has shut you up.

"The ribaldry with which you assail Spiritualism is nothing new. It is as old as Spiritualism itself. The Spiritualist and the Scoffer have co-existed from the beginning. Let me call your attention to evidence of this fact, contained in some lines of doggerel (much like the verses of your own contributors), with which an insidious naturalism, from time immemorial, has sought to poison and prejudice the mind of infancy:—

"High diddle diddle,
The Cat and the Fiddle,
The Cow jumped over the Moon;
The Little Dog laughed to see such sport:
And the Dish ran away with the Spoon."

"Let us analyse these despicable nursery rhymes, in order to expose their covert meaning. 'High diddle diddle.' This first line is commonly, but erroneously, supposed to be nonsense. It embodies a general denunciation of Spiritualism as delusion. 'High' means supreme; 'diddle' is a familiar synonym of imposture or humbug. The repetition of the word 'diddle' is intended to intensify the force of it, so that 'diddle diddle' is as much as to say 'humbug double-distilled,' or 'transcendent humbug.' The whole line amounts to a sweeping assertion that Spiritualism is regular out-and-out humbug.

"I shall make this statement clear as we proceed. 'The Cat and the Fiddle.' This is ribaldry. It is just the same sort of ribaldry as that with which you attack the high and holy truths of Spiritualism. The words are intended to insinuate deception in the case of a spiritual performance on a violin. The fiddle was played by spirit-agency; but the poetaster attempts to account for a phenomenon which he cannot deny by suggesting that the sounds were produced by a cat, that twitched the strings of the instrument with her claws under the table.

"'The Cow jumped over the Moon.' More ribaldry. As much as to say, the alleged fact of spirit-fiddling is as improbable as the legendary relation that a certain ruminant quadruped overleapt the satellite of this planet.

"'The little Dog laughed to see such sport.' Ribaldry again. Of course a dog could not laugh; though the so-called laughing hyæna is a brute of the dog kind, and such puppies as your *Toby* may laugh at humble women for inquiring, in the unaffected language of the lower classes, whether there *is* any *sperrits* present? By the sport mentioned in this line are intended Spiritual manifestations; and the pretended laughter of the little dog is an innuendo, signifying that they were so monstrously absurd as even to excite the derisive merriment of an animal of the canine species.

"We now come to the last of the five lines which compose this piece of stupid scurrility. 'And the Dish ran away with the Spoon.' This is the simple statement of an unquestionable Spiritual fact, which the preceding buffoonery is calculated to discredit.

"You will live to believe in Spiritualism, if you live till you are a day older—as DR. LARDNER lived to see the Atlantic crossed by steamers. Spirits will, of course, immediately disclose the authors of the Road and Stepney murders. You have put them on their mettle by defying them to reveal anything whatever, and, though in eternity, they will lose no time in rapping out the names of the murderers by the alphabet.

"Is there no sperrits—to borrow the homely language of commu-

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nicants with the supernatural, and therefore supragrammatical, world—is there no sperrits in all the sperritual world as is able and willing to communicate them two very simple pieces of information? And, while they are about it, they may as well answer the long-pending and almost given-up question, 'Who stole the donkey?'

"I am, Sir, your exceedingly disgusted Reader,

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

"P.S. 'The Dish ran away with the Spoon.' I know you will say that the subject of this Spiritual asportation was the Editor of *Giles Scroggins's Journal*."

PROPRIETIES OF PENNY-A-LINING.

IN the report of a recent execution published by a contemporary, there occurs immediately after the description of an attempt on the part of the prisoner to commit suicide, the following remark:—

"The prisoner appears to have conducted himself exceedingly well since he has been in Horsemonger Lane Gaol."

The endeavour to destroy himself seems not to have appeared to the reporter an exception to the prisoner's good behaviour. In continuation we are told that—

"He attended chapel every day, and seemed to be very much pleased with the religious discourses of the REV. MR. JESSOPP, and paid great attention to them."

In a previous part of the narrative we find that MR. JESSOPP "exhorted him to tell the truth, and not go out of the world with a lie in his mouth." He, however, did go out of the world asserting his innocence. If it was really the fact that he paid any attention whatever to the religious discourses of the clergyman, that fact would suggest a shocking doubt of his guilt. But, to our relief, we are informed, not only that he paid great attention to those discourses, but was also "very much pleased with them." A man about to be hanged might be terrified or comforted by ghostly exhortations, but could hardly be likely to be "pleased" with a religious discourse; like a serious gentleman at large sitting under MR. SPURGEON. We may safely conclude that the attention paid by the convict to the discourses of his spiritual adviser was about equal to the pleasure which he derived from them.

What a wonder that, in penning the passage next subjoined, the narrator did not think of instituting a comparison which it suggests to anybody who is in the least acquainted with LEMPRIERE'S Dictionary:—

"He conversed freely with the warders who had the charge of him, and upon one occasion, in reference to the punishment of death, he said he objected to it 'upon principle,' and said he did not think the law was justified in taking life for any crime."

This philosophical behaviour is really quite analogous to the conduct of SOCRATES in his last moments.

We seem to have read the ensuing description, or something very like it, more than once before; indeed, very often. Like nearly every criminal, an account of whose execution for murder we have ever perused, the condemned man, having taken leave of his friends,—

"Went to bed at the usual hour, and slept soundly till yesterday morning at seven o'clock, when he got up and dressed himself, and had his breakfast, which consisted of cocoa and bread and butter. He ate the whole of the allowance given to him apparently with great relish, and asked for an additional quantity, which was supplied him, and he finished the whole of that also."

If the reports of executions in general can be believed, the last breakfast of a murderer is almost invariably a good one, and he seldom fails to ask for more; which is always "supplied him," in most cases "promptly" or "immediately." The items of the meal also, as in the present instance, are constantly specified. Somebody must be interested in this sort of detail, instead of being disgusted with it. We wonder if the chronicler of such particulars would be sensible of recording anything incongruous with the solemnity of the occasion in stating, if an eccentric malefactor gave him occasion for doing so, that the prisoner "expressed a wish for shrimps, which was instantly gratified," or "requested a bloater, which was at once supplied him."

In the extract which shall conclude this anthology, however, there is one word, which, if not absolutely novel in the composition of such a narrative as that in which it occurs, may nevertheless suggest a new idea to thinking minds:—

"The chaplain then commenced reading the imposing service for the dead, and the mournful cavalcade proceeded across the yard to the place of execution, which is at some considerable distance."

Equestrian tragedies have been performed in a theatre; but even on the stage it is at least unusual for a prisoner to be led to execution in a cavalcade.

SONG OF THE IMPERIAL PREFECT.

COME on my friends, look here, this pair of boots you see,
Attend, approach, assist, in cleaning them with me.
Whom do I you invite from dirt to free them for?
Aha! and can you doubt? It is our Emperor.

These boots which I embrace, as if they were my sons,
What do they call themselves? You know. Napoleons.
'Tis well, therefore, to clean and make them gaily shine,
Because the name they bear effuses light divine.

Yes, glory from that name as from bright Phœbus shoots,
Well, then, will you refuse to wipe its owner's boots?
No; raising cries of joy, in eager haste you 'll press
To cleanse their very soles of all unpleasantness.

To him who wears them think how vast a debt you owe,
And all your bosoms then with gratitude will glow.
What! dares some voice exclaim, that France is no more free?
The Empire is for her the Tree of Liberty!

For chains with garlands she is to that poplar bound,
A Maypole decked with flowers, which she can dance around.
So let us dance; but first remove the spots impure
Of these Napoleon boots the radiance which obscure.

What, is not Paris grand, almost indeed rebuilt?
Are not your eyes regaled with painting and with gilt?
Of splendours such as these be happy in the face;
If Britons are not slaves, their statues are all base.

But most of all reflect on what a height we stand,
In terror and alarm maintaining every land.
Our neighbours fear lest we should force them to enjoy
The happiness of Nice; the fortune of Savoy.

See England all in arms; JOHN BULL up to his eyes
Taxed, lest we some fine day his seaboard should surprise;
His wealth, his hearth, and home, should plunder and profane
Of glory thus possessed, of what can we complain?

Come help me then these boots—to polish shall I say?
No; simply they require defilement wiped away.
Of patent-leather formed, their stains removed, they glow:
Now has arrived the hour devoted zeal to show.

Lend me—your hands? Ah no! These boots demand of us
A nobler sacrifice—idea more generous!
With blacking's acrid taste no palate will be wrung,
Let me request you all to aid me with the tongue.

Hereditary Bondsmen who are Always Striking the First Blow.

MR. HERMAN LANG (the name reads like the German for LONGFELLOW) writes to the *Times* to state that a Volunteer Band, if good for anything, cannot be kept up for less than £1,000 a year. (Bosh!) We venture to say that the Pope's Brass Band, proficient as they are in blowing their own trumpets as well as those of their harmonious master, manage to keep themselves up for a much less sum than the above. We doubt if the poor fellows draw much beyond their own breath. The reward is certainly not great, tending to empty the chest rather than fill it, but then the POPE, who has not kept an old rag-shop so many years for nothing, says it is the BEST Price that can be GIVEN for OLD BRASS.

Inhuman Attempt at the Floral Hall.

A FRENCHMAN'S love of the ridiculous exceeds even his love of the truth. An apology was made the other evening for MLLE. PAREPA'S absence:—"*Ah! il paraît donc que* MLLE. PAREPA *ne paraît pas.*" The Frenchman, who was the unnatural parent of the above absurdity, was so proud of his misshapen distorted offspring, that he went about introducing it to every one he met. How true it is, that parents love their deformed children the best!

POOR BEASTS!—It is decided that the Natural History of the British Museum is not to go out of town this year.

STOP HER!

WE read a short time ago, in a contemporary the following strange want:—

"WANTED, A SINGING CHAMBERMAID."

Now of all the nuisances in one's establishment, we should fancy a domestic who could not hand one the *Times* newspaper without bursting into a bravura song, would be unexceptionably the most intolerable. Any one who goes singing about the house is a bore. One instinctively longs to fling the brute over the bannisters; but to have MOLLY constantly humming about one's ears—to warm your bed the last thing at night with "*We're all Nodding*," and to bring you a cup of tea at daybreak with "*Behold how brightly breaks the Morning*"—would have such an effect upon our sensitive nerves, that, by St. Barnabas! we would as soon live under the same roof with a party of Puseyite priests who were practising intoning all day. We know we should very soon have to rush off to the nearest tailor's, who had the private custom of the Lunacy Commissioners, and ask to be measured without delay for the straitest of strait-waistcoats. We should only want a facetious butler, a dancing porter, a crockery-smashing footman, and an Irish valet, who never spoke to you without slapping his thighs and saying, "Lord bliss yer 'oner!" to complete our mundane happiness.

Perhaps, however, the "Singing Chambermaid" was wanted for the stage, and certainly the stage is welcome to her so long as she doesn't come near us. When all our wives and daughters sing at the present day, we certainly don't want chambermaids who can sing also, unless they were sure to charm our hearts and ears like MISS PATTY OLIVER, or MISS LOUISE KEELEY, as often as they play the part of one.

THE SOLDIER OF THE HOLY SEE.

PUT this and that together. This is one of REUTER'S telegrams:—

"*Perugia, Aug.* 30.

"GENERAL LAMORICIÈRE, in an order of the day, has directed his troops to plunder any town which, on the approach of the enemy, should rise in insurrection."

That, which follows, is a paragraph from the *Times*:—

"A LORETTO VOW.—GENERAL LAMORICIÈRE went on the 15th of last month to the famous chapel of Our Lady of Loretto, and having, like other pilgrims, offered his devotions at the shrine, solemnly engaged to present there *ex voto* the sword which he now brandishes on the POPE'S behalf, as soon as he shall have delivered the Pontifical throne from all its enemies."

LAMORICIÈRE'S order of the day, appropriately dated at Perugia, would, if it stood alone, seem the proclamation of a miscreant. Taken, however, in connection with the gross and monstrous act of fetichism which he performed at Loretto, it enables charity to hope that he may possibly be a madman.

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.

"It is the EMPEROR who has saved the POPE."—*Persigny's Speech at Rouaine.*

WHO raised up Italy (no matter why)—
The Austrian legions to defy?
Who *spoke a speech*, (as under Milan's *duomo*
He rode with *Il Ré Galantuomo*)
That on the heart of Italy so wrought,
(No matter what he *thought*).
It fused a rush of units to a nation—
Furnished cement to annexation—
Gave GARIBALDI room and verge to grow—
An avalanche from flakes of snow—
And fixed the *point d'appui* to twist the rope
That soon or late must hang the POPE?

Let us not stay to ask the "how" or "why,"
This man, for once, looked high,
And spoke, as one with faith in a good cause,
Who champions Heaven's laws:
But own the hand that did what his has done,
Sure as light follows sun,
Sowed seeds of death in that old Papal power
Which France props at this hour.

Let PERSIGNY employ his special pleading,
His priestly gulls misleading;
'Tis no less true the Church's eldest son
The deed of parricide has done;
That his sword undermined St. Peter's chair,
Which now his bayonets up-bear.
That PIO NONO'S prayer, on bended knee,
Is, or at least *should* be,—
"'Gainst foes leave *me alone* to gain my ends,
But save—oh save me from my *friends!*"

A COLOSSAL BORE.

WE wonder that MONS. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, with his wonderful powers of boring, has not yet been able to construct the canal across the Isthmus of Suez. With so powerful a bore at the head of the works, the job should have been of the easiest nature, and ought to have been constructed at the very smallest expense. How tired we are of this everlasting surging, up-heaving, Isthmus! If it only had been worked half as well in reality as it has been on the press, French men-of-war might be sailing across it at the present moment, on their way to take possession of India. We can understand M. DE LESSEPS holding on to it with all his teeth, for it is a kind of alimentary canal to him, so long as any subscriptions keep pouring in; but we do wish that he would bore quietly like a mole underground, and not disturb the peace of Europe as though all the mountains in the world were in labour. M. DE L. has been hammering away again at poor LORD PALMERSTON, who does not seem much hurt by the puny blows he is perpetually receiving from this effervescing little Frenchman. He has been sending his Lordship some more "Observations" as striking as those he has dealt him five thousand times at least before, but they do not appear to have made any greater impression than their feeble predecessors. Nettled at no notice being taken either of them or himself, he sent to Cambridge House under all possible forms and disguises, until his servant, who seems to be as great a genius at boring as his master, brought back the following answer:—"LORD PALMERSTON'S final reply on the subject of M. DE LESSEP'S canal is simply—CUT IT." Nothing could be more expressive, or so laconic, or kinder, and yet we are told that M. DE LESSEPS is in a greater rage than ever. There are some men whom it is impossible to please.

Verbum Sap. Verbum Nap.

THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON is composing a *Life of Julius Cæsar*. This is well; for he can hardly fail to overlook the awful warning latent in the first line of the *Commentaries*. If France should attempt a new career of conquest, and Europe, indignant, should take her in hand, who knows but that a future historian may have to record that *Omnis Gallia divisa est in*, &c.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

ON HIS WAY TO THAT TURNIP FIELD, OUR DEAR OLD BRIGGS PASSES THROUGH THE PARK IN WHICH HIS FRIEND'S FAVOURITE BISONS ARE KEPT. HE SAYS TO GEORDIE THE KEEPER: "I TRUST, MY GOOD FELLOW, THIS IS NOT THE SEASON YOU SPOKE OF IN WHICH THESE CREATURES—YOU KNOW—EH—WHAT—A—A—ARE DANGEROUS!"

JOHN BULL'S BLUNDERS.

THE City of Montreal, in Lower Canada, has been thrown into an uproar by a proposition brought before its Municipal Council for changing the name of one of its squares from Commissioner Square to Victoria Square, and by the circumstance that a monument to LORD NELSON has been erected in another square named after JACQUES CARTIER, the original founder of Canada. It certainly does seem wonderful that, considering how punctiliously the British Government has respected and protected the institutions and laws of French Canada, the people of Montreal should abuse us like pickpockets for proposing to name one of their squares after the British Sovereign, and setting the image of a British hero up in the other. But this is just the way we always do offend people after having done our utmost to deserve their gratitude. We confer on them inestimable benefits, and then unwittingly inflict on them some petty slight, or exasperate them by some unintentional insult. We consult their interests, but overlook their prejudices; do our best to promote their moral and material prosperity, but tread by accident on their sentimental corns. To pamper Sepoys and give them larded cartridges was a regular British blunder; and it was a blunder still more regularly and truly British to call a square in Montreal by the name of our QUEEN, and to post an effigy of NELSON among the descendants of French people in a place which would have been appropriately occupied by that of a distinguished Frenchman.

How shall we make amends to the susceptibilities we have wounded? Shall we implore the City Council of Montreal to call the square which was to have borne the name of British Majesty, Bourbon Square? Shall we invite them to remove NELSON from Cartier Square and put CARTIER on NELSON'S pedestal? It would be as well perhaps if we were to endeavour to disarm the animosity we have unawares provoked among foreigners, and particularly our next neighbours, if we were, as a set-off against our Waterloo Places and Trafalgar Squares, to call several of our streets Bonaparte Street, and to name the new bridge at Westminster Austerlitz Bridge. It is true that we have Napoleon as well as Wellington boots. The more general adoption of such nomenclature would show that we intend no affront to those who feel themselves aggrieved by the clumsy ineptitudes—*gaucheries* don't they call them?—which they mistake for insolence. The fact is, that we, being extremely deficient in pride and vanity, cannot conceive how others can be irritated by trifles, of which we in their places should take no notice except that of a smile. They should pity our obtuseness. As to NELSON'S statue, the French Colonels themselves might be content to see it in the Place de la Concorde, on the condition that it should be made by one of our own sculptors. They might admit WELLINGTON'S on the same terms. Both Waterloo and Trafalgar would then be more than avenged.

Tribulation Cumming.

THE REVEREND DR. CUMMING has published a new book and some prophetic sermons, in an advertisement of which he styles himself "Author of *The Great Tribulation Coming on the Earth.*" DR. CUMMING, by his own account, would seem to be a very ill-natured person; but let us hope that his machinations will be frustrated, and that his malevolent hopes will be disappointed by the non-arrival of the calamity which he appears to anticipate so confidently as to call himself the author of it. At least, we may trust that he will inflict upon the world no greater tribulation than a great bore.

Waste of Print.

"LORD GRANVILLE'S errand to Madrid is in connection with recent efforts to put down slavery."

"The KING OF NAPLES has been offered an asylum by the QUEEN OF SPAIN in the event of his being expelled from his dominions."

Except as regards the names, these paragraphs seem to *Mr. Punch* to be tautology.

CORN VERSUS CHAFF.

JOHN BULL. "THIS IS MORE PROFITABLE WORK THAN ANY YOU HAVE BEEN DOING FOR SOME TIME, OLD BOY."

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.

SOME of the descendants of CAPTAIN COOK, the great circumnavigator, are advertising for subscriptions to a monument which it is proposed to erect to that distinguished man. COOK needs no monument beyond the Archipelago he opened to civilisation. Every missionary, every colonist, every clothed native man or woman, every educated native child, nay, every pig in the islands of the South Seas, is a figure in COOK's monument—a nobler one than ever was reared to conqueror. Anything the surviving COOKS may do in the monumental line must fall far below this. Too many Cooks, in fact, in this, as in other cases, are likely to spoil the broth.

Floods of Talk.

IN one of his prefaces, COLERIDGE says: "*There are such things as fountains in the mind.*" From the way in which M.P.s *give their minds to talking*, we should say that every unappreciated Demosthenes in the *House must have a good-sized fountain concealed about him. It must be so, or else they could not be so incessantly spouting.*

THE TRAVELLING SEASON.

THE KING OF NAPLES has decided upon taking a long journey. As Vesuvius was getting too hot to hold him, he has been recommended change of air by his physician, DR. GARIBALDI. The atmosphere of Naples was found a great deal too oppressive for one of his feeble constitution. In this instance, the formality of a passport was entirely dispensed with. It has been kindly intimated to His Royal Highness, who has been suffering a great deal lately, that he need not hurry himself in the least about his return; and the friendly advice has likewise been given to him that, for fear of meeting with any annoyance on his journey, he had better travel strictly *incognito*. Should it even be suspected who he is, the public curiosity, which, in cases of persons of illustrious birth and renown, cannot always be repressed, might seriously detract from his enjoyment. We wish him joy of his trip.

The Houses of Idleness.

AT the Prorogation of Parliament, it seems, as each Clerk bows four times to each Bill, no less than two hundred obeisances had to be given before the work was got through. A deal of bowing and scraping, and no advance made. A porcelain mandarin on a mantel-piece couldn't wag his empty head more unmeaningly. Heads may well fall low when they have so little to be so proud of. In one House, it is all idle ceremony; in the other, all idle talk. Our Lords employ their learned pates in bowing, and our Commons in bow-wow-ing.

HOMEBUG OR HUMEBUG.—The Spirit-rapping mania may be a moral disease indeed; but it has also a material aspect. May it not be considered as a species of impost*hume?*

DOUBLE MEMORY.

IN the pages of *Once a Week* we read the particulars of the case of a young lady who was afflicted with what is called "A Double Memory." One day she was as ignorant as a Member of Parliament, and the next she would be as accomplished as the object of your affections that you have an appointment with at eleven o'clock to-morrow in front of the "hymeneal altar," at St. George's, Hanover Square. On Monday her fingers would be quite sore from not knowing how to handle her pothooks and hangers; but on Tuesday she would write you a book almost as clever as any written by MRS. GORE. This two-fold state, in which one was alternately a child and a young lady, must, however, have possessed certain advantages. It is sometimes so convenient for a young lady to forget to-morrow the beautiful things she has been promising you to-day. Moreover, is the case so very wonderful after all? Cannot every one recall to memory innumerable instances of old ladies who have fancied themselves almost young children, and, under that delusion, have acted most childishly? It was once our happy lot to know a friend who owed us a certain sum of money (say £1000). Not only for five long years did he recollect that he owed us the money, but at last, when hope had almost grown into despair, he also, by some miracle or other, *recollected to pay it!* It is true that the second recollection was of very slow growth, but the two facts, taken together, authorise us in saying, that we look upon the above phenomenon of our friend as the most wonderful illustration of "Double Memory" we ever met with.

The Prince of Wales in Canada.

ON Tuesday, the 21st ult., his Royal Highness drove out to see the Falls of Montmorenci, near Quebec. Whilst he was contemplating the cascade, a bystander remarked that the noise was deafening. "Ah," said another, "that is indeed extraordinary. Cataract is generally blinding." The speaker was a Surgeon; and his observation was rebuked with a universal cry of "Shop!"

PATRON GODDESS OF THE SKITTLE GROUND.—Flora.

THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

ANOTHER admirable phase of the above movement was the wonderful precision with which, to a minute, several of the leading establishments in London closed their shops last Saturday week. When the "close" order of "Put up Shutters" was given, not a man lagged behind. It was another ebullition of the strong Volunteer spirit which animates the entire country. If we are "a nation of shopkeepers," it is but right that the shopkeepers themselves should do something to defend it. If they cannot exactly give their bodies, they are right, by thus closing early, to prove that they are perfectly willing to lend their "hands." These closed shutters are an addition to the Wooden Walls of England. If LOUIS NAPOLEON should ever become our customer (and there is no doubt that in one sense he would be a very "ugly customer" indeed), a notice might be written on each shop-front that he would be "served," not behind the counter, but in the open field, where all military orders would be executed on the shortest notice. Should it ever come to a measurement of weapons, we are positive that the English yard-measure would teach the French pretty forcibly to mind their "*aune*."

The Two Extremes.

AT some public meeting we read, that "the thanks of the Meeting were given to the Press and SIR GEORGE BOWYER." This convinces us more than ever, that there *is* only one step from the Sublime to the Ridiculous. How strangely astonished SIR GEORGE must have been to have found himself thrust into such intellectual company. The poor fellow must have felt very uncomfortable!

"COMING EVENTS," ETC.

WE have learned that apartments have been taken at the Clarendon for one JOHN SMITH. Knowing how like one Bourbon is to another, and recollecting how certain family traits *run* in that interesting family, we should not be in the least surprised if the KING OF NAPLES was already on his way to this country. We do not envy him his welcome.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXIX.—TWO WORDS MORE ABOUT THE REIGN OF RICHARD THE SECOND.

FROM A CURIOUS MS. ENTITLED "YE FOOTMAN'S FRIEND." DATE 1390.

ANOTHER eccentricity to be noticed in the civil costume of this period was the wearing of wide sleeves, which were "shaped like a bagpipe," and were known in common parlance by the name of "pokys." This they probably obtained from the fact that odds and ends were now and then poked into them; for the Monk of Evesham tells us that they were also known as the "devil's receptacles," because of their convenience for hiding stolen goods. In spite of this, however, servants were allowed to wear them like their masters; and we have no doubt their example was followed by their "followers." The sleeves were made so long and wide that they reached down to the knee, and sometimes even to the feet; and it is easy to imagine that any snapper-up of unconsidered trifles could make a decent living by the perquisites he pouched. Another nuisance in these pokys was, that they continually were dipping into dishes, for the Monk expressly tells us that servants when engaged in bringing in the sauces, "dyd saucilie contrive to lett their sleeves have ye first taste."

Fully as absurd as these foolishly wide sleeves were the sillily long shoes introduced about this time, and which were known commonly by the name of "crackowes." It is likely they were called thus from the city of Cracow, whence there is some reason to believe they were imported. Shoes with long points, we have seen, were worn in England as early as the reign of WILLIAM RUFUS; but from these the crackowes differed somewhat in their shape, and in having their points fastened up with chains of gold or silver to the knees of those who wore, but could not otherwise have walked in them. Mention of these crackowes is made by an old writer in a work called the *Eulogium* (probably because there is so very little praise in it), and as it likewise throws some light on other fashions of this period, we are disposed to let the passage have insertion in our Book:—

"Aboute this time ye Commons [i. e. the people, not the House] were besotted in exceedinge excess of apparrell, some in wide surcoats reaching to their loins, some in a garment reaching to their heeles, close before and struttinge out on ye sides, so y^t^ at ye backe they make men seeme like women, and this they doe call by ye ridiculous name of *gowne*. Their hoodes are little, tied under ye chinne and eke buttonedde like ye women's, but set with gold or silver and precious stones. Their lirripipes or tippets do pass round ye neck, and hanginge downe before reach to ye heeles all jagged. They have another weed of silk which they do call a paltock.* Their hose are of two colours, or pied with more, which they tie to their paltocks with white lachets called herlots, withouten any breeches (!). Their girdles are of gold and silver, and some of them worth twenty markes. Their shoes and pattens are snouted and pikèd, more than a fingere long, crookyng upwards, which they do call crackowes, resembling devil's clawes, and fastenedd to ye knees with chains of golde and silvere."

For further information respecting the clothes worn by civilians at this period, we may well refer the curious to the *Canterbury Tales*, where CHAUCER, who combined the penny-a-liner with the poet, has described a lot of people of both high and low estate. They may learn here how the Squire wore a short gown with long sleeves, and a robe embroidered—

"As it were a mede
Alle fulle of freshe flowres white a rede:"

—how the Yeoman was "yclad in a cote and hoode of grene," had his horn slung in a green baldrick, wore a dagger on one side and sword and buckler on the other, bore in his hand "a mighty bow," and carried a sheaf of arrows winged with peacock's feathers underneath his belt; how the Franklin, or country gentleman, is simply spoken of as wearing an anelace, or knife, and bearing at his girdle a gipciere or purse of silk, which, being "as white as milk," for aught we know may in reality have had the colour of sky-blue; how the Merchant is described as being dressed in "motley," (a term which CHAUCER aptly gives to the parti-coloured costume we have previously described, and which must have made a man look vastly like a fool), and as wearing a forked beard and a Flaundrish beaver hat, and boots which, we are told, were "fayre and fetously yclasped;" how the Doctor was clothed "in sanguin and in perse" (*i. e.*, purple and light blue), and the Lawyer wore a medley coat striped with different colours * and y-girt with silk: how the Reeve or Steward (who though called a Reeve may really have been somewhat of a Rough) was adorned with a long surcoat and a rusty sword, had a closely shaven beard, and hair rounded at the ears and docked upon the crown in the manner of a priest's; how the Ploughman wore a tabard and a hat and scrip and staff, and the Shipman was attired in a gown of stuff called falding, falling to the knee, and had a dagger under his arm slung by a lace thrown round the neck; how, for reasons of his own which it is needless to inquire into, the Miller wore a white coat,† a blue hood and sword and buckler, with the addition upon holidays of hose made of red cloth; and how the Haberdasher, Carpenter, Weaver, Dyer, and Tapestry Worker, all wealthy London burghers—

COSTUME OF A COAL MERCHANT. TEMP. RICHARD THE SECOND. FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

"Were yclothed in a livery
Of a solemne and grete fraternitie;"

—a phrase which might induce one to imagine them ancestrally related to our flunkeys, and first founders of the solemn Brotherhood of Plush.

In this reign, as in the last, the hair was worn rather long and very carefully curled, and the beard long and forked, "like the tail of a swallow," a fashion which can hardly be considered inappropriate, seeing that the swallow has connection with the throat. Whether the dandies had a habit of twiddling their moustaches is more than we can say; but they wore them long and drooping upon each side of the mouth, as one sees is not infrequently done even to this day.

With regard to the military costume of this period, we find there was but little noticeable change in it. The gradual substitution of plate armour for mail, which had been proceeding in the previous two reigns, was continued and brought almost to completion under RICHARD. Of the complete suit of ringed mail, which had been in use at the beginning of the century, all that now remained were the apron edge, the gussets which were made to shield the joints, and the camail or chain neck-guard that was added to a

FROM THE FAMOUS EFFIGY OF PETER OF PIMLICO. DATE 1380.

* This "weed" it would appear had sprung from Spanish soil, and had been somewhat in use with the flower of the nobility in the time of EDWARD THE THIRD. The word paletoque is still extant in the Spanish dictionary, and is there said to be "a kind of dress like a scapulary," which instructive information leaves us little wiser than we were before. DU CHESNE describes a scapulary as a monk's frock without sleeves; and as the word paletoque is obviously compounded of *palla* a cloak and *toque* a kind of head-dress, we are encouraged to conjecture that the garment had a something like a monkish cowl attached to it. As *paleto* in Spanish signifies a clown, it is likely that the paltock was first worn by common people; and as the modern paletot is obviously descended from it, we think that advertising tailors should advertise the fact.

* A Harleian manuscript (marked 980) informs us that the robe of a Serjeant-at-law was formerly particoloured "in order to command respect;" but whether this result was extensively attained, the writer of the manuscript does not proceed to state.

† "Why does a miller wear a white coat?" is a question which will doubtless occur to learned readers as having been in everybody's mouth about this period, having been introduced perhaps by the *Joe Miller* of the day.

kind of skullcap called a bassinet, which was introduced in the time of EDWARD THE SECOND. Milan was the place whence the best armour was imported: Italian iron being perhaps considered the most suitable for welding into suits. The preference thus given to plate of foreign make may have been one of the grievances of WAT TYLER the blacksmith, who having killed the tax-gatherer for trying to tax his daughter * was knocked down by LORD MAYOR WALWORTH, "whose mace dyd give him peppere for hys murderous as-salt."

A curious kind of bassinet came into fashion at this period, having its vizor sharply pointed and shaped like a bird's beak. The advantage of this form it is difficult to tell; and the sole cause we can think of why it was adopted is that, as it made the wearers look like fighting cocks, it may perhaps have urged them to crow over their enemies. The vizor, ventaille, or bavière, as it was variously called, was perforated with small holes, just big enough for breathing through; but unless, which is not likely, the wearers lived on air, we presume they took their beaks off whenever they felt peckish.

FAC-SIMILE OF A VERY CURIOUS DRAWING IN MR. PUNCH'S POSSESSION. AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF THE VIZORED BASSINET OF THE PERIOD.

In his poem of *Sir Topas*, CHAUCER gives us a description of a swell knight at his toilette; and we feel a little tempted to copy out a bit of it, if only to show the reader how thankful he should be that one need not copy nowadays the costume there described. *Sir Topas*, when he dressed himself, first of all put on:—

"Of cloth of lake fine and clere
A breche and eke a sherte,
Ful next his sherte an haketon,
And over that an habergeon
For piercing of his herte.
And over that a fin hauberke
Was all ywrought of Jewes werk.
Full strong it was of plate.
And over that his cote-armure
As white as is the lily flowre,
On which he wold debate."

"Over that," and "over that," and "over that!" only fancy what a lot of things to have to wear, and what a bore they must have often been to those who bore them. We complain a good deal of the discomforts of our clothing; but the miseries of *Sir Topas* must have far exceeded ours. Just imagine our M.P.s "debating" in the dog days in such attire as his! We are told too that his leggings, or, as they were then called, jambs, were "made of *cuir bouilli*, a choice kind of leather much in use during this period," which we think must have increased the inconvenience of his dress. However "choice" it may have been, we don't think we should choose to have our legs jammed in boiled leather; and we think that poor *Sir Topas*, in the summer time especially, must have found that this queer *bouilli* put him sadly in a stew.

* The state purse being emptied by the wars of EDWARD THE THIRD, by the expenses of the armaments entailed upon the country, and (give ear, O ye Commons!) by "a want of due economy in voting the supplies," a new tax of three groats on every person, rich or poor, was imposed soon after RICHARD had ascended the throne. This poll-tax, GOLDSMITH tells us, "kindled the resentment of the people to a flame," which was brought to a white heat by WAT TYLER'S flare up. When the riot first broke out, nervous people thought the country was going to the dogs, and some one named some of the rioters in the following dog Latin, which is as bad a bit of doggerel as we have ever read:—

"Watte vocat cui Thoma venit, neque Symme retardat,
Batque, Gibbe simul, Hykke venire subent;
Colle furit, quem Bobbe juvat, nocumenta parantes,
Cum quibus ad damnum Wille coere volat.
Hudde ferit, quem Judde terit, dum Tibbe juvatur,
Jacke domosque viros vellit, en ense necat:"

FINE WRITING AND FISTICUFFS.

"MISTER PUNCH, "*Broadway, Te-uesday.*

"SNAKES and Pumpkins! *Mister Punch!* Guess as heow you have jist got the wrong ind o' the stick neow! Reckon as you've bein and pitched in-toe our scrawlers, and said as heow they weren't no gentlemen and aint fit for smart society, and all because they blabbed a bit about that old hoss CORDEN, and his notions of the Treaty which that critter GLADSTONE haeve been all this blessed Session a-crammin' down yar throats. Wal, I won't deny the bhoys *du* sometimes let a cat out which they might as well keep bagged, and you Britishers air all so 'nition screwy of your talk (excep' them chaps in Parliament; *their* tongues *air* greased, I reckon!) that it takes a darned 'cute hand to scriggle out yar secrets. But as for sayin' as our Press writers don't du the thing that's tall, and air a lot of low-bred blackguards, jist you listen here, Sir-ree; I reckon here's a bit of pe-owerful fine writin', and there ain't a shade o' doubt of its being slick-up gentlemanly. This is heow, accordin' to the *New York Herald*, we welcomed back our Champion, MISTER JOHN C. HEENAN, after his victorious visit to your shores. The *Herald* calls it a 'Grand Fête of the Muscular Christians,' and after saying that some five-and-twenty thousand bhoys showed up, the peowerful penny-a-liner goes a-head like this:—

"'On arriving at the Wood, [that's 'JONES'S Wood,' old hoss 'a crack resort for shindy stirrers, it was found that a temporary circus had been fitted on the ground. Likewise our enraptured gaze rested upon an arch, presumed to be triumphal, and bearing the champion's motto, 'May the best man win!' In front of the amphitheatre, a stage twenty-five feet square had been erected, and fitted up with posts, ropes, &c., to represent a ring. No other arrangements except those for liquor selling, were apparent. Nature was kind to the boys, and smiled upon the affair. The day was one of the finest of the season, and gentle breezes from the south-south-east fanned the gladiators' velvety cheeks.'"

"Tall writing, that, I reckon! But our literary bhoys haeve all'ys bein first chop at poetry. Guess you Britishers are far too plain and matter-o'-fact for toe talk of zephyrs fannin' of yar 'velvety cheeks,' when you git a brisk sou'-easter a blowin' in yar mugs. But it shows what corn-fed critters we raise for common scrawling, and heow they can't touch nothin' which they don't make ornamental. Listen a slice more:—

"'Now for the champion. Lo! the conquering hero comes! The conquering hero rides in an open barouche, surrounded with a large amount of flags and policemen. On the box sits an M.P., with a 'grave and reverend seignior,' proprietor of a most respectable weekly. The barouche circulates about the grounds. The champion is urbane: he bows on either side as the crowd shout loud hosannas, and cheer him most lustily. Now the détour is completed, and he stands on the stage still smiling and bowing in response to the popular voice, which is raised to a tremendous pitch in his honour.'"

"Thar, talk of your MACAULAY! Frogs and nutmeg-graters! Guess as heow our 'liners whip him holler at description. And they air jist as grand at drawin' of a full-length portrait as a picter. See here if they ain't:—

"'A bright, cheerful, pleasant-looking young fellow is this same champion. He has a clear honest eye, and but very little of the bull-pup appearance, for which gentlemen of the P.R. are in general distinguished. As he stands there bowing (and his bow would pass muster in MRS. HAUT-TON'S drawing-room), one would take him for anything but a prize-fighter. We have seen many a Congress man who was not half so well mannered a man as the champion—though that is not saying much.'"

"Rippers and re-volvers! that's a boldish bit, I reckon. But our scribblin' bhoys have all'ys their duellin' tools handy. And their Classics, tu, old hoss, air at their fingers' ends, as well as air their Bowie-knives. Here's a sorter sample for schoolmasters to copy:—

"'Even in the Greek statues, we have never seen a finer model of manly beauty, from the throat down to the waist. The chest is perfect, and the arm is like that of the Farnese Hercules. If he had lived in the days of PHIDIAS, HEENAN would have been chosen as a model for a statue of the Olympian Jove.'"

"Applesquash and airthquakes! That's no small chalk of figger-paintin'! You Britishers air allfired proud toe crack up MISTER BURKE; but where's the bit in his *Sublime and Beautiful* that's haafe so sublime and be-eautiful as this? And yit you say our Press writers air common-minded 'coons, with no more elegance of feelin' than a Mississippi alligator. Wal, if this here I haeve quoted don't open up your eyesight, you must be 'bout as blind as a bat in A eclipse!

"'Taint no sorter good my sayin' more abeout the subjict, seein' that the *Herald* is read by all Eu-rope, and there ain't a livin' critter from a 'possum to the POPE as hasn't read the rest of this here HEENAN Presentation. Heow the Champion set toe with an 'obese' old hoss named OTTIGNON, and 'danced about him like a fly coquetting with a honey-pot;' heow, after the 'sparrin', 'the gladiators disrobed and indulged in the sponge-bath, appearing subsequently arrayed like SOLOMON in all his glory;' heow 'the admirers of Muscular Christianity' (guess you Britishers haeve cribbed that air poetical expression) had 'made up for its Prophet a solid purse of 10,000 dollars,' which was given to MISTER HEENAN by 'that ornament of the New York Bar, MR. BLANKMAN;' heow MR. B. said MR. H., 'by the verdict of his countrymen, really *was* the victor in the great fight he had fought,' and so he begged to hand over the dollars aforesaid, and, 'in recognition of his gentlemanly conduct,' toe hand him a gold ring toe adorn one of his mauleys with, and as a prize that should 'remind him he belonged to the Prize Ring' (a neat joke, that, I calc'late); and heow the orator at length wound up his 'honeyed periods' by A crying to the Bhoy: 'Sir, ten thousand welcomes to you! and may a curse begin at the root of his heart who is not glad to see you!'

"Yours, *Mister Punch*, toe command (at siven paces),

"JONATHAN MARCELLUS JOSH GOLIAH BANG."

YOUNG SCRAMBURY *of the Guards, his Forlorn condition, with not a soul in Town; and, as he says, so "precious dull dining alone at the 'Wag,'* that he is positively wedooced to take his Dessert outside, and have a Chat with the Old Party who sweeps the Crossing, for the sake of Company!—Ah!"*

* We presume the so-called Rag and Famish Club-House.

EX QUOVIS LIGNO.

MR. PUNCH is favoured with the following paragraph from a Northern journal:—

"EDINBURGH THEATRE ROYAL.—This house is now being taken down to make room for the new Post Office. MR. CHARLES KEAN has applied or has intimated his intention of applying for a couple of the boards of the old stage on which he achieved his early triumphs, to be manufactured into some article of furniture which shall remain with him as a pleasant memorial of the past."

There is not the slightest reason why MR. KEAN should not indulge himself with this little bit of wooden sentiment, if he likes. But is not the memorial he contemplates rather an anachronism? Surely in his early Edinburgh days MR. KEAN endeavoured to succeed by force of acting, not by force of upholstery, as in later life. However, *c'est son affaire*, and not *Mr. Punch's*, who has only to deplore, that where the Posture-master used to stamp, the Post-master will stamp in future.

EXIT BOMBALINO.

THE Earthquake growls beneath his feet,
Vesuvius banks her fires, o'erhead,
Bewildered *Sbirri* through the street
Slink with a tamed and timorous tread.
The priest holds up his trembling hands,
In vain to sainted Januarius;
The Despot's hungry hireling bands
Begin to deem their pay precarious.
Armed Retribution pours its force
From Spartivent to Porto Fino,
Resistance melts before its course—
Et exit Bombalino!

No friend in this, his hour of need,
No hope or hold in his despair!
Each stay turns out a broken reed,
Each safeguard hath become a snare.
The rogues who were so swift to serve
Are even swifter to betray,
Each back that bent in supplest curve
On readiest hinges turns away.
What faith is bought by fear or gold,
'Tis time, at length, that even *he* know,—
His soldiers false, his courtiers cold,
En exit Bombalino!

His dungeons have giv'n up their dead,
Or, worse, their living-dead restored.
Truth lifts, amazed, her muffled head,
Unchecked for once by stick or sword.
And from the light that beams about
Her sorely-scarred yet stately brow,
Shrink back, abashed, the loathsome rout
That battened in the dark till now.
Amidst such greeting and good-will,
As subjects unto King or Queen owe,
Who've ruled but by the powers of ill—
Sic exit Bombalino!

And GARIBALDI's face is worn
Where this King's image ought to be:
And GARIBALDI's name is borne
On wings of blessing o'er the sea.
At GARIBALDI's summons spring
Men's ready hearts, and hands, and treasure,
Before him Italy doth fling
Her new-roused life in stintless measure.
But now alone against a host,
And now a host, as land and sea know,
Unboasting he caps CÆSAR's boast—*
Et exit Bombalino!

So be it still, when powers of Ill
And powers of Good, for issue met,
Hand against hand, and brand to brand,
In Armageddon's fight are set!
May Evil show what rotten roots
Its hugest upas-growth confirm,
And Good make known what mighty shoots
Are latent in its smallest germ.
With jubilee and joyous din,
From Sicily to San Marino,
Lo! GARIBALDI enters in,
Et exit Bombalino!

* *Veni, vidi, vici.*

Chinese Worsted.

THE Chinese have an expressive proverb, that says:—"Patience—and the mulberry leaf becomes a silk gown." However, we know a medical man, with extensive theory, but limited practice, who has improved upon the above. He cries out:—"Patients! Patients!—and the Pill-box soon becomes a brougham."

POLITE, BUT TRUE.

WE read that an American has invented a Milking Machine. We are not going to describe it, as every *pump* must know what is the best Milking-machine.

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IMPATIENT PASSENGER. "*Come, I say, Driver, you've no right to creep along at this Slow Pace. It's too bad. I'm in a hurry, and I insist upon your going faster.*"

CAREFUL DRIVER. "*Oh, yes! and Frighten the Insides out o' their Vits, and be'ad up before the 'Beak' for Furious Drivin'. Why, you ought to be ashamed o' yourself. —Drive Fast!—Not if I know it.*"

PORTER ON POLITICAL ATOMS.

THE free and independent electors of the city of Exeter met the other day at the London Inn, having been convened by circulars "to hear a further exposition of the political views of WHITWORTH PORTER, ESQ., the Conservative candidate for the representation of the city, in the room of MR. DIVETT, who is about to retire." The following is a specimen of the political views regarding Reform exposed by MAJOR PORTER:—

"He observed upon those who were endeavoured to be added to the franchise by the two statesmen alluded to, and said that he thought those who were mentioned in MR. DISRAELI'S Bill were better than opening the flood-gates and letting in those which LORD JOHN RUSSELL desired. The bill of that statesman was an atom of a bill from an atom of a man. (*Laughter.*)"

If LORD JOHN'S Reform Bill was an atom of a Bill, and a measure of which the strength was proportionate to the size, how could it have been powerful enough to open flood-gates? Is MAJOR PORTER a disciple of HAHNEMANN, and does he imagine that atomic Bills possess the virtues which Homœopathists ascribe to infinitesimal Pills?

MAJOR PORTER calls LORD JOHN RUSSELL an "atom of a man." This is just the phrase in which a tall officer, superior to the biggest blockhead in height and nothing else, would be likely to express his contempt for a political opponent of small stature. Is the gallant Major six feet high? Or does the candidate for the representation of Exeter look down upon the Secretary for Foreign Affairs from an intellectual altitude?

WHITWORTH PORTER, ESQ., in propounding the above illustrations of his Conservative Atomic Theory, may perhaps be considered not only to have delivered an exposition of his political views, but also to have exposed himself. Do the electors of Exeter require him to afford them any further exposition of politics or self-exposure?

Dove Sono.

AN eminent Pigeon-Fancier writes to say, that when, after supper, a set of husbands insist on brewing one more glass of grog before parting, and a set of wives thereupon look reproachfully at their lords, he is inclined to call it a collection of Tumblers and Pouters. He is an idiot.

THE BEST FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.—To mend the linen of forlorn Old Bachelors.

A SALVO TO ST. SWITHIN.

OFF with your rain-clouds, evaporate! mizzle!
Wat'riest, weariest, wettest of saints;
O'er your blue nose draw your night-cap of drizzle,
Hence, with your chorus of coughs and complaints!
Take your catarrhs, with their snufflings and sneezings;
Take your bronchitises, whistlings, and wheezings;
Take your congestions and pleurisies hence, as
Well as your agues and slow influenzas—
Go with a whoop, and go with a call—
Go with a murrain from each and from all!

Sorely the wheat on the uplands you threatened,
Sadly you rotted the hay in the dells;
The market for light summer muslins you flattened,
As the poor draper's stock-book too certainly tells;
You thinned the hotels, and you town-tied the tourists;
You made the Lake car-men perforce sinecurists;
E'en the Volunteer movement you aimed at restraining,
But it went on full gallop, in spite of your raining;
And the soldierly spirit, in Curragh and Camp,
Like JOHN BRIGHT, by your spouting you struggled to damp.

Our peaches you stonily hindered from swelling,
Washed out all the savour from pear and from plum,
Made our peas so insipid they scarce were worth shelling,
Persuaded the swallows that winter was come.
What lady adventured a daring new bonnet,
But you threw, unfeeling, cold water upon it?
Who tried garden-party or open-air *fête*,
But *you* without orders, sent *your* heavy wet?
And all in these islands were singing one song:—
"Here 's Down with Saint Swithin—his rain is too long!"

Till we deemed in our blindness blue sky was abolished,
And summer transported to Botany Bay;
That the dogs, for some cause, had had *their* days demolished,
And Sirius been muzzled, or minced like Dog Tray.
And the world seemed a vista of weary wet Sundays,
And mankind's occupation to chant "*de Profundis;*"
And barometers stood as if fixed at "much rain;"
And we thought we should never see sunshine again;
And all of our blindness and bitterness, too,
Was owing, oh soppy St. Swithin, to *you!*

But the sun in the heavens was steadily shining
Behind the dark rain-clouds, for all who could see;
And the grain we deemed perished, the fruit we thought pining,
Kept their faith in the future more constant than we;
The rain-cloud must pass, and the growing things knew it,
And garnered each glance of the sun that pierced through it;
For now that St. Swithin is chased from his hold,
They don feasting garments of green and of gold:
And waving glad welcome to sun and blue skies,
Bid even St. Swithin God speed, as he flies!

The World Knows Nothing of its Greatest Men.

THE man who invented the corkscrew (and his name is lost in the fogs of obscurity—such is the base ingratitude of this world!) may be said to be almost as great a man as HARVEY; it is true that the latter genius discovered the circulation of the blood, but hasn't the invention of the former tended more than anything else to promote the circulation of the Bottle?—*George Cruikshank.*

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—In Canada they are making a Lion out of Wales!

A CHINESE CUSTOM.

To the Members of the Society of Friends.

OBER FRIENDS,—A letter in a newspaper from an English resident at Chusan, contains the passage following:—

"I saw a washerman this morning, and asked him why he made himself peculiar in plaiting his pigtail with drab-coloured silk. He replied, 'I lose my moder.'"

The writer of this remark was evidently a gentleman of your way of thinking, for he represents the act of the Chinaman in plaiting his pigtail with drab-coloured silk on account of his mother's death as something absurd. The habitual wearing of drab, of course, he does not consider more ridiculous than you do; but he deems it folly to put on that, or any other particular colour on the death of a relation—inanity for a man to illustrate a solemn grief by changing the fashion of his clothes. He would not himself, willingly put a piece of crape round his hat if he lost a parent, or a brother, or a sister, or a wife; much less would he attire himself in a suit of black cloth for a few months, as though to display what there is no occasion for displaying—sorrow; and to show that sorrow to be temporary. To be sure, if not quite one of yourselves, he might, against his will, go into what is called "mourning" for the very reason that made him laugh at the Chinese for doing so. If, in this country, he were to lose a relative, and did not, as it were, plait his own pig-tail in the mode prescribed by Society on such occasions, he would "make himself peculiar." He would also be considered to fail in "showing respect," as the cant phrase is, to the memory of the deceased, and would be abused and shunned for an unfeeling brute.

Thus it is, Friends, that when poor people have the sad misfortune to lose anybody who is near and dear to them, the misery of their situation is greatly aggravated by the necessity of buying new clothes which they do not want, in addition to incurring a monstrous bill run up by a harpy of an undertaker for the supply of a vast number of unnecessary articles, and the performance of idle, unbecoming, and intrinsically ludicrous, pomp and ceremony. This fine is inflicted by custom on a poor man, the father, perhaps of a family dependent upon his industry for support, and who has nothing to look forward to in his old age beyond what he can save out of his hard and precarious earnings, whereas every farthing which he ought to lay by is run away with by the Income-Tax.

O Friends, of whom plain drab is supposed to be the only wear, what a blessing it would be if you could prevail on the British Public to leave off demonstrating their woe by plaiting their pig-tails, so to speak, with a material of a particular colour, or at least to cease to impose upon others the obligation of going to the expense of so bedizening themselves on pain of social excommunication! I am, friends, yours verily,

PUNCH.

A GENEROUS IDEA.—France goes to war for an idea. Ha! that reminds one of SWIFT's saying, that a Nice man is a man of nasty ideas.

MR. JOHN THOMAS AT A SPIRIT SOIRÉE.

"DEAR JEAMES, this year comes open you and yours is hall serene,
Which the frase is raythor wulgar, but you know praps what I mean,
It seems a' most a Sentry since I 've ad a line from you,
And so thinks I i'll take my pen and jist say 'Ow de doo?'
Which now as you 've left Town in coorse you 're glad to ear the news,
Though I carnt say as hive much as may a Blazzy man emuse.
For as U 've been in sociaty you 'll pawsibly remember
That of times to be in lunding far the wussest is September;
'Tis the wery dullest deadest month of all the dull dead year,
(Hif that line ain't like TENNYSSON hime sure its preshus near.)
Which I dessay as you wonders why our Town Ouse we aint qvittink,
But its cos o' that ere parlymint as *wood* keep on a sittink:
And the Guvnor avin daily 4 to go down to the Ouse,
He wornt able till the 20 hate'th to go off to the Grouse.
So he ses as ow the Ladies might as well remane in town,
Which he 'd jine M in a fortnight, and to Grublands then go down.
"Well, the ladies dint complain much, but in coorse *we* cut up rough,
But the Guvnor when apealed to, why, he ses it were all stuff
For a Gentleman in livry for to feel it a disgrace,
In Belgravy out of season for to ave to show is face;
But you see as ow our Govnor he ave got a wulgar mind,
Hand cant understand the feelinx of a gent who 's more refined.
"Well, bein kep in town—in Purga Tory I may say—
We 've been driven to our Wits end how the time to parse away.
Hand among the fashinnable games and pastimes we ave learnd,
Our &'s to Table-Turnin we have bin and gone and turned.
Last nite we gave *A* swarry, which was in my privit room,
Aswe oped to have been Honored by the Mejum mister Ome:
"To tell you what ocurred, leastways has well as I am able,
You must no our small Teaparty all set round a small square Table:
Which, when we 'd laid our ands on it, mysteerously did move,
Leestways, it *might* ave seemed mysteerius if I adn't give a shove!
A Mejum, who sat oppersite (which er looks weren't over plesent)
Then put the hawfle question, 'His theer any sperrits present?'
Wheeruton beneath the table we immeejet heerd a rappin,
Which I don't mind tellin *you* it were my walking-stick a tappin.
On beink hast the question then the Sperrit did proclaim
That it were my Great Grandma, which it didn't no er name!
And when we terrogated as to wheerabouts she lived,
'I ain't a goin to tell you!' were the hanser as she gived.
This here famly hinfermation were so precious interesting
That i can't say as it tempted me to put a third kivesting;
But JANE she asked if er young man were livink in good ealth,
Which the Sperrit said as he were dead—not knowing *twoz myselth!*
"Next Cook she ast the Sperrit if her love he were all right,
Which you know he is a Pleaceman, as she sups im hevry night:
And the sperrit ses, O yes he were, it knowed him very well,
He were ired now as a orsler at the Arrowgit otel!
Well, at this hi bust out larfink, and Cook she did the same,
So the Mejum ses she wouldn't stop, of her if we made game.
Cos she knew as ow them sperrits could be Wiolent, hif they chose,
Which as she spoke, the table up—from *her* side on it—rose!
'There!' ses she, 'I told you so, you see they 're gettin in a rage;'
But a boy a-sittink by her, which he is my lady's page,
He told me the next mornink as the Mejum's knees he ad
Distinkly felt a shovin and a pushink hup like mad!
"Then the Mejum ses the sperrits they had given her commands
To say as they were willing with the cumpny to shake ands,
But as they was raythor bashful, and the gas it hurt their I's,
They 'd like to have the lights out, and we weren't to make no nise!
Well, on this, as you may phansy, we jist had a bit of fun,
Which I wish you 'd heerd the shrieking when the shaking it begun.
Hin course I caught JANE's and in mine, hand then her lips I kissed,
Which I said the Sperrits moved me, so she 'd better not resist!
"I needn't say much more about our spiritmovin game,
Which in fashinabble stuckles now they ses its played the same;
And I spex as Gals enjies it more than going to the Hopperer,
Cos kissin in Society is reckoned more unproperer!
For one can't expect them woming, when the light 's out, to sit still,
Leastways you may *expect* M, but I knows they never will.
So as blindman's Buffs thought wulgar, why they takes to sperrit rapping
As a means may be of kissink, and may be of ushings trapping.
Which its that ere spirit swarry as to JANE ave made me slavey,
As sure as hever my name his

JOHN TOMAS OF BELGRAVY."

MUSIC AND MATHEMATICS.

MANY a time we have said, "When we have nothing else to do (a condition which we fear will postpone the act we contemplate to a rather remote period), we will knock off a pamphlet which shall enumerate the barrel-organs wherewith we daily are afflicted, and shall show by some statistics the damage that the country is annually sustaining by them."

Considering the value of our literary labours (for how long could Society survive without its *Punch?*), it becomes a point of really national importance that we should never in the least be interrupted in our work. As our nerves are rather delicate (fine minds are in general attended with fine nerves) the faintest and most distant squeaking of a hurdy-gurdy is sufficient, so to speak, to knock us off our perch. The very instant that we hear it, the fear of coming horrors completely overpowers us; and throwing down our pen we make a frantic rush to our remotest coal-cellar, where with cotton in our ears we tremblingly abide until we think the danger past. From this our readers may imagine how street-music in general tormentingly affects us, and we need not undergo the pang of giving more particulars. Suffice it to add, that were a vagrant pair of bagpipes to strike up, before we could escape from our study to our coal-hole, the chances are that Bedlam would receive us the next morning; and it makes us ill to contemplate the probable result, were a brass band on a sudden to bray beneath our window, selecting *Poor Dog Tray*, or some such fiendish tune, to bring out the full effects of four trombones and a cornopean, in which well-balanced combination about nine out of ten of our street orchestras consist.

Levity apart,—and street music is no joke to those who, like us, suffer from it,—a headache is a luxury which men who live by brain-work seldom can afford themselves, because indulgence in it totally unfits them for their business. It is no wonder, then, that writers should complain about street music; for they suffer in their pocket as well as in their patience from it. How many more good books might have been given to the world, had German bands and barrel-organs never been imported, is a point for the Statistical Society to argue, but which we cannot spare our space at present to discuss.

To take but one example of the losses which are visibly occasioned through this cause: a considerable proportion of the life of MR. BABBAGE has been wasted in his sufferings at the hands of these street miscreants, and in his laudable exertions to summon them to justice. This is no novel story, and critics may accuse us of commenting on stale news. But in the latest case reported of him there was a fresh grievance, to which the notice of the Magistrate was specially directed, and which appears to claim the notice of MR. JUSTICE PUNCH. It appeared from the evidence adduced in the Police Court, that certain most unneighbourly neighbours of MR. BABBAGE took delight in hiring vagabonds to play under his windows, and thus to interrupt the studies which they had no brains themselves to value. On this disgraceful conduct, MR. SECKER spoke as follows, with an amount of indignation which all right-minded readers certainly must share:—

"The complainant was, no doubt, entitled to the peaceful occupation of his home, and so far as he (the Magistrate) was concerned, he should have the protection he properly claimed and required from annoyance while in the exercise of his calling. It was not to be endured that neighbours should continue to encourage street musicians for the sole purpose, as it seemed to be, of preventing the complainant from studying in his own house; and if they persisted in it, they would perhaps find that they were liable to an indictment for assisting and abetting in the nuisance."

There is a childish little game which we remember to have played at, whereof the fun consists in your obliging the player who sits next you to go through a great number of corporeal contortions, which you are gratified to think you have the power to inflict. The game is called "*Neighbour, Neighbour, I'm going to torment you!*" these words being uttered as a prelude to the mandate which throws your neighbour's person into a contorted state. Now some such pleasant game as this appears to have been indulged in by the neighbours of MR. BABBAGE, who have malignantly enjoyed the fiendish pleasure of tormenting him by hiring hurdygurdy-grinders to disturb him at his work. The only drawback to their pleasure must have been their inability to witness the contortions which poor tortured MR. BABBAGE must have suffered through their means.

To have seen him in despair pacing round and round his study, with his fingers in his ears, or else fruitlessly endeavouring to sit still at his desk and bear his torments like a martyr, suffering a fresh twinge of pain as every new squeak reached him, this would have been doubtless as pleasant to his torturers, as were the shrieks which reached KING PHALARIS from the victims he confined in his burning brazen bull. A picture of MR. BABBAGE as the Enraged Mathematician must no doubt have been continually present to their minds, and have afforded them most probably great pleasure to contemplate. The thought that what is play to them is death to his desk-labours, doubtless adds an extra zest to their enjoyment of the fun. Such persons pay no heed to their duty to their neighbour, and by urging on the organ-fiends to worry and torment him, they rob him of his labour as they rob him of his peace. To a man like MR. BABBAGE time of course is money, and any one who robs him of it should be punished as a thief. In dealing with the organ-men this should be borne in mind, and culprits who abet them should, as *criminis participes*, be made to suffer for their guilt. There is no excuse to be made for such offenders, and no extenuating circumstances to mitigate their punishment. Were MR. JUSTICE PUNCH to be entrusted with the sentence, he would condemn them to confinement in a solitary cell, where the fiends they have invoked to torture MR. BABBAGE should be the sole "companions of their solitude" allowed them. Instead of the hard labour of grinding at the Crank, they should be made to grind away at the hand-organ or the hurdy-gurdy, until they were made sensible of what torture could be caused by it. If the turning of an organ-handle did not ere long turn their brains, it would simply be, we think, because their heads were empty; and this, considering their conduct with regard to MR. BABBAGE, is a conjecture which there really seems fair reason for our hazarding.

SUDORIFIC POPERY.

A BLASPHEMOUS rogue of a Roman Catholic Priest at Naples attempted to create a diversion in young BOMBA'S favour at the last moment by getting up a miracle, consisting in the perspiration of an image meant for the Virgin. The hoax of the "sweating Virgin" was exposed; as will, let us hope, be the humbug of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. What was the object of the priest in "sweating" the statue, beyond that of creating vague terror and alarm among the Lazzaroni, it is not easy to understand. Such a prodigy would most naturally be interpreted into a hint to the Bourbon that Naples was getting too hot to hold him, or else to consider where he expected to go to, lest his ultimate destination should be a place where such monsters of wickedness, as the porter in *Macbeth* says, have to "sweat for it."

Practical Joke at the Expense of Public Creditors.

WE have often pointed out the absurdity of sending money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on account of Income-Tax which has not been demanded. Now you see the result of this injudicious practice. The Government demands a double Income-Tax, the British impost and the Indian too, on the interest of Indian stock. The object of MR. GLADSTONE probably is to render that stock as popular as he is making himself.

HOW TO GET A RIDE FOR NOTHING.

PURCHASE a penny paper. By jumping on the steps of the various omnibuses, and pretending to offer it for sale, you can easily get a ride from the Bank to Hyde Park Corner for nothing. If you wish to return, you have only to take the same steps backwards.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

"ALL work and no play, makes JOHN a dull boy," as MR. BULL remarked to the languid Mourner over the prosperity of the Drama.

HUMANE ASPIRATION.—MAY more blood be spilt in the establishment of Italian liberty, but may it be only the blood of S. Januarius!

THE IDEAL.

From OLIVIA *to* MARY JANE.

"And so, *dearest*, you have married *an Artist!* How like you, who was always such an admirer of the *beautiful*. * * * I can see you '*in my mind's eye*;' your ALGERNON (his name *is* ALGERNON, is it not, dearest?) seated like *another* APELLES at his easel, whilst you, his own CANTASPE, make the most graceful of models. You remember——

'APELLES, when CANTASPE'S form he drew,
Bade her remove the look of love she wore,
Lest others should adore,'" &c. &c.

[*For "The Real," see page* 120.

THE SAINT AND THE HERO.

YE holy knaves, to whom the crowd
In stupid adoration knelt,
To see, whilst abject heads they bowed,
The blood of Januarius melt:
A greater miracle behold
Than that of simulated gore,
Which melts when hot, congeals when cold,
But which your silly dupes adore.

Ye know how Italy has been,
Thank most yourselves, for weary years,
Of slavery a mournful scene—
A wretched land of blood and tears.
Her best blood ne'er had ceased to drip,
Her tears continued still to flow,
Beneath the rule of sword and whip,
Since Freedom perished long ago.

But now, as GARIBALDI speeds,
To Italy, from hills to shore,
Restoring Liberty, she bleeds
And weeps, except for joy, no more.
False jugglers, he outdoes your art;
His honest truth excels your lie;
His hand has healed her wounded heart;
Her blood is staunched; her tears are dry.

NEW IRISH EXODUS.

THE Dublin Correspondent of a morning paper states that:—

"The English steamers sailing from Belfast, particularly those trading to Fleetwood, convey weekly to the sister island upwards of 1000 young and lean geese."

His Holiness the POPE, therefore, does not get all the Irish geese, and by far the greater number of those which are good for anything at all are exported to England. Moreover, the young and lean geese that go to England get fat and fit for the table, whereas, of those which Ireland sends to Rome, the greater part return leaner, and not much older, than they went.

A Good Suggestion.

LET the Statues, which at present encumber the streets of London, and the antiquities, which are lying *perdus* in the cellars of the British Museum, change places. The Metropolis would be sure to be the gainer. It would be a sweeping bargain, that would have the singular merit of resulting in a profit to both sides. The cellars could not lose, and the streets must win. Our only regret would be, that by this exchange we should lose our beautiful idol, *George the Fourth!*

GEOMETRY OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

AMONG the fashionable announcements of the *Post* one day lately, the peculiar properties of the circle in relation to the superior classes were instanced in the cases of several members of the aristocracy. A right honourable gentleman and lady, and a duke, were represented as about to receive, respectively, "a select circle of friends." Another duke was described as "surrounded by a select family circle." In reading this last sort of notification, we are sorry to say we are always reminded of an incident which occasionally occurs in that not very select circle the ring at Astley's, when the Clown tries to slip a hoop over the Riding Master, but the Riding Master slips it back over the Clown, before Mr. Merryman has time to stop himself from saying, "High diddle diddle the fool in the middle." In this case the fool is surrounded by a circle, and so is the duke in the other, only the Clown's circle is that through which the horseriders jump, and the Duke's is a select family one. Yet both circles may be said to be of the equestrian order. The Duke is the centre of a circle, so is the fool; they are alike in that point which the centre of a circle is defined to be.

Now if a fool is the centre of a circle of spectators, the circumference of that circle must consist of persons who are some degrees removed from a fool, if they are not very wise; but this remoteness from the fool is simply local, and they may be all as great fools as the fool himself. But the circumference of which the Duke is the centre is a circumference formed by persons of quality, and their quality ought to be uniform, because every part of the circumference of a perfect circle is equidistant from the centre, and if a select circle is not a perfect circle, what is? Therefore, if they are not all Royal personages, so as to be distant from the Duke by a degree of superiority, they ought to be all Earls, so as to be one remove from his Grace inferiorly, or else all Marquesses, or Earls, and so on, and the lower their rank the larger the circumference would be, because the farther distant from the centre; which is absurd.

Why will fashionable newsmen persevere in the solecism of denominating the guests of individuals of the upper ranks circles? Divers of the nobility and gentry might be properly said to represent a square in which they are householders; but if this is the square of a circle, there has been solved a problem which will soon be followed by the combustion of the Thames. Why resolve high life exclusively into spheres? Why not as well say that such a nobleman entertained a select oval, or a distinguished ellipse? Would that be too eccentric? Why not arrange the society entertained by a given aristocrat into oblongs or rhombs? Perhaps because it is necessary to imply, that the great creature around whom visitors revolve as it were in a circle or orbit is a sun, the source of light and warmth to the planets which he entertains.

NOTIFICATION TO THE FAITHFUL.

S. S. ALBAN AND LEGER.—In consequence of the event of the 12th instant, the Festivals of these saints will henceforth be celebrated on the same day.

N. WISEMAN, his ✕ mark.

THE HERO AND THE SAINT.

LOGIC FOR LADIES.

BY ONE OF THEM.

OU will excuse any apology for my present dissertation, and I shall assign only one particular reason for writing on Reason in general. Ladies ought to be fine logicians; for, whether they deal with Majors or Minors, they have, generally speaking, a perfect mastery over the premises.

Logic teaches us to train our mental faculties, so that we may firmly hold the thread of our discourse, and prevent it getting into a tangle. Under its guidance alone we draw from sound premises a safe conclusion. If people's premises are untenable, they must necessarily break down, just as if an Alderman and his august consort were to dance a *pas de fascination* in one of our modern compoed villas; assuming (as we may) the premises to be unsound, one can easily predicate with what a disaster such an imprudent step must conclude.

Of mental operations there are these three: simple apprehension, judgment, and discourse or reasoning. Thus, if a lady's hoop should entrap a gentleman's hat and carry it out of a church-pew, it is simple apprehension; but it requires judgment to drop it gracefully at the porch, and logical *acumen* to prove that such an abduction is sanctioned by the law of licensed carriers.

A syllogism is reasoning expressed in propositions, and every argument brought on the *tapis* is reducible to that scholastic form:

You say, CARRY, that at eleven o'clock
I ought not to commence another cigar;
But it is not eleven—it wants three minutes.
By your own showing, then, I ought to commence another cigar.

This is manifestly a *reductio ad absurdum*, and if CAROLINE, under such an insult to her reason, were to remain dumb, it would be still more absurd. She rejoins, mildly of course, "You know, CHARLES, my feelings as to cigars: the smoke enters the nursery, and makes little ELLEN cough!"

Charles (*loquitor*). Oh! very well; if you object to cigars, I'll put up with my hookah.

What logicians call this mode of reasoning I cannot precisely say, but I strongly suspect it must be the *argumentum 'baccolinum!*

In every syllogism we find an antecedent and a consequence, which sometimes lead to strange and contradictory results; for example:—

Wealth is an essential antecedent to consequence.
DOBBS'S wealth is clear, though his antecedents are very obscure.
DOBBS'S antecedents, therefore, are of no consequence.

Syllogisms are simple or compound. A dear friend at whose suggestion I undertook this essay, has favoured me with some simple syllogisms from her elegant pen—here is one:—

All men are heartless.
A Parrot is not a Man.
A Parrot, therefore, is not heartless.

Again:—

Red whiskers are deceitful.
LIONEL LYNX'S whiskers are tawny.
LIONEL LYNX is very deceitful.
Therefore—Tawny whiskers are red.

This (*par parenthèse*) I may observe is one of SOPHY'S sophisms.

One more:—

Young married people cannot live on less than six hundred a-year.
EDWIN and MARIA married on five.
Therefore—EDWIN and MARIA cannot live.

I must beg pardon for introducing my urbane reader to so dogmatic an author as DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, whose works, let me note (*en passant*), hold a lofty though not very prominent position in every modern bookcase. I have heard that DR. J. wrote a romantic drama called from its biting humour *Irony*, but, never having read it, I cannot say confidently that he did. To this sonorous Pundit, however, we are indebted for a charming syllogism, which all lovers of real enjoyment will, I feel certain, cheerfully endorse:—

Matrimony has its cares.
But—Celibacy has no pleasures.
Those will embrace matrimony, therefore, who prefer pleasure to care.

I regret, from a humane feeling, that my kind printer cannot conveniently illuminate these glorious truisms with letters of gold.

Some compound syllogisms are very ridiculous. Here is one in which absurdity and conceit are equally mixed:—

Fanny's pin-money, under her settlement, is so much a year.
Mamma thinks this too little.
I think with Mamma.
Papa thinks it too much.
HENRY thinks with Papa.
Whatever, therefore, may be the value of my opinion and Mamma's,
The opinion of Papa and HENRY is not worth a pin. Q. E. D.

Reasoning in a circle is very fashionable; for instance:—

Those who marry for rank alone, are certain to repent.
MISS LOFTY married for rank alone.
MISS LOFTY, then, is certain to repent.
But—LORD TODDY is very old.
Oh! then LORD TODDY, not MISS LOFTY, is certain to repent.

This, I think, might more properly be called Tea-table logic, as I have frequently met with it at *Soirées*, both in London and Bath.

The *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi* next merit our attention.

When LADY OGLE tastefully trains her auburn ringlets over one eye, so as to conceal a certain visual aberration, I call this a *suppressio veri*; but when SIR NATHANIEL assures me he has no need of glasses, it is a *suggestio falsi*, because I know that he has one, and a very good imitation it is too.

Of dilemnas, properly so designated, I shall not treat; for, as little RUPERT, my nephew, would say, it 's no treat for any lady to handle them—looking at their terrible horns. In lieu of a dilemna, however, my gentle student will please to accept a tender perplexity.

A white hand shows a tender heart.
That should be loved which shows a tender heart.
A young Divine has a white hand.
A young Divine then—
But no; that young Divine a wealthy widow woos.
Therefore—A tender heart must not be loved.

In conclusion, let me add that, much as I admire Logic, I would rather praise my Nieces for making mince-meat than for chopping it. Woman has her mission, and it is better that her mind should be absorbed in knitting than in gathering wool. Of course I do not recommend either pursuit, as Woman's special province is making ties.

FATHER TOM'S HINT TO ST. JANUARIUS.

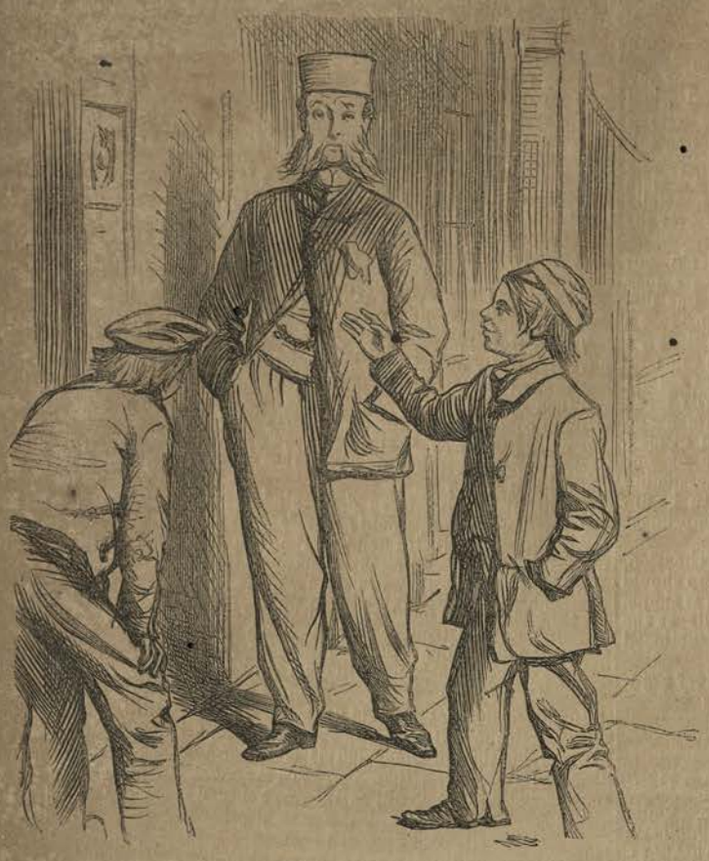
OH, blessed St. Bridget, it 's you that should fidget,
And for Holy Church look mighty solemn and sarious,
Now thim snakes in the *Times* are completin' their crimes,
By abusin' that darlin' ould Saint Januarius!
Deridin'—the vagabones!—each holy bag o' bones,
Relics of martyrs and Saints of antiquity;
They 're for puttin' his phial on chemical trial,
As if testin' Saint's blood wasn't haythin iniquity!

On that holy KING FRANCIS the wicked advances,
Under black GARIBALDI—the Church's worst inimy—
But it 's they 'll catch a Tartar, when that blessèd martyr
Roises up in his shroine to arrest them *in limine!*
The 19th of September—it 's well to remember—
Is the day that his blood undergoes liquefaction:
It 's myself will go bail, it 's been ne'er known to fail,
Since the Saint *was* a Saint, and the Church was in action.

But with heretics wroitin', and heretics foightin',
To sweep down the Church and the King that 's set o'er them,
Was I Saint Januarius, I 'd sure be contharious,
And see them at blazes afore I 'd melt *for* them.
Though all Naples was lyin', a-roarin' and cryin',
"Holy Saint be propitious, and melt as you used to do!"
I 'd say, "*Retro Sathanas!* my blood shall remain as
The hard clot that 's in it, in spite of *your* deuce to do."

For the miracle shown by the Church to its own,
Is that clot turnin' liquid, widout foire to melt it;
But the miracle wanted to make sinners daunted,
Is the clot's keepin' hard, till their hard hearts have felt it.
Sure the heretic crew will cry out, it 's a doo—
That it don't melt, because no priest's hand warms the phial;
But lave them to prache—sure the faithful 'twill tache,
That our Saints won't have heretics put 'em on thrial!

MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.—The *Court Circular* informs all persons enjoying an ear for sweet sounds, that "PRINCE ARTHUR went to the Falls of Quoich." This is a waterfall where one would expect to find no end of ducks.



CAP-A-PIE.

"Oh, look here, Billy; here's a Swell with a Pork-Pie on his head!"

THE NON-PRODUCTIVE CLASSES.

BY A DOMESTIC ECONOMIST.

WHERE is that solitary Stoic who can contemplate without emotion those rusky mountains (with summits and bases equal in breadth and digestibility) which are annually consumed by our native infantile population?—or who can look unmoved upon those Comos of caudle, and Mediterraneans of milk and honey, which serve to mollify so large and tender a body of Vegetarians? Breathes there a man with soul so dead in modern Babylon? If such there be, go mark him well; and remind him, with a tender gravity, how lambs offer their dewy fleeces that rosy feet may be comfortably shod,—how pine forests make their best boughs supply the mimic cuckoos, milkmaids, and arks by which tranquillity is ofttimes not dearly bought,—while ocean's darkest caverns resign without a murmur the coral (sweetest of anodynes) which cools the fiery temper and soothes the irritable gum.

From official sources, we learn what vast additions are continually being made to the large section of our Non-Productive Classes. Surely for all these tiny hands our sagacious statesmen could devise some employment that would come within their grasp. We have various light-houses maintained at much trouble and cost. Suppose in place of them we were to establish nurseries into which the Martello Towers on our Kentish coast might readily be converted. I'll be bound that my MARY ANNE (*ætat.* seven months) if a hurricane were blowing in-land, would warn off a vessel at the distance of a mile—her voice being of such penetrating *timbre*, and her passion at bed-time above all praise.

Another useful end might be attained by these Martello nurseries. Not only might a fleet be saved, but an enemy frightened away. Those who were cradled on the land would have little to fear from those who were cradled on the deep. My MARY ANNE alone, with her piercing treble, could shield Folkstone from invasion, for CÆSAR himself would pause ere he attempted to seize her. Nor let our patriotic Riflemen despise these vocal Volunteers. Though in point of discipline they may not quite come up to that high standard which some stern old Generals demand, I think with a little training this new body of infantry would at all times be ready to present arms; and, ticklish as they may be, I feel assured that no prudent parent will make light of their charge.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

A PIQUANT Report has just reached us from that loquacious little Bird of nursery fame who is so notoriously given to eaves-dropping. It describes a conversation, at which our twittering reporter was present, having promiscuously dropped in among the sprigs of floral fashion, with whose diction young Bird, from his position, is conversant in most of its branches. Their language, somewhat flowery, is cast in a good garden mould, and would not discredit colloquists in any walk,—gravel or grass; while their knowledge of political *on dits* might lead one to surmise that they were mixed up more with Clubs than Spades. We confess that the peep thus afforded us into the secrets of the *parterre* has largely opened our literary eyes; for we never expected to find so much genuine fun cropping out among the pinks of botanical society.

SCENE—*On the borders of Mignonette.*

TIME—Break of day.

ROSE, VIOLET, LILY, *and* TULIP *discovered couchant. Buds-in-Waiting in the background.*

Tulip. Oh! dear Lily, that clumsy Gardener hasn't tucked me in properly. I really feel as if I should tumble out of bed.

Lily. Don't be alarmed; there's no danger, my Tulip.

Tulip. Well, this will be my last night here. I'm going up to-morrow for examination.

Rose. I suppose, then, you are prepared for being plucked?

Tulip. Perhaps I am; but, at any rate, people won't squeeze me to death, as they do all your family. How I should hate to be fondled by some fantastic old Dowager with a parrot nose.

[ROSE *sheds a tear, which has been for some time due.*

Lily. Never mind, Rose, dear; he is only jealous because, like a limping drummer——

Violet. Listen!

Buds (*with tremulous delight*). All attention.

Lily. Like a limping drummer he can't be scent to the vase.

[TULIP *very naturally shuts up.*

Violet. Lily, look at that poor learned Blue-bell; nobody takes any notice of her. How strange it is that mankind in general should stand so much in fear of a Blue.

Lily. It is very odd, but many strong-nerved men pause before giving one of those bells a ring.

Violet. It's lucky Monsieur the Sergent de Ville did not hear you, or he would certainly have taken you up.

Lily. Pourquoi?

Violet. Because you are addicted to play——

Lily. Gambolling, you mean—on words, for smiles, instead of six-pences—how very illegal!

Rose. As for Monsieur, he's not worth a Bachelor's Button—he's a married man.

Violet. You surprise me!

Rose. It's true, *ma chère*—he gave his hand last night to one of the Peaches.

Tulip. I know her, and they are well matched—she always looked a downy one.

Violet. Do you see poor little Box over there? I do pity him.

Lily. On what ground?

Violet. He is so very green.

Rose. Hush! here comes that tipsy old Bee again—how sweet he is upon the Hollyhocks.

Lily. I suppose he expects to get something out of them.

Tulip (*loftily*). A set of proud upstarts holding their heads so high, and looking down as if we were dirt under their feet.

Violet. Bee is a shocking old fellow—he's always in his cups. Rose, are you asleep?

Rose. No, dear, I'm only reading a heavy novel, and nodding over a leaf.

Violet. Hm, should you like to be MRS. BEE? I'm told he beat his first wife.

Lily. Resolved at any risk, I suppose, to escape from Bee's-wax.

Violet. If I were to change my condition, I'd be a Butterfly.

Tulip. For my part, I'd rather not mix with individuals of such humble extraction.

Rose. Nor I.

Violet. Not when they have got up in the world?

Rose (*hesitating*). Well—

Violet. Ah! Rose, did you not confess to me that you were never so delighted, as when you were kissing the grub?

[Rose *colours deeply, wishing meantime that she belonged to the privileged order who are born to blush unseen.*

Tulip. Well, if I had any interest at Court, I'd be a Bishop. How jolly to be able to roll about on your own lawn!

Lily. And the higher Æolus raises the wind the fonder you'd be of the See.

Violet. Suppose we were Her Majesty's Ministers, couldn't we dine without taking fish?

Lily. Certainly not; to taste whitebait is a duty partly official, unless indeed you became Lord Chancellor.

Violet. What should I eat then?

Lily. Oh! then you would have on your table a great seal.

Violet. How nice!

Lily. Chacun à son goût. I shouldn't mind being Lord Paramount if they would give me that large House (fitted up to please my own fancy) near Parliament Street.

Tulip. That house, I hear, is not a particularly clean one.

Lily. Indeed? It ought to be, considering how much rubbish has been thrown out of it.

Rose. I thought it was converted into a Reformatory for boys.

Lily. So it is, and many of them are very much corrupted.

Violet. Else I suppose they couldn't get in—how do they chiefly occupy their time?

Lily. Oh! standing on forms and making speeches!

Tulip. Is that all?

Lily. Well, I believe they are employed occasionally in making out Bills for the country, but the Bills are seldom fit to be seen, they are so covered with blots. [*Sensation.*

Violet. I pity their poor master, for how can he see his way clear, when one of his pupils is Dizzy and the fighting boy only is Bright.

Tulip. Hear, hear!

Buds (*omnes*). And so say all of us.

Rose. Let us not be too severe on those who have been so badly brought up, and though it is to some extent a National School, it suffers a good deal, I suspect, from mis-representation.

Violet. Hark! who is that singing "We won't go Home till Morning, till Daylight does appear?"

Tulip. Oh, it's that stupid old Owl, who pretends to be over head and ears in love with a Swedish nightingale.

Lily. He? I should have thought from his jocund strain, that he had been more fond of a lark.

[Rose *observes that it is very unbecoming, and that she should have expected some purer air from one of his High Church Eminence, and with this remark the conversation, attended by a shower of rain—drops.*

THE SWORD OF M'MAHON.—BY A BARD OF ERIN.

Sing the ancient glories
Of the ould King Brian—
Story of all stories—
For his great French scion!
Tell how O'Maelachglin,
Chief through Ireland's borders,
He in chains was shacklin,
Wid his lower orders—
How "*Boroimhe*"* imposin'
—Tax, whose name he borrows,—
He thrust Danish nose in
Bitter cup of sorrows.
How from Clan O'Donnell,
Hogs he drew in plenty;
Cows from fair Tirconnell,
Twenty times twice twenty:
Ruddy wine from Dublin,
From Tyrone rich raiment;
He would stand no throublin'
In regard of payment!
If the tax they flung off,
He but laid it on again,
And defaulters swung off
His gallows-tree in Monaghan.
Sure his hand was heavy,
And his Court uproarious;
Kings came to his *levée*,
And with him got glorious.
So in state and bounty
Reigned he from Kilcora,
(Killaloe, Clare County)
Or the halls of Tara,
Held in small account he
Leinster's King Maelmora:
Till that wicked thraytor,
Envying his splendour,
Riled the noble natur
Of Erin's great defender,

And to guard his valleys
From the mighty Brian,
Summoned Danish allies—
King Boroimhe defyin'!
Many times the warriors
Drove each other's cattle,
Ere at Clontarf's barriers
They drew out to battle.
How produce an image
Of that great desthruction?
How describe the scrimmage?
How portray the 'ruction?
Wid their battle-axes,
Fiercely both did strain 'em,—
One to fling off taxes,
T'other to maintain 'em.
Till Boroimhe's heart bursted,
He his foe did maul so,
But the Danes were worsted,
And Maelmora also.
Brian's corse was hurried
Unto Armagh's borough,
There the King they buried,
Likewise his son Murrough!
Royally they waked him,
Twelve days and twelve nights there,
The big *rath** they staked him,
Still doth glad our sights there!
There the great King Brian
In his vestments royal,
To this day is lyin'—
Watchin' Erin's throial—
Waitin' till the glory
From the Sass'nach passes,
Lavin' Whig and Tory
For the Celtic masses!
Sure Boroimhe's great sperrit
Stirs him in his coffin,
When M'Mahon's merit—
Spite of Sass'nach scoffin'—
Shows his sons inherit,
The mantle of his doffin'.
When the great M'Mahon,
Draws the sword of Erin,
Brian will be sayin',
To the Bard's quick hearin'—
"On thou great descendant,
Of O'Brine, O'Connor—
March on, independent,
In the path of honour!
Sure the Chief you follow,
If not quite my equal,
Bates most monarchs hollow,
In my hist'ry's sequel.
Nothin' ever stopp'd him
On the way to plundther;
No lay-flattery sopp'd him,
Frayed him no church-thundther:
Over Revolutions,
Over oath and o'er word,
Over constitutions,
He has still pressed forward!
Blood has had no terrors,
Conscience no reprovins,
Policy no errors,
Pity no wake movins!
Silent, self-relyin',
Still his word is "thorough,"—
Such was I, King Brian,
Such was my son Murrough!
Oaths it's we would kick at,
Plots—we would out-plot them;
Ends once fixed, we'd stick at
Nothing till we got them!
Such the chief, M'Mahon,
—If he's my true scion,—
Well may help his way on,
Blessed by me, King Brian.
While the land 'tis laid on,
My Boroimhe still gathers,
To gird the chief a blade on
Worthy of his fathers!"

* The *Boroimhe* was a tax in kind, imposed by King Brian, and from which he derives the addition by which he is generally distinguished.

* A tumulus or monumental mound, usually built up of earth, walled or staked round.

ELEGANT EXTRACT FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The following choice bit is too good to be lost in a New York journal, and we accordingly transplant it to our own flowery columns, in order that the whole world may enjoy the rich *bouquet* of it:—

"Male-Gossips.—A female gossip is bad enough in all conscience; but a male gossip is, by all odds, the more detestable of the two; spending his time in collecting, from street-corners, saloons, and business places, all the parentheses of small talk, to scatter broadcast wherever there is a field to sow mischief. The male gossip is always a coward. * * * The toe of a boot is the best thing with which 'to point the moral and adorn the tale' of this venomous animal."

The above is signed "Fanny Fern." We always had our doubts as to Fanny's sex, but after the above choice specimen, we are now morally convinced that Fanny is decidedly *no gentleman*. The difficulty then remains:—Being no gentleman, is she a lady?

Brighter than Venus.

The *Star*, according to the *Sun*, is to be incorporated with the *Dial*. Accordingly the *Dial*, instead of being a Sun-Dial, will become a Star-Dial. If it will enable anybody to tell the time of day, Bright's particular Star will be wonderfully luminous.

THE REAL.

MARY JANE *in reply to* OLIVIA.

"The same romantic creature as ever! His name is not ALGERNON, but plain ROBERT; and he's not an APELLES, but a hard-working fellow, with enough of genius to make me proud of him. As to his Model—" &c. &c. [*For "The Ideal," see p.* 114.

LADIES' HUNTING SONG.

BRIGHT MADELINE skips like a fawn,
GRACE from her book is torn;
Pa checks his far too frequent yawn,
Alone I sit forlorn.
Girls round the handsome Cornet throng,
To catch that sparkling eye;
Be mine the nobler task by song
To win his ardent sigh.
With a heigh-ho, MINNIE!
Alas! no glance, I win—he
Still ogles like a Ninny,
Those girls so tall and thin—he
Won't look this way,
Though loud I play,
"*Good bye, Sweetheart, good bye!*"
With tuneful art I grace my song
To wake his ardent sigh.

In fancied wreath of laurel crowned
I mark his brow so pale,
And muse on his moustache renowned
For thereby hangs a tale.
Some whisper and with accent strong,
He'd for his country *dye;*
Let martial airs then, aid my song
To win his ardent sigh,
With a heigh-ho, &c.

Poor me! why did my heart adore
A beau in gilded lace,
I'll be a silly belle no more,
But hide my burning face.
Girls! if you'd not be single long,
Some other measure try,
And learn by sweeter notes than song
To win a Cornet's sigh
With a heigh-ho! &c.

"CHACUN À SON TOUR."

THE papers are recording the progress of the EMPEROR through the Provinces he has lately been annexing. As the heading is no other than the "Imperial Tour," we infer it must have a sly reference to the *tour de force* by which the EMPEROR got possession of them. In the latter case it must be, or ought to be, *un bien vilain tour*.

GOGS AND MAGOGS.

WE see with great pleasure that the Government has refused an application made by some well-meaning gentlemen for a quantity of metal wherewith to make a statue to the memory of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. The monument which FRANKLIN has made for himself is more durable than brass, and his fame would derive neither extension nor prolongation from a molten image erected in the market-place. But even if it would, in case the image were well made, the proposal to make one would remain objectionable, because we know that the image would not be well made. There is not one modern statue about Town that is not a disgrace and an insult, as far as it can be, to the hero or statesman for whom it is meant. St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are full of statues of illustrious persons, nearly all of which have no merit whatever but that of comicality, whilst many of them are draped in the ludicrous dress of the last century; and it is fortunate that they are situated in the naves and aisles, and transepts of those churches, and not in the choir, where service is performed, the solemnity of which would be entirely destroyed by the sight of figures apparelled like old gentlemen in a farce.

Even if our sculptors could make good statues of nude or elegantly draped figures, they would be unable to make any but absurd dummies out of the suits of clothes with a head at the top of them of which all likenesses of personages of the present time must consist, represented either in ungainly uniforms, or civil coats, vests, and pants marked by imagination with Sydenham 17*s.* 6*d.* It does not mend the matter to put your hero into a toga. He only looks as if he were going to be shaved. We can't look, and can't be made to look like ancient Greeks and Romans. The classic age was the age of sculpture. That was the marble and brazen age. This is the wooden age. The propriety of statues ceased when mankind began to Mister and Monsieur and Signor, and Herr each other, and the world became comfortable and ridiculous.

For ANTINOUS, for JUPITER, for HERCULES, statues are all very well. *Ut sunt Divorum*, MARS, BACCHUS, APOLLO; *vivorum* also, such heroes as CONON and LYSANDER and ALCIBIADES. But they won't do for the British Grenadier or the British Sailor. Should CROMWELL have a statue? Perhaps. CROMWELL, in his habit as he lived, was picturesque—may even be looked upon as statuesque. Shall FRANKLIN? Not by any means, if *Punch* can help it. SIR JOHN FRANKLIN was a gallant commander; but he was a stout middle-aged man, and, figured as such, in a naval uniform, his statue would be neither useful nor ornamental, but on the contrary, a grievous eyesore in any situation wherein it could be placed, except upon the top of a column like Nelson's, where its ugliness would be out of sight.

A Lamentable Case.

IN the money article of some paper we were painfully struck with the following distressing fact:—

"No Gold was taken to the Bank to-day."

Poor old Lady of Threadneedle Street! Doesn't the reader feel for her! Fancy her going one entire day without any gold being taken to her! How did she sleep that night after such an overwhelming blow of destitution? Might we inquire if it possibly disturbed her "rest"?

A BALMORAL OBSERVATION.

THE *Court Circular* says, that the QUEEN drove the other day to the Colonel's Cave in Glen Eye. Is this the glen where the Falls of Quoich are? If there is a place in all Scotland where one would expect to find a cataract, it is surely Glen Eye.

THE BLACKEST HYPOCRISY.—America pretending to be a land of Freedom so long as Slavery exists in it!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, September 22, 1860.

Old Tourist. "PRAY, WAITER, IS THERE ANYTHING TO WILE AWAY THE TIME UNTIL THE DINNER-HOUR?"

Waiter. "YESSIR; WHICH WOULD YOU PLEASE TO TAKE, SIR?—WINE OR SPIRITS, SIR?"

THE LAY OF THE LAST ARTIST.

Kept in Town, September, 1860.

OH! how grimy the trees that one everywhere sees,
As one's rounds in the Squares now one happens to go;
Oh! how hot and how crabbed, and almost gone rabid,
Is the artist imprisoned in dingy Soho!

Law has quitted his COKE, and has "sported" his oak,
E'en Police Reports now are most wretchedly slow;
There's nought in the papers to drive off the vapours,
And gladden the artist in dismal Soho.

I make calls on old friends, but in sorrow that ends;
"Left town, Sir!"—alas! yes, I feared it was so;
MAULSTICKE is from home, and M'GUILE's gone to Rome—
Ah! a Village Deserted is gloomy Soho!

There's SMITH, and there's BROWN, and there's young TONEMDOWN,
And old TOMKINS, whose "high-lights" are sadly so-so,
Off this autumn again to Wales, Scotland, or Spain,
While I am imprisoned in dreary Soho.

Models all are at rest, and not one's in request,
From piquant MISS POSER to pretty MISS SNOW;
And the Pugilist brawny, and Hindoo so tawny,
Lounge at large now in publics in vacant Soho.

I avoid the display in the windows so gay
Of WINSOR AND NEWTON, and ROWNEY also;
And I shun as the measles the portable easels,
And other art-nicknacks to tempt poor Soho.

My picture's not sold: bad luck to those old
Curmudgeons who placed it so horribly low;
To the Hanging Committee is due this sad ditty,
Of the artist imprisoned in stagnant Soho.

But for this, the nice girls, whose far-flowing curls
In the breezes of Brighton so pleasantly blow,
Would (in spite of my wife) have been sketched to the life
By the Wretched One pent up in dismal Soho!

RAILWAY CALLS.—It is a call for which we are always expecting some return, but rarely get it.

BETTING ROGUES AND THEIR BETTERS.

AT the Old Bailey, the other day, a MR. ROBERT BATTEN, aged 26, a poulterer, having pleaded guilty to the charge of embezzling £75, the money of EDWARD WEATHERBY, his master, received sentence of eighteen months' seclusion, with the addition, we may presume, of compulsory bodily exercise. Perhaps MR. BATTEN would have had to apply muscular power to the crank for a somewhat longer period if he had not made restitution to the amount of £36. He attributed his deviation from the path of rectitude to that of roguery to the practice, which he had adopted, of betting on horse-races.

The example set by noblemen and gentlemen, patrons of the Turf, is sometimes represented as the cause which induces shopboys, warehousemen, clerks and other persons in such a situation as that of MR. BATTEN, to turn first gamblers and then, by the most natural of transitions, thieves. This representation may be true, but if we did not know that inferior snobs are prone to ape superior snobs, we should think it was a mistake. A poor snob lies under a greater temptation to gamble than a wealthy snob, just as he is subject to a greater temptation to steal. Betting, as one form of gambling, might, like theft, be expected to be the peculiar vice of the necessitous. It seems reasonable to believe, that many a betting man, and many a thief, in narrow circumstances, would have been a respectable member of Society if he had been well off. The presumption is, that he bets or steals, or first bets and then steals, from the incentive of want. On the other hand a Swell has no motive to induce him either to steal or to bet except mere covetousness; so that if he steals it is because he is naturally a thief. But then he would also be a natural born fool to steal whilst surrounded with pleasure and plenty, and risk reputation, liberty, luxury, and even comfort. Therefore he bets instead of stealing, because by betting he hazards only money, which, being of a sanguine temperament, he does not expect to lose. If you can assign any more reasonable explanation of the fact, that gentlemen of wealth and station do addict themselves to betting, like the poulterer's man who got eighteen months, candidly impart it, if not, adopt the foregoing together with *Mr. Punch.*

A WISE COUNCILLOR.

"NAY, if thou art joking Deputy-Lieutenants,"—roars *Sir Tunbelly Clumsy*, feeling that audacity can go no further. *Mr. Punch* regards the art of joking Town Councillors as almost as atrocious, and in no light spirit extracts the following from a letter read before the Council of Rothesay, in Scotland. That awful body has some shooting to let, and a gentleman named COMRIE was one of those who offered to take the same. He wrote:—

"I make offer of two guineas a year for the shootings on the grounds belonging to the burgh of Rothesay. I consider the above a fair rent for the first year, as MR. EWING has hardly left a foot or wing upon the ground, but as it is necessary for me to have some exercise and excitement to enable me to fulfil the duties of a councillor in a proper and becoming manner. Should there be a *bona fide* offer, or offers, higher than mine. I am willing to give a few shillings above the highest offer."

The construction of the most interesting sentence may be defective, but *Mr. Punch* can see no reason for the "loud laughter" which is reported to have followed the perusal of this letter. *Mr. Punch*, who is the "Councillor" of the nation, feels that even He requires "exercise and excitement" to enable him to fulfil his duties "in a proper and becoming manner," and he heartily sympathises with MR. COMRIE. Moreover, he admires that gentleman's wide-awake-ishness, which led him to suspect that the Rothesay Town Council would try the dodge of pretending to receive higher offers, in order to "run him up." The stipulations that he would advance on a *bonâ fide* proposal only is truly charming. For their own reasons, however, the Council would not let him have the shooting, and *Mr. Punch* hopes that the worthy Councillor will find feet, wings, exercise, and excitement, elsewhere; for nobody can work without holidays—the grandest discovery of modern science.

The Support of Italy.

THE Italians, desirous of having only One Italy, keep shouting "*Una! Una!*" If Italy is alluded to as the *Una*, then GARIBALDI must be the faithful Lion that is to carry *Una* through, and protect her from all danger.

THE POLITICAL HARVEST.

CROPS are getting safely housed throughout the country, thanks to the fine weather, and the harvest is a better one than might have been expected. Indeed we learn, that on the whole, it will turn out very little, if at all, below the average; and the croakers who predicted that famine would ensue, will now have to eat their words in the shape of good substantial quartern loaves, or cottage ones. We regret to say, however, that nothing has occurred to cause any amendment in the legislative harvest, which, as our readers are aware, has fallen sadly short of the public expectations, and has severely disappointed those who held high hopes of it. The crop of measures that was promised was unusually plentiful, but several of them were blighted very early in the season; and of those which have survived, but very few we fancy will prove to have been worth the cost and labour of their housing. Whether the deficiency has been caused by the wet weather, which may have somewhat damped the legislative ardour of our senators, is a point which we may leave to those who like it to debate. It is quite certain, however, that much less corn than chaff has been produced this year in Parliament, and until some steps be taken to check this growing evil, we incline to fear that future legislative harvests will be scarcely more prolific than that which is just past. Chaff is certainly at times a serviceable commodity, but we hardly think it right to waste a session in producing it; and indeed there is no question that, like as in the corn-field, so in the field of politics, a lot of chaff is found attended with a length of ear.

THE GUNNER'S RULE OF THUMB.

A LETTER in the *Times*, signed WILLIAM KENRICK, S.F.V.G., contains a statement of the fact, that three sailors in HER MAJESTY'S Service have had their thumbs blown off in firing salutes, through stopping the vents of 68-pounder cannon with those members instead of spikes of brass, lignum vitæ, or boxwood, covered with India-rubber or gutta-percha; implements which would effectually and safely render the vent air-tight. The writer wishes that, if there is any better method of serving the vent of a cannon than that which he proposes, some scientific engineer should be invited to devise it. Certainly a sailor's thumb is the most expensive of all possible vent-stoppers for a cannon; to say nothing of the inconvenience of losing his thumb to the sailor. Bereft of his thumb, he ceases to be an able-bodied seaman; and the Naval Service has not yet become so popular that it can well afford to lose a hand, which it does lose when an able-bodied seaman loses his thumb. Besides, when one able-bodied seaman at the vent of a 68-pounder loses his thumb, another at the muzzle runs a great risk of losing his arm. So great is this risk, that any reflecting man would strongly object to load a piece of ordnance which he knew was perhaps only prevented from going off in the process by the accurate pressure of another man's thumb on the vent.

Sailors, now-a-days, are reflecting men, many of them, insomuch as to be unwilling to expose themselves to quite unnecessary mutilation. Intrepid as the British sailor is, he is much more likely to hold a gutta percha stopper steady on a cannon's vent, than a stopper consisting of his thumb. The rule of thumb is generally objectionable, but never can it be more so than when it is applied to stop the vents of great guns, which, it is to be hoped, the Admiralty will adopt some more scientific, effectual and cheaper method of stopping than that which frequently exposes the sailor to the risk of having his thumb blown off. An invitation to enter the Navy, addressed to a seafaring but judicious youth, may otherwise very commonly be replied to by an extension of his fingers from his thumb applied to the tip of his nose.

A BULL OUTROARED.

To the Beyrout Correspondent of the *Times* the British Public is indebted for the publication of an edifying pastoral, said to have been issued by the Maronite Bishop of Tyre and Sidon, and breathing the most pious sentiments, of a species similar to those which are expressed in the passage following:—

"Now there has been a general meeting on the mountains of Lebanon of the Chiefs of the people of Zahleh, Deir-el-Kammar, Keserawan, Jezzin, and of the neighbouring places, that they will be as one hand against this nation (Druses), small in numbers and weak, in destroying them, in shedding their blood, and in taking their goods and possessions, and in driving them from out of the land which before was that of your forefathers, the orthodox nation."

The apostolical author of the above evangelical announcement goes on to inform his flock—of sheep or wolves?—that

"There has come a letter from his Holiness our Lord the exalted Patriarch, instructing us to aid the aforesaid people (Maronites of Rasbeya) as they may determine; and for this purpose came the letter, that you may be every one of you provided with the necessary arms."

This holy exhortation bears the signature and seal of the "humble SEPHRONIUS, Bishop of Tyre and Sidon;" the seal no doubt being one of pantomimic magnitude. It is indeed a very good imitation of a roaring papal bull. The affectation, bombast, and mock humility which it is replete with, give it a close similarity to the "allocutions" and "encyclical letters," of which Europe is sick. The subjoined brief extract reads, however, like an Irish Maynooth Priest's interpolation in a pontifical edict:—

"It is determined here that on Monday next there shall be fighting."

The writer here drops down from the flowery height of ecclesiastical rhetoric to the expression of common ruffianism in the vulgar tongue. He had probably assumed a character that he could not sustain. Possibly, then, this alleged episcopal epistle was the forgery of a clever Druse, who wanted to get the origin of the late massacres in Syria imputed to the Maronites. He describes himself as writing under orders from his Holiness our Lord the exalted Patriarch. Now his Holiness the Lord of the Maronite mongrel Christians happens to be not the Patriarch of Constantinople, but on the contrary, his Holiness the POPE OF ROME. A Druse would be likely enough to confound those two hierarchs. We can hardly suppose that PIO NONO personally commanded SCHMIDT to sack Perugia, or has ordered LAMORICIÈRE to subject the towns of his insurgent subjects to pillage. As little can we imagine him capable of issuing such instructions as the above, declared to have been received by the humble SEPHRONIUS. And then the Sephronian imitation of the Papal balderdash is a little too strong of savage Orientalism. Let us cherish, therefore, the charitable hope, that the self-styled "humble" SEPHRONIUS was, in reality the humbug SEPHRONIUS, or some other designing humbug of a heathen who assumed that name. But, heathen or bishop, SEPHRONIUS is evidently a humbug.

GARIBALDI PAINTED BY A YOUNG LADY.

A YOUNG Lady, writing as enthusiastically as young ladies generally do, portrays GARIBALDI as "a dear old weather-beaten angel." We doubt if angels care much about the weather, considering they are always living in the open air, and are not generally represented as having much clothing about them, though, on the other hand, it is agreeable to picture GARIBALDI as an angel—an avenging angel for the long-endured wrongs of Italy—the angel of deliverance for the long-suffering martyrs of Naples. However, granting (and to a young lady we are always ready to grant everything) that GARIBALDI is "a weather-beaten angel," it is a comfort to know that as yet he has never been beaten by anything else.

The Grandest Work of Fiction.

Ferdinand de Lesseps. Might I venture, Sir, to inquire, what you think of the *Mysteries of Paris?*

Cockney Shareholder. Oh, my boy, they're nothing to the *Isthmus of* SUE'S.

NEW HORSE-DOCTRINE.

WE see a Book advertised under the name of *Veterinary Homœopathy*. We suppose the homœopathy consists in giving the horse the smallest *bit* in the world?

FOREIGN LYRICS OF LOW LIFE.

"SIR,

"BEING at an evening party lately, and having sustained a severe infliction of young-lady singing, a thought came into my head. I said to myself, 'These British Ladies have been for the last two hours chanting about the supposed characters, feelings and habits of continental parties of the inferior class. We have heard *The Muleteer, The Gondolier, Il Pescatore, Le Postillon, The Boatman of the Dardanelles, The Sledge-Driver, The Tauridor*, and a heap of other sentimental portraitures of people who, if they were not foreigners, we should never think of singing songs about. I wonder whether foreign ladies and gentlemen pay our humble classes the same compliments, and do so with the accuracy of detail with which our Lyric Bards describe the folks our vocalists are so fond of?' And, Sir, prosecuting the subject, I learned, on inquiry at foreign music-shops, that the same class of subject is as popular abroad as at home. I have obtained a mass of songs much chanted in Paris, Madrid, and St. Petersburgh, in which our cabmen, policemen, engine-drivers, beadles, watermen, and others, receive the same elegant and accurate treatment for the continental saloons, as the corresponding classes on the continent receive here. In the hope of promoting good feeling among the nations by illustrating this reciprocity, I have translated three or four of these Foreign Lyrics, and I place them at your service.

"I am, Sir, yours very truly,
"PINDAR SMITH."

The Cab-Driver.

A merry Cab-driver am I,
And a merry Cab-driver am I,
Through lanes and blind alleys,
To Park and to Palace,
Loud singing my ditties, I fly.

Oh, a merry Cab-driver am I,
And a merry Cab-driver am I,
With my plume on my bonnet,
My true-love's knot on it,
A knot not so blue as her eye.

For a merry Cab-driver am I,
And a merry Cab-driver am I,
And the Mayoresses, winking,
Invite me to drinking,
When they hear me cry, joyously, "Hi!"

The Drayman.

The Drayman is sturdy, the Drayman is stout,
And the floggers of women he puts to the rout;
But his voice is as soft as the breeze on the spray,
When his horse is unharnessed, and housed is his dray.

Then the vows of the Drayman are sweet on his tongue,
And his love gushes forth like his ale from the bung;
And happy the Lady whose charms can inspire
The Song of the Drayman of MEUX's Entire.

The Bride of the Drayman hath all she can ask
When she cushions her head on her favourite cask,
And lists to the hymn of her Drayman so dear,
Or pours him the goblet of rich-scented beer.

The Lighterman.

Light is the Lighterman's toil,
As his delicate vessel he rows,
And where Battersea's blue billows boil,
To his port at fair Wapping he goes;
Yet deem not the Lighterman's heart is as light
As the shallop he steers o'er the Severn so bright.

For Love he has kindled his torch,
And lighted the Lighterman's heart,
And he owns to the rapturous scorch,
And he owns to the exquisite smart;
And Thames Tunnel echoes the Lighterman's sigh
As he glides 'mid the islands of soft Eelpie.

The Beef-Eater.

Why so sad, thou bold Beef-Eater,
Why dost wander through Hyde Parks,
Comes she not who bade thee meet her
On her ride from Bevis Marks.
Has the Mayor, her haughty guardian,
Vowed her to some Beadle dark,
Or some fierce and wild Churchwarden,
Proud of lineage from the Ark?

Answer made the brave Beef-Eater,
Glancing sadly at Saint Paul's,
"Truer maid than JANE, or sweeter
Walks there not by London's walls.
But my office, gentle stranger,
Calls me from my lady sweet,
Of this Park the Irish Ranger
I must haste to join the Fleet."

"STEP IN, AND BE DONE, SIR!"

A PRETTY SAFE PROPHECY.

IN the *Memoirs of Bishop Hurd*, recently published, we meet with the following prophecy. It is rarely that prophecies are so strictly fulfilled, and this rarity is the cause of our alluding to this particular one. DR. CUMMING must gnaw his fingers with envy:—

"Shortly after his arrival at Hartlebury, she said to him one day, 'How do you think your pupil, his ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES will turn out?'—'My dear Cousin,' the Bishop replied, laying his peculiarly small white hand (*en parenthèse*, is it not a great peculiarity with Bishops that they mostly all have peculiarly small white hands?) upon her arm, 'I can hardly tell; either *the most polished gentleman, or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe*,—possibly an admixture of both.'"

And we all know how the Bishop's pupil, his Blessed Majesty GEORGE THE FOURTH, did turn out. The prophecy was a pretty safe one, it was sure to be true on one side or the other, and the result proved it. Was he not universally acknowledged to be the most polished gentleman in Europe? polished, as a boot is with blacking—for his memory has received nothing else. It is true that Europe has since reversed its own verdict, and rather leans now to the opinion that, instead of being the most accomplished gentleman, the Prince was rather the reverse. Thus, BISHOP HURD was doubly right with his double-barrelled prophecy—the Prince was "possibly an admixture of both"—a kind of "Prince's Mixture," that contained a very large proportion of "Blackguard." It is not often that Bishops can see so far; but then BISHOP HURD had such a brilliant pupil!

The Art of Correspondence.

WITH men, the great difficulty is in beginning a letter—with women, the great difficulty is in leaving off. A woman's letter is best expressed by the algebraical "*x*," for it 's a letter that always denotes an unknown quantity. Every postscript is a problem of itself.

SERVANTGALISM.

Lady. "THEN, WHY DID YOU LEAVE?"

Domestic. "WELL, MA'AM, IF YOU ARST ME, I B'LIEVE THE REEL REASON WERE, THAT MISSUS THOUGHT I WERE TOO GOOD LOOKING!"

BRENNUS AT THE SCALES.

AGAIN the hills of Italy
Echo the din of war,
Again the eagles gather
To Rome, from near and far,
Again the seven-hilled city,
The conqueror's guerdon stands,
But not, as erst, with conquest's sword
Held in Barbarian hands!

When Rome, an infant giant,
First crowned her seven-fold height,
The stalwart North its swarms poured forth
To crush the rising might.
There strode the swarthy Cymry,
The red Gaul at his side,
And tower and town went helpless down,
Before the sweeping tide.

But Heaven's high purpose needed
That rising Roman power,
And nerved the stately senators
To meet the awful hour.
In robes of white, on chairs of state,
They barred the invaders' way—
'Gainst Cymric fire and Gaulish ire,
A weaponless array!

How changed the men, how changed the parts!
The scene alone the same.
Now Heav'n strikes with the invaders,
And works the invaded shame.
For patriot hands, see hireling bands,
The mass-book for the glaive;
A fluttered, epicœne old priest,
For senate stern and grave!

Still holdeth well the parallel—
Like in unlikeness all—
On what is done doth still look on,
A Brennus, chief of Gaul!
Not frank and bold like him of old,
That led the Cymric horde,
But a masked brow—a muffled hand,
That grasps a doubtful sword!

Again the steel-yard is brought forth,
Again Rome's fate is weighed:
Though other weights are in the plates,
Than those of yore displayed.
Old Rome went free—her ransom-fee,
A thousand pounds of gold,
Now, Europe's hopes against a Pope's
Unequal balance hold!

Strange, how despite the ill-matched freight
The scales uncertain play,
While still as death, with bated breath,
We watch them as they sway.
And well we know—be't weal or woe
That in the upshot lies—
The scale where BRENNUS flings his sword
Will be the scale to rise!

Were this a man our wit could scan,
The choice might easy seem;
Small doubt were there which scale would bear
To earth, which kick the beam.
With fear and lies, before our eyes,
'Gainst truth and valour hung,
Were his a hand at *our* command,
Long since the sword were flung!

But what is truth and what is ruth,
What human hopes to him?
Whose tortuous ways elude our gaze,
So molelike, dark, and dim!
One thing alone to faith is known,
Heaven wills whate'er befall—
And this man's hand, and this man's brand,
Are God's that guideth all!

Lying by Lightning.

THE Telegram which said that LOUIS NAPOLEON had been shot at, said the thing which was not. Really telegraphic announcements are often so romantic, the electric wires do tell such stories, that any astounding message transmitted by them will soon come to be called an electric Tell-a-cram.

Rather Too Much.

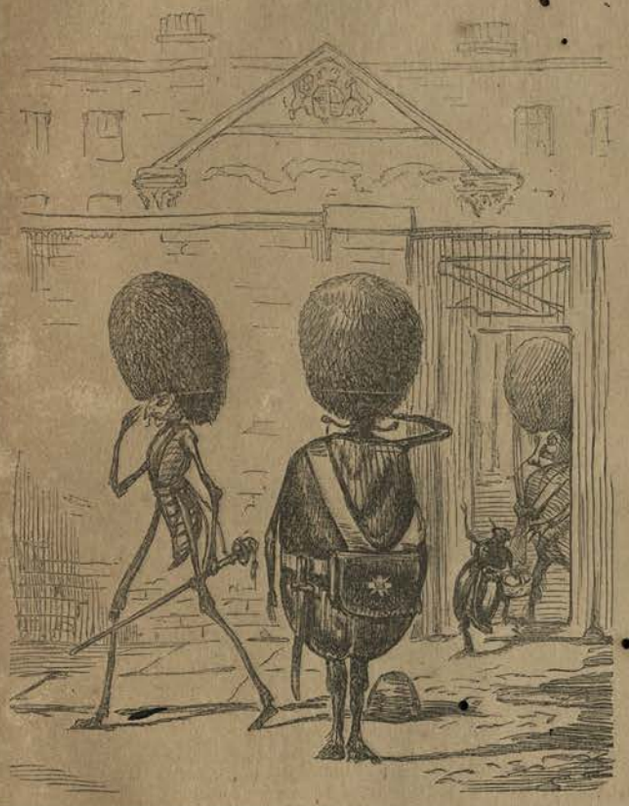
IT is too bad of Members to do the talking in Parliament, and out of Parliament too. If they hold forth to the extent they do when the House is open, they might have the decency to hold their tongues during the recess. Not a single M.P. seems to possess what TALLEYRAND called *un grand talent pour la silence.*

A GOOD OFFER.

GARIBALDI. "TAKE TO THIS CAP, PAPA PIUS. YOU WILL FIND IT MORE COMFORTABLE THAN YOUR OWN."

VALOUR PROMPTLY REWARDED.

AN officer, under the signature of HARD UP, complains in the *Times* that, although the third anniversary of the capture of Delhi has now elapsed, the prize-money taken on that occasion has not yet been distributed. Can this be true? Many brave fellows to whom some of this money was due are dead, and how long will those who are living have to live to enjoy their share of it? If there is any one labourer who is worthy of his hire, surely it is that one whose labour consists in fighting, and who has especially earned a reward by helping to take a city in his country's service. What difficulty can there be in the distribution of money in hand? If there is none, or none which is insuperable, in the present case, what words can express the height or depth of the rascality on the part of those Jacks or Knaves in office who are responsible for that infamous procrastination which has kept the heroes who are entitled to the Delhi prize-money out of it so long?



SNOBBISM AND SPORTING.

"*Cato Cottage, Peckham.*

"PRAY *Mr. Punch*, are you not fond of deer-stalking? I can't say I am myself; but that's the fault of my *physique*, and is not to be regarded as a mental blemish. People generally like best the sports which they excel in; and nature, when she gave me a protuberance of person, with a couple of short legs, and—I *must* add—wind to match, very clearly did not intend me for a deer-stalker. My long-limbed friends assure me that the sport is splendid fun, and are so good as to invite me to their lodges to partake of it; but I don't quite see the 'fun' of scrambling over boulders; of panting up a mountain merely to pant down again; of scampering over plains, and shambling over stones, and floundering about in heather some three or four feet high (which may be easy work, no doubt, to persons with long legs, but is terribly hard labour to people who have stumpy ones); of sliding down a precipice, or wading up a waterfall, or crawling along a stream as flat as you can stoop, with your waistcoat in the water and your very whiskers wet with it; of sitting in damp clothes upon rocks as hard as adamant, and crouching behind corners until you get the cramp, and waiting hours and hours for the chances of a shot, with the odds at ninety-nine to one that you won't get it, and if you do the odds are that your priming has got wet and that your rifle will miss fire, or that you'll feel so nervous when the creature comes in sight that you'll blaze away by accident while you are taking aim, and so almost get imprisoned for having bagged a gillie, or knocked over a gamekeeper. All this may be preciously good sport to those who like it, but it would be certain death to a man of my *physique*; and I think I am quite justified in restricting my enjoyment to the eating of the game, without attempting to partake of the pleasure of pursuing it.

"Having a healthy appetite, it delights me nevertheless to hear of slimmer persons indulging in the sport; not merely because I think it is a manly, healthful exercise (for those, I mean to say, whom Nature has adapted for it), but because there is the chance that I may profit by their labours—venison sent gratuitously being at all seasons pleasant to receive. Of course I own this last reflection cannot influence me in hearing of H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT, still, as a loyal British subject, I am always charmed to hear of his successes as a deer-stalker; and I annually devour with an increasing relish the accounts which the *Court Circular* affords us of his sport. The history, I must confess, is somewhat bare and meagre, being limited in general to the statement that 'the Prince this morning went out deer-stalking,' without informing his admirers how many stags he mastered, or how many shots he missed. Still, the stalest of stale crusts is better than no bread; and, hungry as I am for whatever crumbs may fall to me from the Royal table, the smallest contributions in the way of sport intelligence I thankfully receive. Every now and then, though, I come across a paragraph which I find grows yearly more and more perplexing to me, and as you know everything, I am driven in despair to ask you to explain it. The following is the passage to which I would refer, extracted word for word from the *Times* of the 15th. Those who study the *Court Circular* must be doubtless well familiar with it, for, with but little variation, it annually recurs, and is repeated some half-dozen times in every shooting season:—

"The PRINCE CONSORT, attended by the Gentlemen-in-Waiting, drove to the Abergeldie woods, which were driven for deer."

"The driving of the Prince, and the driving of the woods, are things which I am competent, I think, to comprehend. The only part which puzzles me in this perplexing paragraph is the yearly introduction of the Gentlemen-in-Waiting. For the life of me I can't conceive, Sir, why the Gentlemen-in-Waiting are lugged into the account. As I read it, the statement bears no sort of reference to any courtly ceremony, in which the presence of the Gentlemen-in-Waiting is needful. When perusing it, I picture the Prince Consort as a sportsman not a court's-man; and what have deerstalkers to do with Gentlemen-in-Waiting? is the question which quite naturally rises to my mind. Do Gentlemen-in-Waiting attend His Royal Highness for the purpose of officiating in the place of gamekeepers? Do they carry the Royal powderflask, and load the Royal rifle, and instruct the Royal sportsman where he ought to stand, and when he ought to fire, and what he ought to do supposing he should miss? Or do the Gentlemen-in-Waiting perform the part of waiters (as their name seems to imply), and scamper about at lunch-time with napkins on their arms, handing the Royal sandwich, to subdue the Royal appetite, or the Royal pocket-pistol to wet the Royal whistle? To an inquiring mind like mine, and one loyally inquisitive about the Royal movements, a hundred other questions instantly suggest themselves, of fully equal interest with those which I have named. But I confine myself to asking—Do you think, Sir, as a deerstalker, that the Prince gets better sport by going out attended by these Gentlemen-in-Waiting? And do you think, Sir, as a subject, that your loyalty is heightened by having mention of such escort yearly dinned into your ears?

"One of the charms of shooting, at least so far as I, a Cockney, understand it, is the freedom it affords from the forms of courts and cities, and the solacing relief of the hour or two of solitude which in places like the Highlands it is certain to secure. Whether his Royal Highness appreciates this pleasure, it is not for me to ask; but I am certain if he does he cannot possibly get much of it, seeing that he never can enjoy a day out deer-shooting without a pack of Gentlemen-in-Waiting at his heels.

"Believe me, *Mr. Punch*, with the sincerest loyalty to the Prince and to yourself,

"A thoroughly Good Subject, though I may be
"A BAD SPORTSMAN."

An Invariable Rule.

WHEN an M.P., at an agricultural dinner, or a cutlers' feast, or a county gathering, or an archery meeting, tells you that he is not going to intrude politics, because politics by the rules of the society are excluded, you may be sure that he is on the point of introducing them, and that he will do so the very next minute; and, furthermore, that he will talk of nothing else but politics during the remainder of his speech.

HOW TO TRIP IT.—The PRINCE OF WALES promises to be as great a traveller as he is an accomplished dancer. His next intention is to go through all the Steppes of Russia.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE FASHIONS OF THE LADIES OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

FROM THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF "ROSABELLE AND SIR ROBERT THE RASPER." TEMP. EDWARD THE THIRD.

LOVELY WOMAN in the reign of KING EDWARD THE THIRD showed as usual that in point of finery and fashion she naturally belonged to the weaker-minded sex. Her habits at this period are described as being sadly sumptuous and extravagant, "far passing ye men in all mannere of arraies." "Neat, not gaudy," was a maxim that she paid but little heed to; and she hardly gave a thought to the cost of her costume, so long as she could manage to get somebody to pay for it. It is by habits such as these that Woman makes herself so dear to all who have to do with her, and we have no doubt that the dressmakers during the fourteenth century were as terrible to husbands as they are in the nineteenth.

In EDWARD'S time the gown or kirtle was still made with tight sleeves, much the same as it had been in the two preceding reigns; and the mode remained unchanged throughout the reign of RICHARD THE SECOND, which ended (ask the nearest charity child) with the last year of the century of which we are now treating. The sleeves sometimes reached the wrist, and sometimes stopped short at the elbow, and in the latter case had pendent streamers, which were called tippets, attached to them. We have noticed the same fashion in the male dress of this period, and as lovely woman is an imitative creature, we incline to think she did not set the mode, but followed it. Perhaps it may be interesting to some of our fair readers, if we specially make mention, that the gown was now cut rather lower in the neck, and was worn so long in front as well as in the train as to require to be held up when the attempt was made to walk in it. Indeed the fashion of long trains was now carried to such lengths, that actually a tract was written by some dreadful old divine, entitled "*Contra caudas dominarum*," in plain English, that is, "Against the Tails of the ladies." Another point moreover to notice in the gown was, that instead of being worn all loose and flowing, it now fitted closely to the waist, and a protuberance was added which we dare not more than hint at, further than to say, in the smallest of small type, that a reference is made to it in a riddle of the period, which belikens a fine lady to a careful housekeeper, for "shee maketh a grete bustle aboute a littel waste.' That horrible old fogy, DOWGLAS, Monk of Glastonbury, says the women of his time "dyd wear such straiten cloathes that they had foxtailes (!) sewed within their garments for to holde ym forth;" but this surely must have been a scandalous invention of the holy father, who being a single man, of course could have known nothing of the secrets of the toilette.

FROM A VERY RUDE DRAWING OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Like the gentlemen, the ladies took to wearing at this period the garment called a cote-hardie, which we have previously described. For the benefit, however, of readers with short memories, we may again state, that the cote was a somewhat graceful garment, not unlike a long pea-jacket, fitting closely to the figure, and reaching about as far as the middle of the thigh. It was fastened in the front with a row of large-sized buttons,* had sometimes streamers from the elbows, and sometimes had a couple of small pockets in the front, in which the fast girls stuck their hands, no doubt, and did their best, we dare say, to swagger like the swells.

Another point of resemblance between the dresses of the gentlemen and ladies at this period was, that the latter often came out in that parti-coloured clothing to which the notice of the reader has already been directed. It was no uncommon thing to see a beauty with one sleeve of blue and the other sleeve of white; and if by any accident her stockings became visible, it would have been found they were made also not to match. Like their husbands too, the ladies often bore their armorial bearings emblazoned on their gowns, which were rendered thus as hideous as heraldry could make them, with all its curious menagerie of blue griffins and green geese.

A loose garment with long skirts, bordered and faced with fur, was introduced about this period, and worn over the kirtle. The chiefly curious point about it was that, generally speaking, it had neither sleeves nor sides; the armholes being made so large, that the girdle of the kirtle which was worn beneath it was visible at the hips. An interesting specimen of this sideless sleeveless garment is shown in an old drawing in the Argentine Collection, representing QUEEN PHILIPPA (who has let down her back hair) interceding for the lives of the six burgesses of Calais; who with halters round their necks are kneeling to KING EDWARD, with the piteous looks of aldermen when panting a request for a third helping of turtle, or pleading that their venison has been sent them with no fat.

EDWARD THE THIRD AND QUEEN PHILIPPA. FROM A MS. IN THE ARGENTINE COLLECTION.

MR. STRUTT, who as a writer on the subject of costume must clearly be regarded as one of the first walk, quotes an interesting story from a manuscript of this period, which shows that ladies were at times not much more sensible in dress, in the reign of EDWARD THE THIRD, than in that of QUEEN VICTORIA. As the story, although French, has an admirable moral, we may without imprudence transfer it to our print:—

"The eldest of two sisters was promised by her father to a young and handsome knight, who owned a very large estate. The day was appointed for the gentleman to introduce himself, he not having as yet seen either of the ladies; and they were duly informed beforehand of his coming, that they might be properly prepared to receive him. The affianced bride, who was the handsomest of the two, being desirous to show her elegant shape and slender waist to the best advantage, clothed herself in a cote-hardie, which sat very strait and close upon her, without any lining or facing of fur, although it was winter, and exceedingly cold. The consequence was, that she appeared pale and miserable, like one perishing with the severity of the weather; while her sister who, regardless of her shape, had attired herself rationally in thick garments lined with fur, looked warm and healthy, and as ruddy as a rose. The young knight was fascinated by the girl who had the least beauty and the most prudence, and having obtained her father's consent, proposed to her instead of marrying her sister, who was left in single blessedness to shiver in her finery, and sigh at her sad fate."

This affecting anecdote is related by a Norman knight, named GEOFFROI DE LA TOUR LANDRY, who recites it in a treatise on morals and behaviour, which he composed expressly for the use of his three daughters, and in which occur some curious details respecting dress. It is not now the fashion for fathers to write books for the instruction of their children (who would probably not dream of reading anything so "slow"), but were any Paterfamilias to venture so to do, we should advise him to insert the story we have cited, and to devote a page or two to fit remarks upon the salutary moral that it points. The anecdote we think might be most profitably repeated, if it only be

* Buttons were at this time very generally used for whatever wanted fastening; and indeed were often worn in such profusion that people must have wasted a great part of their lives in buttoning their clothing. FAIRHOLT speaks of the cotehardie as "having nought extravagant about it, except buttons;" and judging from the look of them in some of the old drawings, it seems to have been the cheese to have them made as big as cheese-plates. If History repeats itself, so assuredly does Fashion. This fondness for big buttons was certainly revived by our "gents" a few years back; and many of our fast girls, if we remember rightly, copied it.

to illustrate the evils of tight-lacing, which is still one of the weaknesses of the weaker sex. Indeed a stronger term than "weakness" ought to stigmatise such folly, seeing that it sometimes amounts almost to suicide, for it entails a certain sacrifice of health if not of life. A "good figure" is no doubt an enviable possession, but its attainment is too commonly attended with bad health; and husbands as a rule think far less of fashion than they do of flesh and blood, and are less likely to be caught by a pair of well-shaped stays than by a pair of rosy cheeks.

Girdles handsomely embroidered and embossed with gold and silver were generally worn over the kirtle and cote hardie, and were girt loosely on the hips, and not round the waist. A sort of pouch or reticule, which was called a gypsire, was worn pendent from the girdle, occupying much about the same position as the chatelaines which lately were in fashionable use. As it was tastefully embroidered, no doubt the gypsire was at times merely worn by way of ornament; and we learn that a small dagger was occasionally stuck through it, which doubtlessly was likewise only worn for decoration, or if ever it was used, it surely must have been for some such peaceful purpose as piercing a few button holes, or stabbing a plum cake.

The hair was still worn in a fret or caul of golden network, which sometimes was surmounted by a coronet of jewels, and sometimes by a wreath of flowers, or else simply by a veil. At tournaments, however, and at picnics (if there were any) ladies mostly wore short hoods, and wrapped round their heads like cords the "lirripipes," or "tippets," which were the long streamers depending from the hoods. Wimples still remained in vogue for the protection of the throat, although they were not worn so commonly as during the last century; but the ugly clumsy gorget, which, we have seen, was introduced in the reign of EDWARD THE FIRST, appears to have been kicked into the dust-hole of oblivion, for we find no mention that it was still in use. Coverchiefs or kerchiefs were still worn by way of head-dress among the middle classes, but by the swellesses it seems they had mostly been discarded. CHAUCER'S *Wife of Bath*, he tells us, wore them once a week; and if she had any tendency to headache, we can scarcely wonder that she did not wear them oftener, for he expressly mentions that they were "full fine of ground" (whatever that may mean) and he adds:—

PORTRAIT OF "YE WIFE OF BATH." FROM MR. PUNCH'S COPY OF CHAUCER.

> "I durste swere that they weighed a pound,
> That on the Sonday were upon hir hedde:
> Hire hosen weren of fine scarlett redde,
> Ful streit yteyed, and shoon full moist and newe."

We learn too of this lady:—

> "Upon an ambler easily she satte,
> Ywimpled well, and on hire hede an hat
> As brode as a bokeler or a targe.
> A foote mantel about hire hippes large,
> And on hire feet a paire of sporres sharpe."

With the exception perhaps of the wimple and the spurs this description might have fairly been applied to the MISS BROWNS, MISS JONESES and MISS SMITHS, who a season or two since were wont to amble about on donkeys by the sad sea-waves at Ramsgate; for the round hats which they wore were every bit as broad as bucklers, and really looked as though they ought to have been worn in a broad farce.

The Long Vacation.

THE KING OF NAPLES has had so many troubles lately, and has been oppressed with so much business of a most moving and distressing nature, that it is not to be wondered at if he has gone into the country just to enjoy a little Gaëta.

CHARACTER READ IN A WEED.—The thistle is a fit emblem for Scotland—it is so remarkably downy.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, "*Club, Pall-Mall, Friday.*

"I AM ashamed to put a more specific address, for it is a disgraceful thing to be in town at such a time as this, but an Irish friend's having unaccountably forgotten to remit the money for a bill which I accepted for him as 'the merest matter of forrum' has compelled me to come up, and all my business friends having in the most unbusiness-like manner taken themselves off to Southend, Switzerland, and similar places, I am unhappily obliged to remain and collect my funds *viis et modis*. I am sure that you will sympathise in my humiliation, and be content to forego the inclosure of a card, which I am aware you usually insist upon. I *am* a gentleman, Sir, although in town at the end of September.

"Having much leisure, I read all the papers at my club, as much to avoid the contemptuous looks of such of the servants as are not grouse-shooting as for any interest I can take in literature at such a time.

"I perceive that a Reverend Gentleman by the name of KEMPE (which reminds me of Kemp Town, which is bad enough, but better than London in the autumn) has been publishing a complaint that the Clubs of London occupy the best parts of the best parishes, but do not contribute to parochial charities, except by sending out their broken meat to the churchwardens, and such like. The Reverend Gentleman wants the Clubs to come down handsomely with benefactions.

"Now, upon my life, Sir, one always knew that of all the unhesitating mendicants the parsons are the most unblushing, and that out of every dozen letters on a fellow's table there is sure to be one from a Reverend, inclosing a statement that in the parish of St. Miasma, or St. Fetida-cum-Drains, there is no Church accommodation for eleven hundred heathens and a half, for whose benefit he sends you a perforated card, into which you are to insert a shilling of your last winnings at billiards or poker, and thus bless the residue and remainder. But, really, when a Reverend Gentleman asks a Club to apply its subscriptions in aid of the poor-rates, I can only say that he is a cooler card than the perforated pasteboard.

"Why, Sir, does the Reverend K. know that at this very moment half the Clubs in London want more billiard accommodation? Does he know that port wine is getting dearer and dearer every day, and that it is the bounden duty of every Committee to lay down every good pipe they can hear of? Does he know, Sir, that we want more warm baths built? Is he acquainted with the price of tobacco? or does he need to be told that very few Club cigars are fit to smoke, in consequence of the dearness of the article and the reluctance of men to give more than eightpence or ninepence for a weed? Is he aware that our libraries, especially the French novel departments, are far from complete, and that from the absence of duplicate sets a man has often to wait a couple of days for the last Paris story, especially if an English dramatic author gets hold of it? Can he have been apprised that Club servants are very expensive, and that, owing to the insufficient attendance, a fellow has often to wait three minutes before his table can be cleared and the wine brought? I am not hostile to the Clergy, Sir, far from it, and I willingly assume that the Reverend Gentleman is uninformed of these facts, and that his preposterous proposition would never have been made had he possessed ampler knowledge. But in the face of this painful destitution, in the presence of these revolting details, it is mockery to ask the Clubs to squander funds in charity.

"I do not insist, Sir, upon the impropriety of a Club's making a public contribution, and proclaiming its almsgiving, though such a thought might have occurred to a minister of the Establishment. But charity should be a secret matter, of which the world should have no knowledge. 'What I give is nothing to nobody' was the admirable remark of one of the most distinguished Members of Parliament. The ostentation which would be manifested by Club donations would be most objectionable to the feelings of Club-men, who are celebrated for practising the truly Christian virtue of retiring modesty upon the subject of any good deeds they may do, should they happen to do any.

"I will only add, Sir, that should the plausible but most improper appeal of the REV. MR. KEMPE produce any effect upon our Committee (not that I would wrong them by believing it possible), I, for one, will leave no stone unturned to eject that Committee from office at the earliest opportunity, and I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your very obedient Servant,

"THOMAS ANTIKEMPIS."

"P.S. The poor, I am given to understand, have Clubs of their own. Let them apply there for assistance, if they want it. *We* occasionally send the hat round for a Swell—properly recommended by Swells—so it is unjust to accuse us of illiberality."

THE MOVEMENT OF EVENTS IN ITALY.—"St. Peter's Chair stops the way."

"CUM MARTE MINERVA."

(WITH A VENGEANCE.)

Our friend Maulsticke (38th "Artists") devotes himself to Strengthening his Left Arm, which he hears is of the greatest importance in order to make himself a Good Shot; he therefore uses his Rifle as a Maul-stick, to accustom his arm to the weight of it.

A Glass that will not bear the Morning's Reflection.

AN American has patented a glass in which a man can see himself as plainly as others see him. At present he has not sold a single specimen, for everybody who has looked into the glass will not believe that the plain object before him could possibly be himself. Loud and bitter and unmitigated has been the disgust and indignation of everybody, and the consequence has been, that the poor American, believing in his innocence that the object of the world was to arrive at the truth, has lost largely by his foolish speculation. He is now trying his hand on a glass that flatters, and expects in a very short time to realise a considerable fortune. To the ladies he intends charging double, for he knows well enough that, let them be ever so beautiful, they will never be able to do without it. He has not yet fixed the price for girls who squint.

SERMONS AND SORE THROATS.

UNDER the signature of T. B., a correspondent of the *Inquirer* discusses a peculiar complaint to which preachers are liable, and which appears to be known to those whom it concerns by the name of "Minister's Sore Throat." T. B. observes that singers, who exert the vocal organs much more powerfully than preachers do, are not subject to this affection, and attributes their exemption therefrom to the modulations of sound wherein their performances consist, as contrasted with the usual monotony of sermons, which he supposes to be the cause of the ministerial malady. It is possible that harping upon one string, as it were, of the *chordæ vocales*, may produce a soreness of the part overstrained. It is desirable to know whether the "Minister's Sore Throat" is confined to Dissenting Ministers, or whether it is an orthodox ailment.

There are certainly some divines other than nonconformists, who in preaching are wont to utter such uncouth tones as to grievously offend the ears of the listener. In the effort of producing such painful sounds they may also perhaps hurt their own throats, and serve them right. But who ever heard a parson of the old school complain of any injury to the throat sustained through preaching? Did the plump old pluralist with a red nose ever suffer from "Minister's Sore Throat"? Yet surely he was monotonous enough in preaching. But it must never be forgotten that this kind of clergyman was in the habit of keeping the immediate neighbourhood of that mechanism which is liable to be deranged by preaching well moistened with a fluid which is an excellent gargle—port wine. It is very true that he always drank his gargle. Perhaps also he did not preach too long. How if the pastors who suffer from "Minister's Sore Throat" were supplied by the liberality of those who sit under them with plenty of the parson's preservative against that complaint, on condition of their observance of the same moderation as that which, on the parson's part, may be supposed to have been a condition to the efficacy of the remedy?

A FRIENDLY VENTURE.

"MIGHT I tempt you to venture upon this orange?" "I should be happy to oblige you, Madam," said LEIGH HUNT, who was thus being addressed by a lady, "but I'm afraid I should fall off." The PRINCE OF WALES, much in the same way at Kingston and other places in Canada, would not venture near the Oranges, for fear, not of falling off, but of falling out. There might have been a falling off of his popularity, had he yielded to the insolence of these sour bigots, who acted infinitely more like meddlers than oranges. If we were asked to say, what were the Fruits of Sedition, we should not hesitate for a moment to reply—"The Oranges in Upper Canada."

Another Prophecy Fulfilled!

☞ *There is but one Punch, and, when needful, he turns Prophet.*

FIVE years ago, on the Fifteenth of September, in Number 740 of his immortal work, *Punch* predicted the extinction of the tyranny of Naples—a prophecy which all who run may read has been fulfilled. In the Big Cut of that Number the KING OF NAPLES is depicted, with his Crown toppling off as he makes his hurried exit, in the midst of an eruption of cannon-balls and bayonets, belched upon him from Vesuvius, which is blazing in the background. What prophet could speak plainer, who spoke with pencil's point?

MR. EDWIN JAMES' MISSION TO ITALY.—To address the *Jura*.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 13, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, September 29, 1860.

"I say, Old Fellow, it's not the slightest use trying to shelter there—you'll be wet through in no time. Why don't you follow my example?"

OUR AUSTRIAN SYMPATHIES.

ENGLAND must fraternise with Austria. Surprising as this declaration may seem, its truth will be apparent from the facts, that, for the last ten years the Austrian nation has paid taxes to the amount of 800,000,000 florins more than it did in the ten preceding; that the national debt is 1,300,000,000 florins larger than it was ten years ago; that State property valued at 100,000,000 florins has had to be sold; that the deficit expected in 1861 is 39,000,000 florins even in case of peace; and that the people are subject to a "war-contribution" of 32,000,000 florins per annum. These circumstances are stated in the report of a financial committee; and what Englishman that reads them can refrain from exclaiming to his Austrian fellow sufferer, "Come to my arms, my brother in taxation! Let us compare what our friend DISRAELI calls fleabites." We are told that the war-contribution is so exceedingly onerous that it cannot long be levied. How very like our own Income-Tax! Perhaps, even as that impost, it is assessed with the utmost injustice, and levied so as to inflict the greatest possible inconvenience. Whilst, therefore, JOHN BULL hugs the Austrian subject of confiscation, MR. GLADSTONE may embrace the Finance Minister of Austria!

"HE CALLS THEE, EDWIN."

"SIR,

"AM Havin the misfortin to be Hear For larsny wich i wish to Be Tried by jury of My Countrymn as i wold lik to now wich Way is To Be Mill or Quiets But i ear the Gudge EDWN JEAMES is Gone to itly to be Counsel to GEN^L^ GORBALDY, and advice Him to Shoot unfortune Chaps as cant abear the Enmy shootin of Them wich seem ard but May be all Wright but what Caul has GUDGE JEAMES to itly Instead of tryng My larsny Case wich am givn to understand is pade for wich by Publishg may caul him to His hone spear and oblidge,

"Your respfily,

"*Brighton Jale.*" "A PRISNOR."

INSCRIPTION FOR THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—"Supported by the In-Voluntary Subscriptions—of Booksellers."

DINNER AND THE LADY.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I DID hope that we were going to hear no more of MR. G. H. M., the gentleman who insulted us, the Matrons of England, by saying that we did not know how to give dinners properly, and by offering us all sorts of advice which was not required, and if it was, was not going to be taken from such as him. But it seems that he cannot keep his disgusting greedy pen quiet, and that not being able to find anything good enough to eat in England, he must go to Russia for a dinner, and he had better stop there. I am not going to demean myself by going through his letter of two columns long, all about his dinner, like a Pig, and indeed I scarcely read a quarter of the rubbish; but I shall only say that the creatures he speaks of who want a flogging before dinner to give them an appetite, should have a precious good one, if I had the making the laws and the choosing the beadles. Laurestinas, indeed! Cat o' nine tails would be the properer thing. And Bohemian Girls to sing to him after dinner. Very pretty, upon my word. An English gentleman ought to be content to come up to the drawing-room, and hear an English girl sing "*I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.*" That ought to be enough of *Bohemian Girl* for him. I despise G. H. M., *Mr. Punch*, and that's the long and the short of it, and it's no use saying it isn't, because it is.

"But what I meant to say to you was, that I do hope you will set yourself against the fashion of these Russian dinners, dinners *à la Russe*. If there is one thing in the world I like, it is to be able to say to people, 'You see your dinner.' I am old-fashioned, I dare say, but that I can't help, and what's more don't mean to. I don't choose to set fruit, and cut glass, and flowers, and French-moss before my friends, instead of dishes of food. A dinner-table was intended to be a dinner-table, and not a Bond Street shop-window. I wonder what Mr. G. H. M. will stick on the table next instead of wholesome things to eat. Fountains, perhaps, and bird-cages, and selfplaying accordions, and Punch and Judy. He is like a great schoolboy, only if one of my boys were to put his toys on the table to amuse himself while at his meals, he'd precious soon have an introduction to Lady Gay Spanker, I can tell him. I have no patience with such folly.

"Then as to politeness. We used to be told that this was learned at the dinner-table better than anywhere else. You were instructed to attend to your neighbours, particularly ladies, and if you sat near the lady of the house you were to insist on carving for her. Where are the young men of the present day to learn manners, I should like to know? The table covered with flowers and figmareesses, a paper with a list of the dishes by every guest, and all the dishes handed round one by one. Why, *Mr. Punch*, nobody need speak to anybody else at all, and I believe that's what G. H. M. would like to come to. All sitting like people in an omnibus, eat and drink, and go away. And this you call having a dinner! I don't, if you do. I choose to talk about my dishes to my guests, not for them to look at a paper and mumble to my servants. What credit does the mistress of the house get for things smuggled about like this? After all her trouble in getting up the dinner, the people don't suppose that she knows a bit about it more than they do, and fancy it all comes in from the pastrycook's round the corner, which nothing ever did in my house, and never shall so long as I am the chief of the family, and I should like to hear my husband propose such a thing, only he knows better than to insult his wife.

"The newspapers ought to be ashamed to publish such letters as MR. G. H. M.'s, and men ought to be ashamed to read them, which is more. You ought to have other things to attend to, and the dinners ought to be left to us to manage, as they used to be in the good old times, when men were men, and did great things, and did not want to be flogged for an appetite, and mew about French-moss and flowers on the table. Dinner is a Lady's business; and one of my boys tells me that the word Lady is Saxon, and means the Divider of Bread, which he says is a—something—I forget the word—elephant—equivocate—equivalent—is that it?—equal to saying she manages the food of the house. To be sure, old words have lost their meaning, and Spinster does not now mean a good industrious girl that spins her wedding-clothes, but only a goose that wants to be married, and meantime sews eleven millions of eyelet-holes into useless scraps of calico. But while I am a Lady I will be the Head of the Table, and MR. G. H. M. and everybody that is like him, if there are any, and I hope there are not many, may go on scribbling and being flogged until they are tired. No Russian dinners, *Mr. Punch*, for

"Yours sincerely,

"*Russell Square, Monday.*" "THE BRITISH MATRON."

A PRINCE PROCEEDING TO AMERICA.

O BROTHER PRINCE, of the Agapemone, is reported to have been favoured with a revelation intimating to him the propriety of going to America. Some British colony would seem a more fitting destination for him than the United States, and his country ought to grant him a free passage to his transmarine abode. Unfortunately, however, our colonists very strongly object to affording an asylum to such gentlemen as MR. PRINCE, a gentleman who has had to refund some £7000, and other sums which he had obtained chiefly from confiding females, by pretensions of a supernatural character. He has been forced to transfer certain stock acquired in this way; and there appears to be good ground for questioning whether a more personal kind of investment in the stocks might, or not, be the legal consequence of some of his pecuniary transactions. It has been suggested that BROTHER PRINCE, when he goes to America, will fraternise with BRIGHAM YOUNG; but the proverbial indisposition to concord of two of a trade renders that suggestion unlikely. The two prophets might enter into partnership, if such an arrangement were likely to suit both parties; but, unless PRINCE takes many rich followers out with him, it may be conjectured that he and YOUNG will not agree to put their asses together.

The exoteric doctrines of the Mormon Chief and those of the Prince of the Agapemone perhaps differ, but there is every reason for supposing that their esoteric views are identical. They have both of them, no doubt, genuine internal convictions, though neither of them has yet been convicted of swindling; BROTHER PRINCE having been compelled to make restitution by a legal tribunal, which had not the power to allot him likewise a term of laborious grinding at the crank. They both evidently coincide in a belief in the main chance, as contradistinguished from predestination and everything else, except, perhaps, polygamy.

If there is balm in Gilead, there is tar in America. There are also feathers. These considerations may, if they fail to render BROTHER PRINCE disobedient to the revelation which orders him to the United States, at least induce him to take good care in what portion of the American territory he pitches his tabernacle, and to make sure that it is one inhabited by the greatest fools, and exempt from the jurisdiction of JUDGE LYNCH.

Extremely Shell-fish.

WE beg to present the reader with the two following latest novelties in the way of autumnal conundrums:—

1st. Why have lobsters no feeders? Because they have *antennæ* (*haven't any*).

2nd. Why is a supplementary plate of crabs like the Alien Act? Because it contains an extradition clause (*an extra dish and claws*).

If the too indulgent reader were to try for a thousand years, he would never be able to beat the above in badness.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"IT may seem anomalous that your Roving Correspondent should, at this season of all others in the year, be still in Town. Such, however, is the fact. While others were looking after their passports, getting them visèd and inserted in charming little morocco cases, with their names neatly printed in gold outside, or arming themselves with those wonderful circular notes (which by the way are really rectangular but still extremely useful), or investing in miraculous knapsacks, which hold everything you don't want, from a portable shower-bath to a patent shaving-brush; while, I say, tourists have been consulting *Bradshaw*, haunting Railway Offices, and flurrying themselves generally, your humble servant has been quietly occupied in his studio over his canvas and cutty-pipe.

"Perhaps a continental tour has lost its charms for me. Perhaps I am somewhat weary of trips down the Rhine, fortnights in Paris, excursions to Switzerland, pic-nics in the Pyrenees (where will our indefatigable touists next spend their autumn?) Perhaps out of perversity I am determined not to do what every one is doing. Perhaps the balance at my banker is not of sufficient preponderance to justify, &c. &c.—what matters? Here I am on my native soil; neither watching the sun rise upon the rosy Jungfrau, nor sink behind the great dome of Buonarotti; but looking at the rain, drizzling, pattering, pelting down on London pavement.

"Slow this sounds I admit; but in pleasant company what situation is not tolerable? I would not give a fig for the finest scenery in the world if I should be condemned to wander through it alone. I think I am a gregarious animal, and can't enjoy life without a companion. Some of my friends who are of an equally sociable turn, are good enough to drop in upon me occasionally to share my cognac, or join me in a pipe, and so we manage to get through an evening very pleasantly. Sometimes STIPPLER holds forth on the divine art, and grows warm in defence of Pre-Raphaelites, or old MASSICOT, sitting down at my battered piano, trolls out a jolly ditty. And in truth I would rather listen to him than to the strains of MISS GUSHINGTON, who warbles at LADY PRISM'S *soirées*, for all her fine contralto voice. I fear there must be some truth in the theory once prevalent in fashionable circles, that we painters have low tastes, and instinctively incline to humble sources of pleasure. For my own part I admit that there are occasions when a churchwarden pipe and a wainscotted tap-room possess irresistible attractions for me. Why should I be ashamed to own it? Has not the greatest poet of modern times written an Ode to *The Cock*, that famous chanticleer, under the shadow of whose wing how many wits, authors, artists, have joked and eaten! Nay, had not the great Lexicographer himself a weakness for tavern dinners? I have seen the corner pointed out in which the author of *Rasselas* used to sit, (GRABLEY the stockbroker takes his chop there daily), and I like to imagine the old philosopher puffing and grunting over his humble fare. There must be some charm about a neatly sanded floor, which we miss in the produce of Kidderminster. I have been assured by a score of exceedingly respectable persons that they prefer a pipe in an old fashioned chimney-corner to sipping souchong in the genteelest boudoir in Christendom. What do I but follow in the wake of my more distinguished brethren? A great modern author has said, that a painter should be fit for the best society; and keep out of it. There are a few of us who dance attendance on fat dowagers, and haunt the houses of the great, but ninety-nine out of a hundred prefer ease and good fellowship at home. Thank heaven, the flunkeydom of Art is past, and if our pictures are engraved, there is no need to dedicate the proof to my LORD MECÆNAS for the sake of his gracious patronage or precious guineas.

"So my friends take kindly to my easy chair, and in a cloud of fragrant Latakia forget to sneer at my humble Penates. Last week I met an old German chum, HERR VON STÜNNINGER, who used to study in the Munich Academy, until the death of his uncle, and his consequent accession to the family thalers induced him to relinquish the limner's art as a profession. I had asked him to drop in the other evening, and after waiting some time had given him up, when a decidedly dissyllabic knock, which was much too deliberately given for the post, and with not sufficient slang about it for the beer, announced his arrival at the door of my chambers. Signalling MRS. KINAHAN to bring up the battered old would-be-plated-but-unquestionably-Britannia-metal teapot in which she serves my Pekoe, I rushed to meet him; but imagine, Sir, my feelings when I tell you that I found him putting on pumps in the passage, and attired in a complete ball costume with a 'gibus' under his arm. There is a rather coarse but familiar metaphor by which a man under risible influence is represented as 'ready to

split,' but the fact is, that STIPPLER, who had on my shooting jacket, which is much too small for him, actually did lose several buttons in a fit of laughter behind the *Times*, when he saw my foreign friend thus gorgeously attired enter the apartment. For my part I felt sorry for the Herr, who, to do him justice, is as good a fellow as ever swallowed *sauerkraut*. He was evidently under an impression that he was coming to a grand entertainment, and here were we smoking short clays and imbibing beer like amateur coalheavers. What do I say? smoking? beer-drinking? If the STUNNINGER had been of any other nation than his own, I might have felt embarrassed. But when did a Vaterlander ever refuse a weed and a glass of ale? Imploring him to be seated (for the honest fellow was standing in the first position, and bowing away to everyone, including MRS. K., at the rate of ten miles an hour), I presently divested him of his dress-coat, and lent him a dressing-gown, enveloped in which easy garment, and pulling away at my best Meerschaum, he soon made himself at home, and recounted his late adventures. He had been in Town but five days, and in that short space of time had managed to visit more lions than I ever expect, to see during the term of my natural life.

"Of course he had been over the Tower—of which I have only once caught a glimpse from a penny steamboat. He had penetrated into the humid regions of the Thames Tunnel, and scaled the heights of the Civic Monument. He had been introduced to MADAME TUSSAUD'S ceroplastic celebrities, and had watched with delight the gambols of the hippopotamus in the Regent's Park. He had been wound up in the ascending-room of the Coliseum, and lowered in the diving-bell at the Polytechnic; visited the Law Courts, 'vare I underwent,' said the poor fellow, 'a brofuse transpiration,' the Metropolitan Prisons, the Houses of Parliament, Guildhall—what not. He was good enough to speak of all in terms of glowing admiration. One was '*sehr hübsch*,' another '*wunderschön*.' His only regret was, that he had had no opportunity of seeing SHAKSPEARE on the British stage. 'My frient,' said he, 'I would have liked to see *Hamled* by VELPS or KEAN in *How you Please It*.' He went to the Olympic, and came away shocked at MR. ROBSON'S admirable impersonation of the *Venetian Jew*. He looks upon burlesque as a sign of the decadence of the English Drama, and censures the immortal Bard himself for his disregard of the 'unities.'

"As the evening wore away, I think it was STIPPLER who proposed that we should adjourn to PADDY GREEN'S, and afford the STUNNINGER an opportunity of seeing that famous Music Hall. We summoned a cab, and it would have done your heart good to see the Herr taking off his hat to the Peeler who shut the door for us. 'How amiable are your constables!' he exclaimed, as we drove away, and I believe he tipped X4002 a shilling for his pains. At GREEN'S the STUNNINGER made himself thoroughly at home, listening to '*The Tardy Horsman*,' '*The Chaffing Crow*,' '*Band the Life-moat*', and other popular melodies with the greatest enthusiasm and delight, and breaking a tumbler or so at every round of applause. MR. GREEN the well-known proprietor tendered his snuff-box with his usual affability, and HERR JOEL, at the particular desire of a few kind friends (who have made the same request of him any night these twenty years) favoured us with his celebrated imitation of a male and female kingfisher, a trombone, a hayrick, and other types of lower creation.

"As for refreshment, there were certainly four of us, but as I remember paying for five kidneys, three Welsh rarebits, and a chop, to say nothing of bitter ale and gin sling, I suppose some of us must have made a good supper.

"I saw the Herr home to his hotel: he grasped my hand as he wished me good night, and entered upon a long and seriously involved sentence, in which I could just distinguish the words '*Gastfreiheit*,' '*Effanses*,' '*Deutschland*,' '*bier-drinken*,' '*Schiller*,' '*Velch-rarebid*,' '*Gesellschaft*,' '*prosit Gross Brittania*,' and '*auf Wiedersehn*.' Then taking a candle from the night-porter, and collecting all his energies into one profound bow, he went slowly up to bed.

"Faithfully yours,

"JACK EASEL."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE BABY COURT.

WE hear it is the intention of the Crystal Palace Company, who are always active in administering to the wants of the pleasure-seeking public, to open a small Court for the reception of the Babies who in such numbers daily honour the Palace with their presence. To ease the minds of such Mammas as bring their Babies without nursemaids, the Court will be supplied with suitable attendants; and every care will be taken in the absence of their parents to provide the infant occupants with recreation and refreshment. A quantity of pap will be continually on sale, and Babies who—despite of stern GEORGE CRUIKSHANK—are addicted to the Bottle, will be furnished with the means to allay their inward cravings.

Corals will be kept for all the tiny teeth in need of them, and rattles of the newest and the noisiest description will be constantly in readiness for all the little hands which may be stretched and clapped in eagerness to seize them. A lot of baby-jumpers will also be suspended for infants who are fond of active sedentary exercise; while for Babies of more dormant and retiring dispositions cradles, rocked by steam, will be let out by the hour, each one warranted to send its inmate off to "bye-bye" within the limit of a brace of shakes, after tucking up in it. In short, no pains will be spared to make the Court a pleasant lounge and agreeable midday resting-place for all the "tiddy ittle sings" whom their Mammas may wish to leave there, like parcels, until called for.

The chief object of the Court is, however, not so much to please the Babies as the public, who are now continually annoyed by squeals and squallings, at times when such disturbance is most trying to the nerves. It is an aggravating thing for a connoisseur of music to find a pack of Babies in full cry in the concert-room, when he goes there to enjoy a symphony of BEETHOVEN or a melody of MOZART. The power of disturbance by a Baby with good lungs is considerably greater than the ignorant may think. Indeed an infant's throat, if its possessor be in health, is one of the most powerful wind instruments we know. A solo on the squall is quite enough to drown a solo on the flute; in fact, the other day as we sat hearing the *Creation*, the grand crash of a chorus was completely overwhelmed by the squeals of MRS. BIBS'S baby just behind us.

By the opening of the Baby Court these interruptions will be stopped, and the Crystal Palace Concerts may be heard without annoyance. This consummation is the more devoutly to be wished, as the music which is given there really is worth hearing, and it tries one's temper sadly to listen without hearing it. By the arrangement now in prospect this aural disappointment will in future be avoided; and in common with all lovers of the Crystal Palace' Concerts we shall most heartily rejoice when we are able to announce that the project we have mentioned has been put in actual practice, and that daily during concert-time every Baby in the building has to undergo the ceremony of presentation at the Baby Court.

NOAT AND QUEERY.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I ears as ow there's a book hadwertised by the Name of the *Fiftene Decisif Battles Hof the World*. Werry good. The Fight atween the BENISHER BOY and TOM SAYERS was a Hindecisif Battle. Helse in coarse there'd a Bin cixteen Decisive Battles. But then Ow about BRETTLE and MACE? That wos a decisiv batel i shud say and Wots yure apinnion hon the Subjack *Mr. Punch?* i remane,

"Hever yourn,

"*The Coche and Osses, october*, 1860." "PATERFORMILLIASS."

"poscrip. Too to Wun on GARIBALDI agin LAMORISHEER."

TO THE CLAIMANTS OF THE DELHI PRIZE-MONEY.—"My fine fellows, you shouldn't grumble, though you have been kept out of your money for more than three years; for don't you know that Valour, like Virtue, is its Own Reward."—*Sir Charles Wood.*

MARINER. "*Yo hoy*, BILL, *Stand by! We'll find a 'Bacco Shop alongside. Here's the Scotchman!*"

ROME ON THE SEINE.

THE following article, which explains, on behalf of the French Imperial Government, the relation of the Tuileries to the Vatican, may be regarded as semi-officious:—

The Government of the EMPEROR, ever having at heart the interests of France and the Catholic world, which are inseparable, has known how to conduct itself under existing complications.

When France kneels, Europe falls prostrate. When France crosses herself, Europe beats her breast.

Will the Sovereign Pontiff quit Rome? Will the Holy Father stay where he is? Behold the two questions of which France is going to propose a solution.

It is incontestable that Rome is the patrimony of St. Peter. But the POPE is the father of 200,000,000 Catholics. Therefore, wherever the POPE may be, he can bless the whole world from the roof of the nearest house. It follows that the POPE is unable to quit the metropolis of Catholicism; because Rome, so to speak, accompanies him wherever he goes.

Nevertheless, unbounded freedom of action is necessary to the political independence of the Head of the Church.

It is in this regard that France has resolved to astonish the world by a self-devotion which will exemplify the inexorable logic of faith.

By this time the Catholic populations will have comprehended the necessity of inviting the Holy Father to take up his residence at Paris. Paris, equally with Rome, is the Eternal City. Consequently, in going to Paris the POPE does not quit Rome; it is simply a change of air; a transition to a mild atmosphere from one of which the temperature was excessive.

The treasures of Christian and Classical art which have been accumulated by so many Pontiffs can accompany his Holiness.

France is profoundly Catholic. What is Government? It is, for France, Catholicism applied in politics. What! is there one morality for individuals and another for nations? Certainly not. The Imperial Government will therefore constitute itself towards France, and thus towards Europe, the Executive of the Catholic theocracy.

Nevertheless the Government of the EMPEROR will reserve to itself the filial privilege of advising the Father of the Faithful, and tendering to the Sovereign Pontiff those necessary counsels, which, when adopted, must be universally accepted as the dictates of infallible wisdom. In this manner France will reconcile a devout fidelity with the gravity of the present situation, and will consult European objects which are also those of the Church.

A TORTURER'S PLEA.

ONE HOPLEY, a ruffian, usurping the sacred name of Teacher, recently flogged a child to death, and is undergoing a righteous sentence for his crime. For some reason, he is permitted to make a plea in print against his punishment. His plea is as loathsome as his crime. He has the effrontery to urge, that in beating REGINALD CANCELLOR to death, he, HOPLEY, the Brute, was but following out a System which has been strenuously maintained by religionists. And he cites cases in which the most cruel chastisements have been persevered in by Christian parents, until exhausted and tortured children have been compelled to beg mercy. His argument is that we, the Wiser and Stronger, are entitled to use our strength against others until they admit our wisdom.

We are content to accept the man's propositions, and we call for the adoption of his system. Outraged English society says, in its wisdom, "It is wicked to torture children." HOPLEY refuses to admit this. Well, outraged English Society happens to be stronger than HOPLEY. Let his system be enforced. Is there a Cat and Nine Tails in the gaol in which he is doing penance?

A Poor Look Out.

IT would be rather awkward, when that new Zealander comes to Waterloo Bridge to take his celebrated sketch, if he hasn't a half-penny with him to pay the toll; for how, pray, is he to take his stand on one of the middle arches, if the toll-keeper will not allow him to pass? We leave the question to be decided by any one of the five hundred authors of the existence of the New Zealander, whose future prospects have been so frequently and so eloquently commented upon.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

V—R E—M—L. "I WONDER WHEN HE WILL OPEN THE DOOR."

A REAL WORKING MEN'S RIFLE CORPS.

"Perhaps they won't persewere!" was the reflection of the footman when he heard his bell rung vigorously a second and third time; and did not think it worth his while to trouble himself to answer it. "Perhaps they won't persewere!" may have likewise been the thought of certain friends across the Channel, when they heard how energetically our Rifle Movement was first started, and what vigorous vitality was evinced in its quick progress. If this were so, however, we apprehend that our good friends have been sadly disappointed. The ardour of our Riflemen has not been "too hot to hold," as the common saying goes; and the wet which they have marched through has entirely failed to damp it. Ardent spirits as they are, the members of our Rifle Corps will bear a lot of water before they are much weakened by it. Their patriotic fire is not easy to be quenched, and we may now regard them as completely above proof, with so many watery trials has their strength been weekly tested.

If patience is a virtue, so is perseverance; and of both of these good qualities our Volunteers have clearly shown themselves possessed. Some Corps have perhaps displayed them more than others; and a laudable example of what may be achieved in the pursuit of Rifle practice under no slight difficulties is afforded to posterity by the members of the Deptford Company, of whose good work their captain,—Montgomerie by name, has let us know this much:—

"Having received from a friendly neighbour ground for ball practice, and spoilt bricks enough for a wall, they set to work to erect their own butt; and in seven evenings, working with a will, and every member of every rank, the chaplain not excepted, taking his turn at digging and wheeling, they erected a wall sixty-four feet long, ten feet high, and six feet thick at the base, with an embankment behind it."

This Deptford Corps, we learn, was set on foot for "working men." Assuredly its members, in erecting their own butts, have not belied their name, and they have thereby made it one which they may well feel proud of. We think if other corps were to follow in their footsteps, there would be small harm, and probably great benefit. There is nothing *infra dig.* in handling a spade, and in erecting their own butts there is nothing to cause Riflemen to make butts of themselves for outsiders to laugh at. However high may be their standing in society, they need not fear that doing useful handiwork will lower it; and as for any jokes that may be cracked at their expense, the cracking of their rifles will be quite enough to drown them. Indeed, seeing what expense their butt-making has saved them, they can well afford to run the risk of being laughed at.

But there is little chance of ridicule for such good pluck and perseverance as that by which the Deptford corps have won our thanks and *kudos*. We say our "thanks," for every one who lends his aid to strengthen our national defences, deserves the thanks of every one who wants to be defended by them. As the father of a family, in their name we therefore thank the Deptford Volunteers for the practice ground which they so pluckily have made; and we hope next year at Wimbledon they will show us that their practice has made them pretty perfect.

The Head of his Race.

At the boat-races at Ottawa, before the Prince of Wales, the great race was won by an Indian, who shot far a-head of all his competitors. This gives a flat contradiction to the assertion, that the Indians as a race are fast going out. However, in the present instance, it was no great wonder that the Indian proved the winner, for as his canoe was made of birch, it was pretty sure to flog all others.

CRINOLINE AND CIVILISATION.

"Oh, *Mr. Punch!* I am *so* enchanted! What *do* you think that darling Prince of Wales has discovered? At least it wasn't *he* exactly, but the *Times* Correspondent; only of course you know if the Prince hadn't gone there, the Correspondent would not either, and so the discovery might never have been made, or at any rate not so *soon*, and, if it had, perhaps the *Times* might not have had its Correspondent there, and then of course the public would have heard nothing about it. But I'm keeping you, poor man! from the account of the discovery. Here it is then, word for word as it was *printed* in the paper, I got my little sister Julia to copy it, for Miss Smith (she's our governess) was gone to see her *Aunt*, at least *she* says it's her Aunt, but *I* say it's her *Cousin*, because I know that he's at home now, and he's got Oh! *such* nice hair, and such a lovely large moustache, at least so Miss Smith *tells me*, and so you see I had to hear the children say their lessons; and Julia, Oh! she was *such* a naughty child, she *would insist* on saying 'c a t' spelt '*dog*,' and in declaring that twice twelve was a *hundred* and twenty-four! and in protesting that New York was a *lake* in *Mesopotamia!* And so for punishment I made her copy out this extract, and you needn't be afraid to print it from her writing, because I read it over afterwards and made the spelling right, and put the proper *stops*. You know the Correspondent is describing the Royal tour through Upper Canada, and between two villages called Almonte and Arapsin—they have the *queerest* names for places in America!—he says:—

"The track was partly through the forest, over what is called a corduroy road, a Colonial synonyme for no road at all, a kind of track where the natural inequalities of the ground are developed to their utmost by a profuse intermixture of pine logs. The route at this part lay through a perfectly wild country. Only a log cabin broke the monotony of the forest here and there, with a group of ragged brown girls and boys clustered on pine logs to cheer the Prince. The despotism of fashion, however, has penetrated into the remotest recesses of these backwoods, for however ragged may be the female members of a Settler's family, I never saw any who did not wear the most monstrous wooden hoops under their petticoats."

"There, *Mr. Punch!* Now, what do you say to *that*, Sir? Wide petticoats are worn in the *backwoods of America!* Isn't that an interesting discovery to make! And how *glad* I am to think the Prince—dear darling fellow, how I should like to *waltz* with him—should be the man to make it! One feels really almost reconciled to losing him so long, when one hears of what intelligence his absence is productive. How charming it is to think that wherever women go, *Crinoline* goes with them; and that no matter what a nuisance and a trouble it must be to them, they *will* persist in wearing it despite of every obstacle. Of course it must be a *great* bother to walk in a wide petticoat in places like the backwoods, at least if they're at all like what my fancy paints them. Why, even in *Kew Gardens* there are walks which are so narrow one can scarcely squeeze one's hoops through them, and I'm sure in Richmond Park there are heaps and heaps of places where one finds one's Crinoline *immensely* inconvenient. As for Burnham Beeches, really there are walks there which are quite *impassable* if one goes in a wide dress. The last picnic that I went to, I got so *entangled*, I do believe *indeed* that I should never have got out if Cousin Charley, who was with me, hadn't had a *penknife*, and so by *main force* extricated me. He said I was as difficult to clear as the *Great Eastern*, and I'm sure it took him such a time to cut me out, that Mamma grew *really anxious* and would insist on sending off that horrid Mr. Quizzington to see what had become of me!

"Well, if Crinoline is so inconvenient in England, what *must* it be in places like the forests of America! and how *brave* it is in girls to go through the *bore* of wearing it! Much as you hate Crinoline I'm sure you *must* admire the heroism—or should I call it *she*roism?—of those who make such *martyrs* of themselves by using it. And surely you will cease, Sir, from your horrible attacks on it, now you are *convinced*, as I'm sure you *ought* to be, that they are futile to arrest its *world-pervading* course, and that wherever we may trace the advance of civilisation, there will the *march of Crinoline* infallibly be manifest.

"I remain, Sir, in the fashion,

"Yours defiantly as ever,

"Amelia Angelica Angelina Agnes Anne."

"P.S. Does *Judy* wear Crinoline? I'll bet a pair of gloves she *does!*

"P.S. My size is six-and-a-quarter. Please leave them under cover, at your office, and I'll call for them."

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE LADIES, BLESS THEM! AND THE REIGNS OF HENRY THE FOURTH AND HENRY THE FIFTH.

FROM A DRAWING IN THE PUNCH COLLECTION. (FAC-SIMILE.)

BEFORE we leave the Ladies of the fourteenth century, of whom in our last Chapter we gave a full-length picture, we may just remind the reader that in the twenty-second year of the reign of EDWARD THE THIRD was founded the most noble Order of the Garter. How the order is by some people supposed to have had origin in the dropping of a garter by a COUNTESS OF SALISBURY, and the handing of it back to her by the King who picked it up, with the memorable saying, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*" we scarcely should have taken the labour to repeat, were it not to add, that the story is one of those which are too good to be true, and we must therefore warn our readers not to put their faith in it. Seeing that we have always believed the tale ourselves (as we have the story about ROMULUS and REMUS being suckled by a wolf, and a hundred other anecdotes that history has handed to us) it causes us a cruel pang to have to say there is no truth in it; but as a living author tells us that "all writers of any credit combine to reject the popular tradition," we cannot for our credit's sake do otherwise than join them.

We noticed that wide hats were worn about this period, and that CHAUCER'S *Wife of Bath*, whose hat was "as broad as a targe," in this respect bore likeness to MISS JEMIMA JONES, whom we saw two seasons since (before the Spanish hat came into vogue) ambling on her donkey along the sands at Broadstairs. To this we ought to add that also showing a resemblance to certain recent fashions is the description CHAUCER gives us of the Carpenter his Wife; who among her other finery was adorned with a broad silken fillet round her head, and to fasten her low collar wore a brooch which was as big as the boss of a buckler (!) We learn too that her shoes were laced high up on her legs, a description that just tallies with the modern "high-lows," which now that they are called by a less vulgar appellation, may be daily seen on hundreds of fashionable feet.

LADY OF RANK. TEMP. RICHARD THE SECOND. FROM EVER SO MANY MSS. OF THE PERIOD.

Gloves are shown in many of the drawings of this period, but whether they were worn more *upon* the hands than *in* them is a question which we leave to those who like to guess at. In the old illuminations we see them just as frequently in one way as the other, and so we may presume that ladies who were too lazy (dare we say?) to put their gloves on, liked to show that they possessed them by carrying them in their hand. Whether girls were wont then to bet gloves at the tournaments, which they usually attended in gorgeous array,* is another of the problems we must leave to be decided by those who have more time and inclination for the task. But if they did, we rather question if the fair sex were more fair in this respect than they are now, and we have lately learnt that gentlemen have even been discovered so far North as Doncaster, who have failed in their attempts to make young ladies pay their bets.

We come now to the threshold of the fifteenth century, and the costume of the reign of KING HENRY THE FOURTH and that of his sad scapegrace son, the friend of old *Jack Falstaff*, KING HENRY THE FIFTH. We have not seen it ourselves; but from all that we read of it, we think the effigy of HENRY *père* is one of the most splendid in all our regal series; and we strongly advise readers who have nothing else to do, and cannot enjoy a holiday unless they have some excuse for it, to ascertain in what cathedral the tomb is to be seen, and to spend a pleasant day or two in going to inspect it. In doing so we may advise them to pay the most particular attention to the crown, which is probably an imitation of the famous "Harry crown" that was broken into pieces by KING HENRY THE FIFTH, and pawned in 1415 for wages to the Knights who served in the expedition against France.* We cannot say for certainty if this were the same crown of which the poet SHAKSPEARE makes *King Henry* say:—

> "Heaven knows by what byepaths and crooked ways
> I met this crown; and I myself know well
> How troublesome it sat upon my head."

But judging from the look of it, we must say we incline to fancy that it was. We know that for ourselves we should feel disposed to think it something worse than "troublesome" to have to carry on our head such a structure as this crown; and torture as we think it to wear a modern "chimney-pot," we can hardly bear to think of the excruciating headaches which such a crown as this would infallibly inflict on us. No one but a lunatic would ever dream of wearing such a heavy head-cover; and the "madcap" PRINCE OF WALES must indeed have earned that epithet when he put his father's crown on just to see if he looked well in it.

PRINCE HAL. FROM AN HISTORICAL PICTURE OF THE PERIOD. (IMPROVED.)

But little change occurred in civil Costumes at this period, nor were there many military novelties to speak of. Gowns both long and short were worn as upper garments both by high and low; and were made with sweeping sleeves, indented at the edges in the form of leaves, or else with sleeves called pokys, which as we have shown depended from the wrist, not unlike the bags of bagpipes, and which doubtless were found useful by policemen of the period to conceal the legs of mutton which they pouched upon their beats. Long tunics were likewise very generally worn, and the one seen on the effigy of KING HENRY THE FOURTH has two pockets in the front, placed somewhat near the sides, the slits whereof are perpendicular like those in modern "pegtops." This long tunic we learn was known by a long name, being called a houppelande; and as the word is derived from the Spanish, it does not seem unlikely that the garment came from Spain. We are told that at the Coronation of KING HENRY THE FOURTH the lords wore scarlet houppelandes, covered with long mantles; while the Knights and their Esquires were allowed to wear the houppelande, but without the mantle. We likewise are informed that the day before the ceremony, the King performed the feat of making six-and-thirty knights; which we fancy must have been a rather expensive morning's work, seeing that to each of them he gave a long green coat, with straight sleeves furred with miniver, and having a large hood lined with the same fur and fashioned like the hoods which were then worn by the prelates. On the day when we are knighted (which we fully

* In the reign of RICHARD THE SECOND, CAXTON speaks of twenty-four (FROISSART says sixty) ladies riding from the Tower to the jousts in Smithfield, leading four and twenty knights in chains of gold and silver; the knights, ladies and all other attendants at the tournaments having their dresses, shields, and trappings decorated with RICHARD'S livery of the White Hart, with a crown of gold round its neck, and a chain hanging thereto.

* According to GOLDSMITH, the crown was pawned to CARDINAL BEAUFORT, the uncle of the King; but from other good authorities we learn that fragments were deposited with other so-called "uncles" of the reigning sovereign. A great fleur de lys garnished with one great balys, one ruby, three great sapphires, and ten pearls was pledged, as we are told, "unto SIR JOHN COLVYL; and to JOHN PEDSEY, Esq., to MAURICE BRUNNE, and to JOHN SAUNDISH, each, a pinnacle of the aforesaid crown, furnished with two sapphires, one square balys, and six pearls."

expect will happen as soon as we have finished the Great Work we are engaged upon), we trust this good old custom will be duly borne in mind, and that a suit of the most fashionable clothing will be added to the tithe with which we are rewarded, and by which a grateful nation will indicate its thanks.

OMNIBUS REFORM.

ALTHOUGH for the present ousted from our Parliament, Reform is very clearly the order of the day. Everyone seems bent upon reforming everybody, and from tailors' bills to juvenile delinquents there is nobody and nothing that escapes without attack. The very oldest nuisances are daringly assailed, nor is a little finger lifted by the public to protect them. Smithfield has been swept out, and so has the Palace Court, and there are men who hope to live to see the Income-Tax reformed, and an end of Temple Bar, the toll-gates and the tax-gatherers. Where the mania will end it is impossible to say, but 'bus-cads have been threatened and cabmen may come next, and when these are both reformed what new wonders may be looked for?

To show we are not wrong in our announcement of this threat, and to apprise the British Public that the Wild Busmen of London are not far off extinction, we beg to call attention to a stringent code of rules which the General Omnibus Company have recently been issuing, and which if generally obeyed, will quite exterminate the savages who have far too long been suffered to infest the public streets. These new rules are intended for a new set of conductors whom the Company have started on their Bank-to-Clapton route, where in future, we are told, "intelligent lads of sixteen or eighteen, having a good character, and dressed in a neat uniform," will officiate in place of those beery shooting-coated and slouch-hatted individuals by whom the rider in an omnibus has usually been served. The plan, it seems, is copied from that which is adopted by the Telegraphic Companies; from whose ranks of nimble Mercuries, as from time to time they grow too old for that service, the footboards of the Omnibuses will in part be filled. This we cannot but regard as a promising arrangement; for a lad who has been trained to run about with telegrams will not be likely to like crawling along at a snail's pace as 'bus-cads are in general prone to let their drivers do.

Something more, however, than mere bodily activity is required for the service. Aspirants must to some extent have cultivated minds, and to render themselves eligible must have undergone such schooling as will enable them to "perform any ordinary sums of addition, subtraction, and multiplication of money." This, we can't help thinking, is a highly useful rule: for whenever hitherto we have been cheated in our change, and have received but fivepence halfpenny as the difference between the shilling which we tendered and the fare of fourpence which we had to pay, we have often in our charity attributed the fraud to an ignorance of mathematics on the part of the conductor, whose defective education we have inwardly deplored.

Among other rules laid down for his guidance and protection, we find that—

"A conductor must not enter a public-house during his hours of duty, under pain of immediate dismissal and forfeiture of any wages that may be due to him."

This, although a highly salutary law, we fancy must admit of some slight mitigation. Unless conductors are to eat their dinners upon doorsteps, it is obvious the rule must daily be relaxed. We do not think it would enhance the beauty of our 'buses to see conductors on their footboards with a pork pie in their hands, or a hunch of bread and cheese, or a slice of a polony, and taking surreptitious swigs from a flat bottle. But as even a conductor to an omnibus must eat, to some such steps as these will our 'bus-cads be reduced, if entrance to a public-house for dinner be denied them. If, when serving as most do at a distance from their homes, they are not to be allowed to enter a refreshment place, they will have to be continually taking bits and scraps, and doubtless will be forced to answer questions with their mouths full, and perhaps to wet their whistle when they want to blow it.

But the mandates we have quoted are comparatively mild compared with others which are issued, and which we here subjoin. During each journey, each conductor is told on pain of death, or at any rate dismissal, that—

"He must direct the driver where to go, and where to stop during the journey. He must see that the omnibus works to its appointed time, and report to the road inspector the cause of any irregularity in that respect. While on the journey he must stand on his footboard, with his back to the omnibus; but in letting passengers in and out, he must descend and assist them. He must if possible set passengers down at the kerb stone on either side of the road desired. If more passengers desire to ride than he has room for, he who first hails the omnibus must have the precedence. Before giving the signal for starting, he must see that passengers are seated, or that they have firm hold of the upright bar in the interior. He must not slam the door, strike the panel, or kick the footboard, as a signal to the driver, but must call or blow a whistle. He must prevent passengers getting in or out, on or off, the omnibus while in motion. He must be civil and obliging to passengers in all things. He must not leave the omnibus while on his journey, except to assist a passenger to or from the pavement. He must not ride inside the omnibus. He must not smoke nor stop to drink during the journey. Persons in dirty dress or otherwise fairly objectionable, or in a state of intoxication, must not be admitted into the omnibus. No person must ride on the step of the omnibus. Dogs must not be admitted into the omnibus, except small dogs carried in the hand, and then only with the consent of all passengers. Packages of meat, or fish, or bulky or offensive packages of any kind, must not be allowed inside the omnibus."

If conductors observe duly this their Duty to their Neighbour, we shall hear no more of stoppages to "wash the osses' mouths out;" of nervous persons being set down in the middle of the street; or of unprotected females being carried off to Bayswater upon the plea that it's within a "heasy walk" of Brixton. The word *'bus-cad* will die out, and the nicer term of *'bus-lad* be allowed to take its place. Lads who know how to conduct themselves, may wondrously reform the conducting of the omnibuses. There will no more be slams of doors, or shovelling in of feeble passengers, or starting off so suddenly that they are thrown in others' laps, or have to lay hold of the nearest noses to support themselves. Band-boxes and lap-dogs, and other feminine incumbrances, will no longer be allowed to annoy the public's knees, and the public's toes and corns will be most carefully respected. We even live in hopes that the days of the admission of Crinoline are numbered. So Eutopian, in fact, is the state of things in prospect, that we thoroughly expect it will be possible ere long to get into an omnibus without having to run for it, and without finding a baby or a wet umbrella in it.

JANUARIUS AND GAVAZZI.

To SIR GEORGE BOWYER, M.P.

MY DEAR BOWYER,

YOU will have seen that FATHER GAVAZZI has been preaching in the Cathedral at Naples. Fancy that! The sarcrosanct edifice did not fall down upon him. Would you have thought it? Nay, GAVAZZI prophesied in the pulpit, and, what is more, his prediction was fulfilled. He said that SAN GENNARO's blood would liquefy on the appointed day, notwithstanding the presence of GARIBALDI. The blood did liquefy so punctually as nine o'clock in the morning, like butter on a hot roll at breakfast, a natural phenomenon which no doubt occurred in many instances about the same hour with the miracle. It is clear, therefore, that GENNARO is no more a humbug than GAVAZZI. If the former is a true saint, the latter is also a veritable prophet; but what a testimony the saint and the prophet combine in bearing to the cause of GARIBALDI and VICTOR EMMANUEL! How can the King and the Dictator be supposed to have been excommunicated? Of course they have not been. Infallibility could not err. His Holiness named no names in the bull consigning to perdition some person or persons unknown, which he caused to be stuck on the walls. The spiritual pretensions of the Holy Father are thus triumphantly saved; but don't you think now that he appears to be placed in a dilemma wherein he had better draw in his temporal horns? ANTONELLI may say what he likes; but you will doubtless agree with your condisciple in apple sauce.

Feast of Michaelmas Goose, 1860. PUNCH.

CENTS AND NONSENSE.

THE Elections in America are principally carried on by a process called "stumping." Paid orators scour the country, and address the multitude, who dearly love a speech, from the stump of a tree. Hence the term, "stump orator." However, there is also another form of stumping it. All the officials in the pay of the Government have been called upon by the Democratic clubs to pay a subscription, the minimum of which is to be not less than £10, towards the expenses of the election of their Candidate. As their retention of office depends upon the return of the Democrat candidate, the subscriptions must be paid, or else the million and a half of *employés* (they are either more or else) must politely walk out to allow another million and a half quietly to walk in. The application is tantamount to a demand, "Your money or your seat." This method of coming down with the stumpy is by no means so popular as the first. Your stump orator attracts men far and near to listen to him; but your stump tax-gatherer, who calls upon the poor clerk to stump up, has the peculiar effect of making all those he addresses himself to run in the opposite direction.

The Cup of Misery.

WE read in the Italian correspondence the following distressing fact:—

"There has been an insurrection in Todi."

We suppose such an insurrection was stirred up with a spoon? We should recommend that an Irishman or a Scotchman be sent over to quell this insurrection, for they're the boys for putting down Todi (*Toddy*).

PRETTY, IF NOT TRUE.—A poetical Young Lady, who has just come out, calls "Dreams the best oculists in the world, for do they not give eyes even to the blind?"

PHOTOGRAPHER. "*No Smoking here, Sir!*"

DICK TINTO. "*Oh! A thousand pardons! I was not aware that*——"

PHOTOGRAPHER (interrupting, with dignified severity). "*Please to remember, Gentlemen, that this is not a Common Hartist's Studio!*"——[N.B. Dick and his friends, who *are* Common Artists, feel shut up by this little aristocratic distinction, which had not yet occurred to them.]

A DEVILISH BAD PRACTICE.

IN an article upon cotton, and the need there is of growing it in India and Australia, as well as in America, a contemporary fitly calls attention to the fact that—

"A deputation has had to go to America, to see whether a stop cannot be put to the adulteration of cotton bales, which are apt to consist of sand and rubbish to the extent of thirty per cent.; to say nothing of the hideous fact that lucifer matches are sometimes placed in the most dangerous part of the bale."

With due respect to our contemporary, we really think this latter fact (supposing that it is a fact) is not one "to say nothing of." To adulterate with rubbish to the extent of thirty per cent. is evil work enough; but surely it is work fit only for the Evil One to place in cotton-bales combustibles, in parts where hideous danger is most likely to be caused by them. How many vessels have escaped being set on fire, and how many living men have annually been threatened with a hideous destruction, through the handiwork of these American incendiaries, it is not our business nor our pleasure to conjecture. But we cannot avoid saying, that Lucifer matches are well named, when they are found employed in so devilish a purpose as that which they appear in the above instance to indicate.

Questions for Ordination.

IF a rich Dean has £2000 per annum allowed him, does he not enjoy a surplus income? If he has a saving faith, how much money is he likely to leave behind him?

HOW TO KEEP ONE'S MEMORY GREEN.—Surround it with plenty of bays.

A LAMENTATION AND A PROPHECY.

As if the fall of the year needed a climax to its sadness, there came last week a mournful invitation from the Crystal Palace, to hear the "Last Farewell" of the clear-toned CLARA NOVELLO. Obeying the behest, *Mr. Punch* went, and heard, and—for the thousandth time—was conquered. But so strong was she in voice that *Mr. Punch* could not believe that he was hearing the last strains of his favourite swan-like songstress. *Mr. Punch* could not help thinking, with doubtless hundreds of her hearers—*Can* she "retire" her notes, as people say in Lombard Street? *Will* JOHN BULL so prematurely submit to such a loss? For even if MR. GLADSTONE should next year double the Income-Tax, the deed will tend but little to console us for our CLARA. How *could* she so composedly behold that sea of lovely bonnets, if she had made her mind up never once more to confront them? While her seraphic tones were floating, like the rustling of angel-wings, round about her audience, could she bear to let them go home to their mundane occupations without the hope of hearing such a heavenly voice on earth again?

No! Forbid it, BENEDICT! No! Forbid it, BOWLEY. *Mr. Punch* is (by himself) now fully authorised to state, that CLARA has *not* left him. How could she exist, with all that gush of song, in the bosom of retirement? It must well forth somewhere, that is clear as Cheapside mud; and such a flood of liquid melody as CLARA can pour forth would be completely overwhelming in any private hearing-place. Therefore, speaking for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, *Mr. Punch* delights to state that the flood-gates are *not* closed yet, finally and for ever. With his mantle of prophecy consolingly wrapped round him, *Mr. Punch*, without much fear, will wager ten to one that ere the Twentieth of November (who will bet the bet will not be won on the Nineteenth?) the echoes of a concert-room within cab-range of Fleet Street will once more be awakened by the clear voice of our CLARA.

NEWS FOR ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

MR. PUNCH is delighted to find that such of the Managers of Country Theatres as protest against being prevented from using the Works of Dramatic Authors without paying for such use, have come to the noble determination of carrying out the principle which the Managers consider involved in the question.

As regards the plays, the Managers say that the Author who produces his play in London is paid for it by the London Manager, and therefore ought to have no further remuneration, and his work ought to be free for the use and advantage of the Country Manager.

The Managers, being convinced of the justice of this view, intend to apply it to the case of Actors and Actresses who have appeared in London. Having been paid by the London theatre for their trouble in acquiring their art, these performers ought to make no claim upon the provincial Manager, but ought to be glad that "a mere intellectual effort which has been adequately rewarded," should contribute to the support of so noble an institution as the British Drama.

In future, therefore, Ladies and Gentlemen engaged by the Managers alluded to will understand that they will be placed on the footing of the Author, and will be paid only for "intellectual efforts" originally designed for the theatres in question. Travelling expenses will, however, be allowed. A List of these Managers may be had from the Dramatic Authors' Society, or from their Solicitor.

Francis Himself Again

THOUGH the KING OF NAPLES is at present without a kingdom, still he cannot refrain, so strong has the habit become a part of his nature, from condemning his subjects, even at the very moment that he is left without any subjects to condemn. The following is the sentence he has passed upon them:—"The conduct of the Neapolitans is positively *revolting*."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex. Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, October 6, 1860.

"THY VOICE, O HARMONY!"

CONDUCTOR. "*Heasy with them Bones, Bill!*"
BONES. "*But I'm a playin' Hobligarter.*"
CONDUCTOR. "*Well, I didn't say you wasn't; but you needn't go and drownd my Tremoler!*"

COALS OF FIRE.

OUR friend, the *Weekly Dispatch*, is now a highly respectable paper, and recognises decency and Deity in a way that would make its original promoters (if still extant) stare and swear. *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in habitually reading the *Dispatch*. But there is such a thing as being in too great a hurry to forget one's antecedents. Last week the journal in question found fault with *Mr. Punch* (who is never wrong upon any topic in or out of the world) for a joke which represented a Barrister as having taken a certain position in order to address a jury. The *Dispatch* intimated that the jury was not in the place where the advocate was. Come, come, this is a little too good in a paper whose success was made by an Old Bailey Lawyer. To pretend not to know that a Barrister does not stand in the jury-box, but at a considerable distance therefrom! Jerusalem! Snakes! However, the *Dispatch* is forgiven—the cavil was only introduced as a puff for certain maps, which are quite good enough to need no puffs grounded on affectation of ignorance, and to which *Mr. Punch*, himself an Atlas that sustains the world, is happy to lend his good word.

A CRY FROM A SPONGING HOUSE.—"Would that the scrapes of this life were like those of little schoolgirls—merely scrapes of bread-and-butter!"

SPIRITUAL HAT-MOVING.

THERE are no good lies in the *Spiritual Magazine* of this month; for the stories about the "DAVENPORT Boys" copied from a Yankee organ of Spiritualism, called the *Herald of Progress*, are as silly as they are false, and evince merely a stupid effrontery and an idiotic indifference to truth. From the notices "To Readers and Correspondents" the subjoined extract shall enjoy all the advantage it can derive from quotation in these columns. Hat-moving is a spiritual phenomenon as well as table-moving, and as the hat of the *Spiritual Magazine* is going round, we do not mind giving it a turn:—

"Special Fund towards paying the Expenses and for Gratuitous Distribution of the *Spiritual Magazine*:

"*Received since our last*—An Inquirer, £5; DR. B., £3; making with amount previously acknowledged, £75 0*s.* 0*d.* Subscriptions for this object are earnestly solicited, and may be sent to the Editor, as above."

We have no wish to impede the success of the *Spiritual Magazine* considered as a commercial undertaking; nay, we will go so far as to express the hope that we may not damage any pecuniary interests which the Editor of that journal, or other parties connected with it, may be suspected, from the tone of some of their replies to criticism, to have in the credit of professional Mediums. If the publication of the above appeal shall procure the *Spiritual Magazine* a few additional subscribers, we shall only have rendered a small service to struggling writers of fiction. We have no desire that the *Spiritual Magazine* should perish, though we expect that it will shortly have to give up the ghost.

The Ladies' Fashionable Siphonia.

IN consequence of the recent wet weather many sensible ladies have taken to wearing their Crinoline outside of their walking dresses, in the form of a framework of gutta-percha tubes, serving the same purpose as the pipes which conduct the rain-water from the roofs of houses. The dress which is worn over Crinoline extends to such a circumference than an umbrella affords it no adequate protection, saving nothing but the bonnet, so that it can only be defended from the showers by a system of drainage, which is managed by an arrangement of Crinoline combining utility with elegance.

ADVENTURE WITH ECONOMY.

"MR. PUNCH,

"As the taste for Alpine climbing is a very expensive one, particularly to that parent of juvenile tourists who is ironically called 'the Governor,' allow me to suggest a means whereby the same amusement, essentially, may be practised in this Metropolis at the small cost of 3*d.* Let the railing be removed from the spiral staircase in the interior of the Monument, and let the cage also, which encloses the top of it, be taken away. The wind is generally very high up there, and what with that, and the chances of feet slipping, and people jostling each other in their way up and down, the peril of ascending the column would be nearly if not quite as great as any that could attend an attempt to scale the Jungfrau,* or any other mountain, peak, or horn in Europe. Moreover, the ascent of the Monument would be practicable at Christmas, when the idea of climbing Mont Blanc is out of the question, and might also be hazarded on a Saturday half-holiday by adventurous young men who now, at no season of the year, can afford an excursion to any mountainous district more dangerous than that of Hampstead.

"If the Monument, the Duke of York's Column, and all such structures were only rendered sufficiently unsafe, those youths would be enabled to realise, to a much greater extent than they can now, the advantages of the Early Closing Movement. I have, *Mr. Punch*, with a dozen children and a narrow income, the honour to be,

"Your constant reader,

"PATERFAMILIAS."

* Those who prefer safety to danger, and stairs to steps, should try BURFORD'S, Leicester Square.

Nothing to Smile at.

A *Times* correspondent says, "On Wednesday nine people convicted of murder were hanged at Damascus, and many others await trial." We are sorry to say that if the gentleman returned to England at this singular period, he would feel very much as if he were in Damascus. Our journals have lately been little but enlarged editions of the *Newgate Calendar*. "Crime of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker." May the Old Serpent's hiss speedily cease.

FRENCH COOKS AND ENGLISH EATERS.

IN Michaelmas Goose-day, dear *Punch*, happening to be in town (London, when quite 'empty,' contains, I am informed, above two million people), I dined with a City Company—I will not make the others envious by specifying which. Being of a reflective and a contemplative mind, I own I found the dinner a most gratifying repast. I shall not soon forget the gurgle of enjoyment with which old GUTTLETON sucked down his second plate of turtle; having, to secure the possession of that luxury, it seemed to me made somewhat of a gallop with the first. A younger man, I own, I wished I had a similar digestive apparatus, and no more apprehension of the evils of good things. Judging from the way in which old GUTTLETON gulped down as much of them as he could get, he clearly did not need to be flogged with laurestina leaves, which G. H. M. assures us is provocative of appetite. Nor could he have apprehended any bodily embarrassment from the culinary *richesses* which he made away with. Whatever *robur et æs triplex* were the lining of his stomach, I feel convinced he stuffed and swilled without the slightest fear of suffering the next morning. Nobody I think could gormandise with such a gusto, and suck his lips with such a smack of satisfaction, if he knew that all the agonies of biliousness awaited him. What DAMOCLES could feast with such a smile upon his lips, when he felt assured he had a headache hanging over him; and knew too by experience, how it would come down on him, and pierce his brain with pangs as sharp as any sword could do?

"But I did not take my pen up to talk to you of GUTTLETON. It was the dinner, not the diners, that I wished to say a word about. Of course I need not tell you that although the day was Gooseday, we ate something besides geese. There was turtle I have said, and there were turbot, eels, and cod, there were soles and there were whitings, and though somewhat out of season, there was not at all bad salmon. From this account of the first course you may fancy those which followed; although perhaps you won't conceive that—albeit the day was the last Saturday in September—we had Pheasants, actual PHEASANTS, Sir, served up in the third course: and what is more, they were not in the slightest smuggled in, but, Sir, their name was boldly printed in the *carte*, and not even the chaste synonym of 'Owlets' was resorted to. As a sportsman, I, of course refrained from eating of this dish; and I could not help reflecting had a foreigner been present he might have fairly gone away with the ridiculous conviction that the Aldermen and other lords who form a City Company are superior to the vulgar operation of the Game Laws; a supposition which might justify his fancying that the Sovereign of the City is superior to the QUEEN.

"But, Sir, what I most had to complain of in this civic bill of fare was its foreign phraseology and polyglot profundities. These disturbed me even more than its plain outspoken English—though I still think that the 'pheasants' might have left a flavour less unpleasant on the palate, if the cook had veiled their name in the more decent obscurity of some dead or unknown language. Unaccustomed, as I own I am, to public dining, I am not acquainted with the slang of the *cuisine*, and when I see such appellations as '*Gratin de Coq de Bruyère*' or '*Quenelles de Volaille aux Truffes*,' I have not the least conception what dishes—no, I *should* say, *plats*—they represent. The faint remembrance I possess of the language of our neighbours (I was at a Public School, Sir, and of course did not learn much of it) I find avails me little in clearing up the puzzlement in which at every line I'm plunged. Supposing I remember that '*crevette*' is a shrimp, and '*buisson*' a bush, that '*timbale*' is a kettle-drum, and

LAMORICIÈRE'S VOW, OR HE WOULD BE AN ALVA.

HE would be an ALVA, vowed and sware
The red-hot LAMORICIÈRE;
Through him, the papacy restored
Should be, with wasting fire and sword.

The towns which spurned the Pontiff's sway
Should be his mercenaries' prey;
He 'd turn his ruffians loose, to kill,
Burn, spoil, and work their bestial will.

But ere he went on this crusade,
The Frenchman sought celestial aid;
Thus, kneeling at Loretto's shrine,
Invoked the female form divine:

"O spotless Queen! Celestial Rose!
Lend me thine aid to crush my foes;
Remembering that those foes are mine,
Because they are the POPE'S and thine.

Adorable and most adored,
Behold this ornamental Sword;
Thine, if I conquer, it shall be:
Here will I hang it up to thee!"

Unheard was the Crusader's prayer,
Wholly by winds dispersed in air;
Because, there 's too much ground to fear,
Though dolls have ears, they cannot hear.

Our Hero's doom was dire defeat,
As expeditious as complete;
His army driven from the field,
And he himself obliged to yield.

Fulfil, though thou hast lost the game,
Thy vow, Crusader, all the same;
Thy deity of wax, stone, wood,
Thy prayer had granted, if it could.

The will is equal to the deed,
And merits no inferior meed;
So let thy sword, in spite of scorn,
The angel-shifted house adorn.

For, now that weapon's work is o'er,
Thou should'st resign it evermore:
Drawn against Freedom—drawn in vain—
Oh! never wear that Sword again.

THE POPE AS A LOGICIAN.

THE POPE seems in a muddle in his mind as well as his material affairs. Here, for instance, is a proof of his confusedness of intellect, in an address he issued lately to a regiment of French soldiers sent for his protection:—

"Mark well, my dear sons, that the Church stands in need of no man's help in support of her spiritual sovereignty; for being therein directly protected and enlightened by God, far from requiring the aid of the powers of earth, it is she who upholds nations and empires. But since it has pleased God, in the present dispensation of his Providence, that for the free exercise of her spiritual sovereignty she should also possess temporal power, it is this latter power, my very dear sons, that you are called to defend in its integrity. Great and glorious mission!"

To our thinking this is rather out-at-elbow sort of reasoning, and is congruous in that respect to what may be the temporal position of the POPE. Indeed, it shows the Holy Father is quite clearly on his last legs in the point at least of intellect, however he may be in more material possessions. If the Church, as he affirms, be in her spiritual sovereignty, "directly protected" by the Divine power, this protection surely must extend as well to her temporal possessions, which, His Holiness alleges, it has pleased Heaven to bestow on her to secure her the free exercise of her spiritual sway. Clearly, then, the Church is independent of man's help, not less in her material than in her spiritual sovereignty; and if His Silliness the POPE be true to his own logic, he will at once ask the French army to withdraw, and beg of Irish friends to make no more subscriptions for the secular support of the pillars of their Church.

'*financière*' what it sounds. How can that remembrance explain such mystic phrases as '*Crevettes en Buissons*' and '*Timbales à la Financière*,' which perplexed me in the bill of fare of which I speak? Shrimps are common diet, but can a man eat bushes? And who could feed on kettle-drums, and expect to live? That '*homard*' means a lobster everybody knows; but I have looked into my dictionary, and the only word for '*Chartreuse*' given there is 'Charterhouse.' Yet '*Chartreuse d'Homard*' I find confronts me in the *carte*. Shade of SOYER! Am I then to eat the Charterhouse! I who spent six years beneath its classic shades!

"Some dishes, it is true, may be such horrible concoctions that nobody would dream of touching them if they were known by their right names. Who would call for that '*Batoinié*,' which G. H. M. informs us was served up for him at Moscow, if '*Chopped tea leaves and salt cucumbers*' were put down in the *carte?* Or who would ask a Russian servant for a '*Bitok*,' if he saw before him a confession of the fact that the dainty was composed of several chopped meats, mashed into a mass with honey and stewed onions, vinegar and capers, and surrounded with stoned olives, sliced lemons, and peas? Moreover, now and then the converse might occur; and one might miss a dainty because of its fine name. I myself, the other day, very nearly lost a taste of that same '*Coq de Bruyère*,' because of the word '*Gratin*' which was stupidly prefixed to it, and which, as I conceived, meant 'the burnt scrapings of a saucepan,' a conception which my dictionary afterwards confirmed.

"I am a plain man, and like to call a spade a spade, and in talking to an Englishman I can't quite see the good of calling it a *bêche*. I don't relish a cutlet or a cucumber the more for being written '*cotelette*' and '*concombre*' by the cook. '*Capons farcis aux Champignons*' may sound all very fine, but I think 'Fowls stuffed with mushrooms' is more pleasant in my ears; and my laughter rather than my palate is excited by such polyglot absurdities as '*Chickens aux huîtres!*' This entry I observed in the *carte* the other day, and I suppose when next a Civic Company invites me, I shall be asked to eat of '*Stewed biftek aux oysters*,' or recommended to take '*Vin sauce*' with my '*pouding de plum*.'

"With our advancing sense (thanks to *Punch*) of what is ludicrous, surely it is time to put a stop to all this gibberish. As good wine needs no bush, so shrimps require no '*buissons*' in the *carte* to make them palatable. Let our cooks serve up French dishes, if they please; but when they cook for Englishmen, let their bills of fare be English. We mostly like plain names, although we may not like plain living; and until our Aldermen habitually speak French (which, judging by their progress, possibly may happen at the time of the Greek Kalends) let them beg their cooks to condescend to write in English for them.

"Pray, Sir, lend your powerful aid in this direction, and oblige one who is free to own he likes French cookery, although it is his fortune to have been born

"A BRITON."

"THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS."

AT Coleshill, in Warwickshire, MR. NEWDEGATE entertained the agriculturists by saying that—

"Protection was not dead; it was a principle of our nationality, and burned now more brightly than ever."

No, it is not burning. MR. NEWDEGATE mistakes for a pure flame what is merely the phosphorescence of a dead body. Poor Protection has been buried now for years, and many a fruitful harvest has since ripened over its grave. It was but right that Protection should give back to corn what in its lifetime it took from it. Why does MR. NEWDEGATE attempt to play the part of a resurrectionist? If Protection is still burning, it must look uncommonly like a gas-lamp that we sometimes see accidentally flaring in the day-time, and, in charity, the pale, flickering, and ghastly thing should be put out. Nothing could be more out of place in our day.

Momentous if True.

THE appended statement, heterographic but thrilling, is contained in a letter from Cologne, published by a contemporary:—

"The PRINCE REGENT accompanied the QUEEN as far as Düren, whence he proceeded to Juliers."

What an interesting if illiterate announcement! The PRINCE REGENT proceeded to his cousin JULIA'S, the writer of the above piece of intelligence obviously meant to say. When he left JULIER'S did he go on to AUNT AMELIER'S? The *Almanach de Gotha* only knows!

JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND.—You can scarcely call the Scotch sycophants; for though they are toddy-drinkers, they are far from being toad-eaters.—*A Black-Woodsman.*

ADVICE TO GARIBALDI.—The Red Shirt is glorious; but don't make a Flag of it.

SHAVING A SERIOUS THING.

THE attention of Sabbatarians is earnestly called to the subjoined copy of an advertisement:—

SHAVING a Breach of the Sabbath and a Hindrance to the Spread of the Gospel. By ΘΕΟΛΟΓΟΣ. M. A. Cantab. London. SAUNDERS & OTLEY.

MESSRS. SAUNDERS & OTLEY publish many novels, but the serious world need hardly fear that the work above announced is a novel. There is, indeed, novelty in the idea that Shaving is a Breach of the Sabbath; because every morning is not Saturday, and many people shave every morning. Neither is every morning Sunday, if that is the day which we are to suppose to be meant by the word Sabbath. True it is, however, that some old clothesmen never shave at all, for some reason or other, which may possibly be the belief that Shaving, under any circumstances, is a breach of the Jewish Sabbath. And certainly there can be no doubt that shaving on a Sunday morning, or during any portion of Sunday, is a desecration of the Sabbath just as flagrant as that of travelling by an excursion train; for it is by no means necessary: and this is probably the truth which the author of the work under consideration, but which, like many other reviewers, we have never read, most probably wishes to impress on the serious public.

MY HOUSE AND HOME.

BY MATERFAMILIAS.

I CAN'T think what can make men care
For foreign wars and strife,
With all the constant wear and tear
There is in daily life!
What signifies about the POPE,
And French invading Rome?
A woman's mind has ample scope
Within her house and home.

As for what foreign nations do,
And Emperors and Kings,
I have to pay attention to
So many different things,
I could not, if I were inclined,
Allow my thoughts to roam:
Abundant exercise they find
Within my house and home.

GRIMALDI is a famous man,
If that's the general's name,
The dungeons in the Vatican,
And torture, are a shame;
But Naples Silk, and Bombazine,
This side of Ocean's foam,
Are pretty features of the scene
Within my house and home.

What with the servants, and they cost
What trouble no one knows!
And then there's always something lost;
The wash, and mending clothes,
And some hairs wanting to be curled,
And all their heads to comb,
Sufficient is my little world
Within my house and home.

Calembourg for Coburg.

As our illustrious friend the F. M. has happily escaped a carriage accident, which no one would have deplored more than *Mr. Punch*, the latter may congratulate the P. C., and add a joke. It is an extraordinary thing that any sort of vehicular indiscretion should have been manifested in the case of a Prince who has always been so remarkably Prudent in his Carriage.

A VERY OLD EPITAPH REVIVED.

ON WILLIAM WALKER, FILIBUSTER AND FELON.

HERE lies the body of W. W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

AUSTRIA'S BEST WAY.

IF Austria would do the honestest and wisest thing that she possibly can, she would sell the Venetian territory to its rightful owners, and pay over the proceeds into the Court of Bankruptcy.

MR. BRIGGS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MR. BRIGGS, PREVIOUS TO GOING THROUGH HIS COURSE OF DEER-STALKING, ASSISTS THE FORESTER IN GETTING A HART OR TWO FOR THE HOUSE. DONALD IS REQUESTING OUR FRIEND TO HOLD THE ANIMAL DOWN BY THE HORNS.

[N.B. THE SAID ANIMAL IS AS STRONG AS A BULL, AND USES HIS LEGS LIKE A RACE-HORSE.

THE ALLOCUTION.

"The following is a summary of the Allocution delivered by the POPE in the Consistory held on the 28th."

KING VICTOR's a wretch and a horrible thief,
Blasphemer, church-robber, and stabber,
And I 'm happy to think he 'll one day come to grief
For being so greedy a grabber.
As touching the soldiers who died in my cause,
No fate could be better or sweeter;
I certify all have escaped from the jaws
Of Old N. and gone up to St. Peter.

Regarding the Kings that don't lend me a hand
To work out the Papacy's mission,
I beg that those monarchs will please understand
They 're all on the road to perdition.
I especially hint to the Gallican Sphinx
That his acts are all futile and null, for
While he 's making a capital book, as he thinks,
I 've booked him for sojourn in sulphur.

So up to the aid of your father the POPE,
Who gives you these elegant wiggings,
Don't force him, as Yankees would call it, to slope,
And make tracks for unsanctified diggings.
Save the Chair of St. Peter from being defiled
By you "Parricidal Pollution:"
Draw the Sword in my favour, and don't draw it mild,—
And this is your POPE's Allocution.

LORD DERBY'S LAST.

WHY is a man without any acquaintances in the Sporting world like the only excuse for a man's bad manners? Because he knows no Better.

A MICHAELMAS GOOSE COOKED.

OUR facetious contemporary, the *Spiritual Magazine*, among a host of compliments in this month's number, pays us this:—

"We are well pleased to have *Punch* as an enemy rather than as a friend, for he is doing good to the cause by making it more extensively known, whilst he dare not introduce at all such a subject favourably into his columns."

The Spiritualist mind, we are informed, does not reason. What it knows, it knows by intuition only. From the mundane power of reasoning it is completely held aloof. Hence we cannot feel surprised at the above absurd assertion. To any other intellect than that of a Spiritualist it must be obvious at once that inasmuch as *Punch* has a character (as well as a family) to support, of course he "dare not speak" in favour of such humbugs as the Spiritualists; because if he so belied himself and mis-stated the plain fact, his circulation and his character would equally be injured. A truth so obvious as this it was quite needless to state; but as a Spiritualist seldom has the chance to tell a truth, we can hardly be astonished that the chance should be laid hold of.

As for the assertion, that *Punch* has done good service to the Spiritualist cause by making known the trickery by which it is supported, this statement, on the face of it, bears such likelihood of truth that we hardly think it needful to question its veracity. All that we can say is, that the Spiritualists are quite welcome to the lifts which we have given them; though we rather apprehend that were they to confess the truth, it would be found that they have pocketed more kicks by us than halfpence.

Did you Lately?

TALK of French Politeness, the *Constitutionnel*, in speaking of the POPE's Allocution, is severe on the holy padre, because while begging for aid he makes insinuations against France. To think we should live to hear the POPE called an Insinuating Beggar!

THE FRIEND IN NEED.

EMP. NAP. "THERE—THERE! CUT AWAY QUIETLY AND LEAVE ME YOUR KEYS! KEEP UP YOUR SPIRITS, AND I'LL LOOK AFTER YOUR LITTLE TEMPORAL MATTERS!"

THE BATTLE OF THE REGISTRATION COURTS.

BENJAMIN BUFFLES, ESQ., the Revising Barrister, for the West-Eastern and South-Northern Districts, yesterday held his court at the Mastodon Hotel, Megatherium Road, for the purpose of going through the electoral lists for the parishes of Choakley, Ditchington, Bodger Hamlets, Blokebury, and Gnasham. MR. JOLLIBOY attended for the Conservatives, and MR. CHAFFERS for the Liberals.

The Choakley list was first taken.

The Revising Barrister asked what fool had made out such a list as that.

MR. GAPESEED, overseer of Choakley, stated that he was the party inquired after by the learned barrister.

The Barrister asked him, whether he would like a presentation to the Asylum for Idiots, as that was the best place for a man who could lay such a document on the table of a court.

MR. GAPESEED asked where he was to lay it.

The Barrister instantly committed him for contempt of court, and disfranchised the parish of Choakley.

MR. GRUNTER, an elector of Choakley, submitted that it was very hard that he should lose his vote because the overseer was an ass.

The Barrister said it served the Choakley electors right for electing asses as overseers, and ordered MR. GRUNTER out of court.

The Ditchington list came next.

MR. WIBBLE was objected to by the Liberals. He claimed in respect of a freehold house and grounds which had been in his family for sixty years. The objection taken was that he had described the house as a mansion-house.

The Barrister. What do you call this a mansion-house for?

Mr. Wibble. I suppose I may call my house anything I like. MR. SQUEERS says a man may call his house an island if he pleases. There is no law against it.

The Barrister. Then I'll make one. The Mansion-house is in the City, and nowhere else. Do you mean to say you are the Lord Mayor?

Mr. Wibble. Bless me, no, Sir.

The Barrister. How dare you swear in a court of justice, Sir? Leave this place, Sir.

Name expunged.

MR. BUNKERBY was objected to by the Conservatives. He claimed in respect of a house and shop in Poppleton Street. The objection was that he did not live there.

The Barrister. Do you live there, Sir?

Mr. Bunkerby. Yes, Sir; and I dye there, also, Sir.

The Barrister. None of your ribaldry, Sir. What's your case, MR. JOLLIBOY?

MR. JOLLIBOY said that MR. BUNKERBY did not sleep in the house, and therefore it was not a residence.

The Barrister. You need not tell me that, MR. JOLLIBOY. I suppose I know that if a man does not sleep in a house he does not reside there. What do you mean by not sleeping in this house, MR. BUNKERBY? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, as a respectable elderly man, for not going home to bed. Where do you sleep—at the Mummums, or under a dry arch of Ricketty Buildings?

Mr. Bunkerby. I sleep generally at my other house in St. Peter's Wood.

The Barrister. Sleep generally, MR. JOLLIBOY, what does he mean by that? I've heard of sleeping soundly, and sleeping heavily, and sleeping lightly, but I never heard of a man's sleeping generally. Do you ever sleep particularly, Sir.

Mr. Bunkerby. Yes, Sir, I sleep particularly well when I have been reading any of your honour's published works. (*Laughter.*)

The Barrister. Ha! ha! Not so bad. Well, GENERAL SLEEPER, you may go to your military duties, as we shan't trouble you to come to the hustings.

Name expunged.

The next objection was by the overseers, and was made to the vote of MR. PINDAR WAKEFIELD. It was alleged that the voter was dead.

MR. PINDAR WAKEFIELD attended, and begged to state that he was not dead.

The Barrister. You know I must have proof of that. What is the use of an unsupported assertion?

Mr. Wakefield. Would my punching the overseers' heads induce your honour to give consideration to the question whether I am alive or not?

The Barrister. I cannot, MR. WAKEFIELD, decide on a hypothetical case; but if you were to do as you propose, I should be able to give you an answer.

MR. WAKEFIELD, who was much excited at being described as dead, here made a rush at the overseers, who fled out of Court, followed by the avenging claimant of electoral rights.

Name retained.

The Bodger Hamlets list came next.

MR. JOLLIBOY took a preliminary objection to its being received.

The Barrister. I know nothing of Conservative or Liberal, but I suppose you have found that there is a preponderance of claimants whom you don't like over those you do, and so you are ready to sacrifice your own men in order to damage the other side.

Mr. Chaffers. You've hit it, Sir, by Jove.

The Barrister. And I'll hit you, Sir, that is to say with the strong arm of the Law, if you talk in that flippant manner. If you mean that I have accurately indicated the animus of the objection, I know I have, and need no information from you.

Mr. Jolliboy. Far, Sir, be such a paltry design from me, or from the great, powerful, and respectable body I have the honour to act with. But, Sir, the late SIR ROBERT PEEL nobly said that the battle of the Constitution was to be fought in the Registration Courts. In the interest of that Constitution, Sir, the envy of surrounding nations, and the pride and glory of our own, I am here to protest, as emphatically as my humble ability will permit, against the reception of that disgraceful, despicable, and disgusting document. I ask you to look at it, Sir, and I ask you if the British Constitution can be considered safe in the hands of officials who—nay, Sir, look at it, and with your own impartial eyes judge it—who have spelt Hamlets with two "t's." That, Sir, is my case, and I demand the rejection of the list.

The Barrister. It is so spelt, certainly. Look at it, MR. CHAFFERS.

Mr. Chaffers (*without looking at it*). Indeed, Sir, you could not have given me greater pleasure than by your assurance. I trust, indeed, that it is so spelt. Had it been otherwise spelt, it would have been *my* painful duty to ask you to reject the list. But the overseers of this parish, Sir, however much they may be sneered at by the minions of Toryism——

Mr. Jolliboy. Withdraw minions, or where would you like this inkstand? (*Snatches it up.*)

Mr. Chaffers. A Tory had better let ink alone—he always makes a mess with it. But if the word annoys my friend, I will substitute contemptible tools, and proceed to add that the overseers have stood by the old spelling, that in use when HAMPDEN died on the scaffold, and SYDNEY on the field, for the liberties of England; and that the list is made out in accordance with the Constitution, with tradition, with prescription, and with precedent.

The Barrister. This is a very important and difficult question. Will you have a case for the Court of Queen's Bench, or will you sky a copper which way it shall go?

Mr. Jolliboy. I'm agreeable to the copper.

Mr. Chaffers. Sudden death?

The Barrister (*skies the coin and places his hand on it*). Go it—who 'll cry?

Mr. Jolliboy. Woman!

The Barrister. 'Tis. Women are always for bad spelling. I refuse to receive the list, and the overseers of the parish will go to the House of Correction for three months with hard labour. (*Applause in Court.*)

No case of interest arose subsequently, except that of MR. LOBKINS, of Gnasham, who was objected to by both sides, and who attended to support his claim.

The Barrister. You don't seem a favourite, MR. LOBKINS. What's the objection of MR. JOLLIBOY?

Mr. Jolliboy. I see that we have made a little mistake, and that MR. LOBKINS is an excellent Conservative. I can only apologise to him for the trouble we have given him. I hope that we have not inconvenienced him much.

Mr. Lobkins (*savagely*). No; you've only brought me about six hundred miles from the north of Scotland, where I was shooting. I have just got out of the train.

Mr. Jolliboy. Really, though! Have we? I trust you had good sport. How are the grouse?

Mr. Lobkins. Wild, as I am at being dragged to town in October. You'll see about that, next election.

Mr. Chaffers. Will a Liberal candidate be favoured with your intelligent support on that occasion, MR. LOBKINS?

Mr. Lobkins (*emphatically*). Yes, by George, he will, Sir! even if he is as great a Pump as the sitting Member.

Mr. Chaffers. In that case I have much pleasure in withdrawing *my* objection, as I know your vote to be perfectly good, and I should be very sorry to deprive you of a constitutional right.

Mr. Jolliboy. Stop, though. I am not so sure, on looking at my paper——

The Barrister. You shut up. You withdrew, and can't speak again.

Mr. Jolliboy. I would not think of it, Sir. I meant my *Times*. I

regret to perceive that the house in virtue of which MR. LOBKINS claims was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour this morning——

Mr. Lobkins (*astounded.*) O, Blazes! (*Rushes out of Court.*)

The Barrister. Curious. Well, he can't vote for a house that does not exist.

Name expunged.

The lists were signed, and delivered over, and the entire business was completed, and the Barrister had left, when MR. JOLLIBOY, as he put up his papers, remarked to his Clerk, that his own eyes were not so good as they had been, and he saw, on second reading, that it was the house next door to MR. LOBKINS that had been burned. However, mistakes would happen, and he would have some lunch.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXII.—PERIOD—THE REIGNS OF HENRY THE FOURTH AND FIFTH.

COSTUME OF A "VALET." TEMP. HENRY THE FIFTH.

N an inventory taken at the death of HENRY THE FIFTH there is mention of a "peti coat," manufactured of red damask, and having open sleeves. But for this addendum, one might have almost thought the garment was the one which is exclusively confined to female use; did not one remember that the monarch was residing in Paris when he died,* and that the word "peti" was doubtless put instead of "petit," by the French valet de chambre who no doubt made out the list. We may therefore think this petticoat was simply a small coat, being perhaps so called in distinction from a great one. It was however not at all uncommon at this period to see small swells attempting to make great girls of themselves by wearing clothes which looked much more as though they had been made by a milliner than a tailor. In many of the figures represented in old manuscripts the sex is to be scarcely distinguished by the dress; and as the gentlemen, we find, very commonly wore gowns, it is not at all impossible that petticoats were also included in their wardrobes.

That men-servants dressed like women in the same way as their masters, we have proof in some remarks made by the poet OCCLEVE, which occur in one of the quaint poems he composed, concerning "ye Pride and ye Waste-Clothing of Lordes Men:"—

> "What is a Lord without his men?
> I put case, that his foes him assail
> Suddenly in the street, what help shall he
> Whose sleeves encumbrous so side trail
> Do to his lord: he may not him avail.
> In such case he is but a woman;
> He may not stand him in stead of a man;
> His arms two have might enough to do,
> And something more, his sleeves up to hold."

In the reign of HENRY THE FOURTH a decoration first appears, the origin of which is differently accounted for. This is the collar of Esses, which CAMDEN says was composed of a lot of letters S, that being the initial of SANCTUS SIMO SIMPLICIUS, an eminent Roman lawyer, and the collar he adds was chiefly worn by men of that profession. Other writers say that the collar had its origin in the initial letter of the motto "Souveraine," which KING HENRY THE FOURTH bore when he was EARL OF DERBY, and which, as he afterwards ascended to the throne, appeared to have been auspicious, and to have brought him great good luck. But whatever were its origin, it is certain that the Collar was worn during his reign: and one old writer tells us that so many titled fools were in his time distinguished by it, that instead of calling it the Collar of Esses, "ye common folke were wont to nickname it ye Collar of Asses." A specimen of this Collar may be seen in an old drawing, which is in the *Punch* Collection, and which illustrates the anecdote of how the judge, SIR WILLIAM GASCOIGNE, was struck in open Court by the madcap PRINCE OF WALES, for having fined SIR JOHN FALSTAFF for wrenching off a door-knocker, and having been found drunk and disorderly in the street.*

One of the chief features in the costume of the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries was the variety of fashion in the hoods which were in use; as if, says MR. FAIRHOLT, "as if the ingenuity of fashionable changes had been directed most to decorate the heads that had invented them." In the illuminated MSS. which may be viewed as the Books of Fashion of the period, we see all sorts of hoods and caps and other kinds of head-cover; some of the first enveloping the shoulders and the neck, and of the latter some like nightcaps, and some like our modern wideawakes. These latter were worn mostly slung around the neck, for in fine weather the head was left in general uncovered, and the luxury of an umbrella not having been invented, our forefathers when it rained used first of all to throw their hoods over their heads, and then for further shelter used to clap their caps a-top of them. One of the oddest looking of all the hoods in use was made to cover the head and shoulders, and to reach down to the elbow, having pointed ends which peaked out from the head on either side. This hood is still on view in a drawing in the Romance of *St. Graal and Lancelot*, which any one may see in the British Museum, if they only take the trouble to go there and apply for it. To save them this exertion our artist has, however, made a copy of the picture, and they are at liberty to test the faithfulness of his designs by comparing the original with the sketch we here subjoin:—

This charming work of art, which was executed doubtless by one of the most eminent domestic painters of the period, throws as much light on the customs as the costumes then in vogue, and is therefore doubly serviceable to the student of the time. For fear of misconception we may as well just state, that it represents a countrywoman in the act of churning, to whom a blind beggar is shown approaching to ask alms carrying one of his (twelve) children in what looks something like a chemist's mortar at his back. Besides the curious hoods worn by the beggar and his baby, the observer is requested to observe the careful way in which the girl (or grandmother) has put her apron on to save her dress from splashes, and has tied her kerchief round her head and neck to shield her from bronchitis, toothache, or sore-throat. Notice also should be taken of the manner in which her gown is pinned up at the bottom, to show off her dark petticoat, which is left visible beneath it; and the eye of the observer should likewise be especially directed to the dog, who is advancing towards her with the platter in his mouth. This interesting creature should command a close inspection, because it shows us the antiquity of this mode of street-begging; and, indeed we think the animal can hardly be regarded without some sentimental feelings, for when we view the tray or platter in his mouth we seem to see quite clearly that the creature was an ancestor of our much lamented friend, the famous Poor Dog Tray.

DAIRY-MAID OF THE PERIOD. FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

To show that swells were extant thenadays as much as they are nowadays, we should note that in the fourth year of the reign of HENRY THE FOURTH it was thought needful to revive the sumptuary laws which had been previously enacted; but we scarcely need observe that such enactments almost always proved to be dead letters, and that

* We trust that we may note without giving offence to our friends across the Channel, that after the battle of Agincourt KING HENRY THE FIFTH caused himself to be elected heir to the French crown: and that having espoused the PRINCESS CATHERINE, daughter of KING CHARLES, of France, he fixed his residence at Paris, and lived there till he died. By the treaty it was provided that France and England should, in future, for ever be united under the same King, but should still retain their respective laws and privileges; including of course the privilege of picking quarrels with each other whenever anything, or nothing, might set them by the ears.

* Of course every child remembers how the prince was committed to prison for this offence; and how his father, when he heard of it, is reported to have said, turning up the whites of his eyes as he did so, "Happy is the King that hath a magistrate endowed with courage to execute the laws upon such an offender; ay, and still more happy is he in having a son who is found willing to submit to such a chastisement."

to revive them was in general a useless and unprofitable attempt. Among other regulations it was now provided that nobody but bannerets or men of high estate should wear cloth of gold, of crimson, or of velvet, nor should they use the fur of ermine, of marten, or of lettice,* nor wear long hanging sleeves, or gowns which touched the ground. Four years afterwards it was ordained that no man, of whatever rank or wealth, should wear a gown or other garment that was cut or slashed in pieces in the form of leaves or letters, under the penalty of forfeiting the same; and it was ordered that the tailors employed by such offenders should in future be imprisoned "during the king's pleasure" for abetting the offence. Should any sumptuary laws be enacted in our time, we trust that this wise hint will not be lost upon our senators. We think too that the penance might with profit be extended, so that female culprits might also be subjected to it. Were our milliners made liable to get a month's hard labour for sending out a dress of more than proper amplitude, we should soon hear that wide petticoats were going out of fashion, and in proportion as they lessened would the comfort of the masculine community increase.

By this last sumptuary statute, "sergeants belonging to the Court" (whether "at law" or "at arms," it is not distinctly specified) were privileged to wear whatever hoods they pleased, "for the honour of the King and the dignity of their station." Moreover, the Mayors of London and of certain other places were exempted from any prohibition as to clothing, and therefore might come out as great swells as they chose, or as their Mayoresses would let them. Whether SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON took advantage of this privilege is a question we must leave to antiquarians to settle; and we fear it will not much assist them in their labour, if we bring before their notice a curious old drawing, which represents SIR RICHARD (who then was simply MASTER DICK) as he appeared when sitting with crossed legs upon a milestone, peeling a turnip while he listened to the pealing of Bow bells. The picture is however worth preserving in our Book, for it shows what sort of dress was worn in boyhood at this period. Among other points of interest we may especially point out the long points of the shoes: which reminds us of the formidable *chaussure* of the goblin who sat upon the tombstone and kicked old *Gabriel Grub*.

MASTER DICK WHITTINGTON. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

* This lettice, COTGRAVE tells us, was a whitish greyish beast; but whether it be counted now with the extinct animals we must leave PROFESSOR OWEN to decide.

THE A. B. C. OF SPIRITUALISM.

IT is a pity that the Spiritualists (at least for their own sake it is) are not more reserved in their statements which they publish. They might have many more disciples—or shall we call them dupes?—if they did not themselves take such pains to repel them. But a Spiritualist seldom shows his hand on paper without making clearly manifest his mental imbecility; and the natural result of this unlucky manifestation is, that nobody but fools will condescend to listen to him.

To show what simpletons have lately assumed the name of Spiritualists, we beg to call attention to a little book which has been written by a certain DR. CHILD, for the instruction of the children of the Spiritualist faith. This "A. B. CHILD, M.D.," we learn, is one of the bright stars whose radiance illumines the *Banner of Light*, a Yankee Spiritualist paper which is said to have subscribers, and we presume therefore readers, in our own enlightened country. What a shining light is CHILD, and how much good must be done to the Spiritualist cause by the general diffusion of his literary beams, may perhaps be somewhat judged from this brief extract from his book:—

"WHAT IS A LIE?—A Lie is true to the cause that produced it; so what we call a lie is a truth that exists in nature, just as real as is what we call a truth. The cause of a lie exists in nature, the cause of a truth exists in nature, and the effect of each cause is wrought out in nature. Nature is always true in her work; so both a truth and what we call a lie are lawful and right in the great plan of existence. A lie is a truth intrinsically; it holds a lawful place in creation; it is a necessity."

This extremely proper doctrine is very fitly promulgated under such a heading as '*Whatever is, is Right*,' which DR. CHILD has chosen for the title of his book. We look upon it as a highly useful statement, as it nicely lets the cat out of the Spiritualist bag, and by affirming that a liar is a natural necessity, it shows us the professors of that faith in their true light. If in the ethics of the Spiritualists a truth, and "what we call a lie," are in the great plan of existence alike "lawful and right," of course no Spiritualist would shrink from trickery and fraud in order to encourage a belief in his false faith.

But there are far worse things than lying, which, according to this CHILD, a person may at times be spirit-moved to do. Prefacing his dictum by saying that "no commandment, either written or spoken, ever yet had any influence upon the soul," and that "there is no such thing as Spiritual culture coming from the teachings of another," the Doctor next informs us that, in Spiritualist ethics, killing is no murder, or rather that murder is no killing of the soul: thus flatly contradicting the Scriptural assertion which tells us that "the soul which sinneth, it shall die:"—

"Murder has no influence upon the soul: it is a thing of the material world in its influence. It has no influence upon spiritual existence, *of which it is an effect*. When the murderer kills his brother, he strikes a blow that will paralyse every love of his own earthly existence. Then the affections of his soul must cling to something; and if his love of earth becomes broken by the awful deed of murder, and the consequent punishment that he meets, spiritual things are next grasped, and perhaps sooner grasped for the commission of the deed. The murderer does his deeds in darkness: he does not commit the deed with a view to advance the progress of his soul. He is moved by an unseen and irresistible power to commit what seems to us the 'evil' deed. Every murder that ever was committed has been inevitable: in the bosom of nature has existence *the lawful cause, of which murder has been the effect.*"

We are informed that DR. CHILD at present lives at Boston (in the Shires, not in the States). For Boston his residence may ere long be changed to Bedlam, if he goes on writing such insane stuff as this. Were it not in sooth for its obvious insanity, such a doctrine as the Doctor's might entitle him quite fitly to a residence in Newgate, to expiate his blasphemous contempt of God's commandments, and his wickedness in framing an excuse, if not indeed an incentive, for a crime.

The extracts we have given, and others we might give, had we not more respect for our readers than the Doctor has, form part of what he flippantly has termed his "All Right Doctrine." He has been brought to a belief in it not by reason or by teaching, but by simple intuition, and by spirit-revelation. Reason he regards as "an effect of the soul that is allied to material philosophy, and with the material things of earth will sometimes give place to the higher development of intuition." Truth, he deigns to tell us, "is developed in the soul by intuition always. The soul never did nor never can receive that which to itself is a truth, from external teachings, from the school-house or the meeting-house." And so we are informed that—

"Every real Spiritualist is a Spiritualist alone from intuition, not from external evidence. Philosophy never made a Spiritualist, and never will."

Really? Doctor! Well, we own you *do* astonish us. To think now that philosophy will never make a Spiritualist! Whoever would have thought it! And conceive too what a bold asserter is the Doctor, when he sweepingly affirms that a Spiritualist has never once been found among the learned ranks of the philosophers, from PLATO even down to *Punch!*

As we began by saying, it is a pity (for themselves; for others we incline to regard it as a benefit) that the Spiritualist writers do not take more pains to be a little less discordant in their theories, and a little more discreet in revealing what their spirits (whether mixed or neat) may move them to let out. A writer in the current number of the *Spiritual Magazine* grandly talks of Spiritualism as "an all-powerful influence, which possesses the power to raise man, body, mind and soul, to a higher position even whilst on earth, than poet ever conceived, or any but a prophet ever hinted at." How far this description agrees with the "All Right Doctrine," which DR. A. B. CHILD puts forth to us as being (if we may make this use of his initials) the A. B. C. of the Spiritualist faith, we leave to readers not so childish as the Doctor to decide. To our thinking the gallows is the only "high position" that is likely to be reached by a believer in a doctrine which excuses murder, justifies a lie, and would shut up as useless our churches and our schools.

Sold.

IN consequence of the failure of the Hops and the badness of the Barley, the Brewers are notifying to their customers that the price of Beer must be raised six shillings a barrel. Well, what joke is there in that? Why, none. That 's just it. In fact it is no joke. Now then. Shut up and sat upon, eh?

HEARTLESS JEST.

A LEARNED Party has just issued a book on *The Emotions and the Will*. Is not this reversing the natural order of things? We thought the Emotions depended on what the Will contained.

A DODGE.

Handsome Charley Smythe, who is accustomed to be looked at rather, cannot make out how it is that when he Walks with Teddy Browne, that ugly impudent insignificant little Wretch seems to Monopolise the Attention of the Fair Sex.

A GREAT BEAST-MARKET.

THE East Retford great Hop and Cattle Fair, which was held the other day, is described as the most important in the county of Notts. LORD MAMSBERRY will, perhaps, approve of the observation that the county above-named is of all English counties, that which might be supposed to be the best for cattle-fairs, because Notts would obviously afford the greatest facilities for tying up the cattle. The Report of this last East Retford Cattle Fair mentions that "there was a somewhat limited show of fat beasts, for which the demand was quiet, and prices were threepence per stone lower than last week." We are glad to hear that; but we thought that the fat beasts of East Retford, as well as the lean ones, were usually sold, chiefly to Parliamentary Agents, at so much a head.

Royal Destitution.

LATEST FROM AMERICA.—So free is American air, so intolerant of effete Royalty, that for a dinner and a bed the PRINCE OF WALES has had to enter the Union.

HISTORICAL FACT.

IT cannot be too generally known that the Fire of London has never ceased burning, and now pays a heavy coal-tax to the Corporation of the City.

ÆSOP'S SELECT FABLES.

THE SEA-NYMPH AND THE OCEAN SWELL.

ONE morning, when there was a heavy Swell upon the sands, a gentle Nymph walked forth, her blue eyes beaming with joy, her flowing tresses crystallised with dew. The Swell, struck by her beauty, and solicitous to win her admiration, paused, and proudly shook his own long wavy curls. "Canst thou not spare, sweet Nymph," he said, "from that treasury of beauty one captive-making lock?"—"Where would'st thou have a lock?" quoth she, "not on thy understanding, that 's confined enough already."—"Oh, cruel," cried the crest-fallen Swell, "thou knowest I am thy slave."—"I know thou art a surf," she answered, "and a most wicked flatterer, for while thou art kissing the pale sands, thou art running of them down."—"One lock of thine," returned the Swell, "would rivet my devotion, and banish all inconstancy." The arch Nymph shook her laughing face, and said, "Oh, restless Swell! how canst thou dream one lock of mine would make thee constant, when thou art moved by every sportive air?"

Moral. Put no trust in those who wildly fling themselves at beauty's feet, for what can be expected from such insane worshippers but bubbles and foam.

THE SLOW COACH AND THE LITTLE DUCK.

A Slow Coach had often observed in passing a little Duck, who with her mother and sisters lived on a village green. "Some fine day," said the slow Coach, stopping and regarding the little Duck with a dreary smile, "when I can get a licence, you shall go to market with me."—"Thank you," returned the little Duck, proudly lifting up her bill, "but if I wait till you find it convenient to get a licence, perhaps I may wait till peas are out of season. I never encourage slow Coaches: when I wish to go to market I shall travel express."

Moral. We here see the error of procrastination. Dawdlers are always snubbed. The little Duck, though somewhat pert in her tone, was quite right in her principle. A Coach that makes lumbering excuses for not being able to carry one, should be put down as an obstruction and a pest.

THE YOUNG MONKEY AND THE UGLY MUG.

A Young Monkey, in the uniform of a Middy, sat at the mess-table (H. M. S. *Dandelion*) gazing admiringly at an ugly mug belonging to the First Lieutenant. "What are you thinking of, MR. SLY?" demanded the ugly Mug.—"Of my Sister, Sir," replied the young Monkey, with becoming humility.—"Your Sister!" returned the ugly Mug, grimly, "is she pretty?"—"She is considered so, Sir," replied the young Monkey; "I had a letter from her this morning."—"Indeed, and what does she say?" inquired the Mug, pushing a bottle of Cape Madeira towards the young Monkey.—"She says, Sir," rejoined the latter, "that she would be exceedingly pleased if I would send her your portrait to put in a brooch."—"Ha!" cried the ugly Mug, radiant with vanity, "Fill your glass, MR. SLY, and I think you wanted leave of absence? you shall have it, MR. SLY; fill your glass, Sir, your health MR. SLY."

Moral. A young Monkey who goes to sea should always have a pretty sister: he may thereby obtain many little indulgences as sweet to a young Monkey as cocoa-nuts, if he happens to meet with the ugly mug of a First Lieutenant.

THE TRUEST TEETOTALLERS.—The Spirit-Rappers, for not one of them knows anything about any Spirit whatever.

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A CHANCE FOR JEAMES.

"Sir,

"You are always chaffing us poor servants. One week a six foot ladies' flunkey with large calves and a foolish face is represented by you as giving warning, because his master rides outside the omnibus; next week his fellow servant is caricatured because he objects to carry up coals to the nursery. To judge from what you say of us, one would think that there were no such things as good servants or bad masters and mistresses. I know very well that this is only your fun. I do not believe, Sir, that you really think so, and I feel sure that if you can do anything to improve and raise our condition, you will do it. And if you will allow me, I will show you how it can be done.

"Let the butlers, footmen, coachmen, and grooms of England enjoy a little 'early closing' too. Let our masters and mistresses do without us for a couple of evenings every week; let us join the Volunteer movement, and let us go to drill like other Britons. Look here, Sir. There are fifty houses in Belgrave Square. On an average, including stable servants, there are eight men servants to each of those houses. Four men from each house could easily be spared once a week; and with them, two strong companies of the first Belgravian Grenadiers might at once be constituted. We are all young straight-grown well-fed active good-looking fellows, even *you* admit that; we are all accustomed to wear uniform, and to keep it clean, and to be silent and obedient, and we are Englishmen. What more is wanted to make good soldiers? There are about three hundred houses in Lowndes Square, Eaton Square, Eaton Place, and Chesham Place; from each of them let us have three men, and you will have at once out of but five squares and streets of London a regiment above a thousand strong, which will, I feel certain, be second to none. We shall be very glad to be relieved now and then from our domestic duties, and to blunt the shafts of your ridicule by letting you see we are not such lazy good-for-nothing dogs as you represent us to be; and, if the movement is supported as it ought to be, in the course of three months seven or eight thousand additional Volunteers may be added to the defence of London. It will not be too much to require, in return for this, that the maid-servants should attend to our door-bells and fires, say, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, after 2 o'clock, P.M.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble Servant,

"John Thomas."

A Fine Opening for an Emperor.

Talking of the world being "mine oyster," we suspect we can guess (to talk *à l'Américaine*) what is at present "the world" to Louis Napoleon, and that is a box of Sardines, and we should not at all wonder if before long he doesn't try to open those same Sardines with his sword. Once get in the smallest point (and we all know Louis Napoleon to be a fellow of infinite point), and the rest will soon follow. Already has he got his arms fully prepared, and you will probably find that he will commence the attack from his Elba.

MOTHER POPE'S MAUNDERINGS.

Adsbobs and bodkins, botherations, treason, sacrilege, and plunder,
Thieves! Usurpation! Heretics! Help! Robbery! What next, I wonder?
My heart biles fit to bust with rage and fury, Venerable Brothers,
I don't know which on 'em is wust; the ones is just as bad as t'others.

To take and go and climb my pales, and jump into my sacred garding,
Without so much as By your leave, and not to say I ax your parding,
And there to plant Savoys, and root my carrots up, and dig my taturs,
Out upon that rampagious crew of fillibursters, rogues, and traitors.

To let loose all my ducks and geese, and fowls which eggs was formed to lay me,
And all the while for to pertend to love and honour and obey me;
The hypocrites! And which I hates none more than them my shoe as kisses,
And makes believe to guard my house, in which they won't let me be Missis.

They've cut my trible cap in half, my gownd of state they've tore to fribbits;
The ribbles! Oh, that I may live to see 'em swinging all on gibbets,
Insolent, imperent, unjust, the nasty good for nothing wretches!
I call sitch rubbidge only fit to burn like filthy tares and vetches.

Himpious, wicked, cruel, wile, profane, detestable, atrocious,
Abominable, execrable, hinfamous, foul, false, ferocious,
Owdacious, reprobate, depraved, base, brutal, barbarous, perfidious,
Wicious, disgusting, treacherous, perjured, monstrous, frightful, horrid, hideous,
Assassins, robbers, traitors, felons, villains, miscreants, deceivers,
Apostates, blackguards, pirates, cut-throats, infidels, and unbelievers,
Caitiffs and scoundrels, vagabones, scamps, renegadoes and rascalions,
Get out, I say!—don't talk to me about your union of Italians.

And then confound their politics, which I've no patience whilst I mention,
That there disastrous and pernicious principle Non-Interwention!
I do deplore, I do abhor, denies it and protests agin it,
Particlar as applies to me; hang all that 's part and parcel in it!

Ah! they'll repent on it one day when these here liberal opinions,
On them there Suvrings their own selves shall bring the loss of their dominions.
Oh! then they'll beg and pray in wain their neighbours for to send them bullets,
And bagganets, to ram their wills down their rebellious people's gullets.

Help! Haustria, Spain, and Portigee, all you as holds the true persuasion,
Agin them parricidal arms; that there degenerate brat's inwasion,
I calls on hevery pious Prince and summonses each faithful nation,
For to defend my sacred rights from this here ojus wiolation.

Drat all them brigands, buccaneers, riff-raff, and rips and ragamuffins,
Rascals, tag-rag-and-bobtail, mob, scum, refuge, rabblement and ruff'uns!
Wuss gang of criminals ne'er walked unhanged, or died with feet in leather,
Drat them, drat all and everything, drat everybody altogether!

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—IN WHICH WE BID GOOD BYE TO HENRY IV. AND V., AND SAY HOWDEDO TO HENRY VI.

KNIGHT ARMED FOR THE TOURNAMENT. TEMP. HENRY THE FIFTH. PADDINGTONIAN MUSEUM.

IF the elegant costumes which were worn by the civilians in the two first of these reigns, we gave in our last chapter an elegant description. It now remains for us to say a word or two about the armour and the arms which were in use about that period, although in neither of them is there much of novelty presented to our notice. We observe however that the steel shoe, or solleret, was sometimes laid aside, and that its place was supplied by footed stirrups. Moreover there is certainly a marked increase of splendour in the military equipment. The swell knights of the day wore around their bascinet a rich wreath or band; and the border of their jupon was still elegantly cut into the form of foliage, notwithstanding the provisions of the sumptuary statutes. With regard to this quaint fashion of cutting borders into leaves, one of the old writers (who never lost a chance of playing upon words) states that English tailors "first did take French leave to take it from the French;" but it is a matter of some doubt to us, whether this remark was based on actual truth, or was merely made for the small pun which it involved. Somewhat questionable likewise to our mind seems the story of how when KING HENRY THE FOURTH was asked, if his jupon should be bordered with an oakleaf or an ashleaf, he replied, "I had as lief to leave it to the knave to indent which leaf he liketh; for if he trieth to make an oakleaf he is full sure to make a (h)ash of it!"

Since the time of EDWARD THE THIRD civilians had not seldom worn feathers in their caps; but, excepting as heraldic crests, plumes had not been sported by knights until this period. In the reign of HENRY THE FIFTH we first find them adopted as military ornaments; and they either were stuck upright on the helmet or the bascinet (in which event the plume was called, correctly, a "panache"), or, at a later time, were worn at the side, or falling backward, when the proper term to apply to them was "plume." We mention this distinction just to show our readers how minutely accurate we can be if we choose; but as these minute descriptions are generally dull, we cannot let them often intrude upon our space.

The great crested helmet, called otherwise the heaume, was now exclusively reserved for wearing at the tournament: as the bascinet sufficed for ordinary purposes, shielding wearers from the blows of weapons and of winds. This headpiece we described when it was introduced (namely in the reigns of EDWARD THE FIRST and SECOND, and of course our careful readers must remember our description. All that we need add to it is, that at this period its shape was slightly changed, being curved behind so as to be more closely fitting to the head. In this respect it bore resemblance to the salade, a kind of German headpiece introduced in the next reign. We must take care not to mix this salade with the bascinet, because the two, although so much alike, were really different; and as the salade was first used as an article for dressing in the time of HENRY THE SIXTH, it would be premature to say at present much about it.

A fashion somewhat curious was that of wearing with the armour large loose hanging sleeves, made of cloth or silk or even richer substances. These in general were part of a kind of cloak, or surcoat, thrown over the whole suit; but sometimes they are shown as though they were detached, and were worn without the surcoat, being fastened to the shoulder, and falling to the wrist.

For further information respecting the knightly equipment of this period the reader will do well to read up what is said about it by MONSTRELET, ST. REMY, ELMHAM, BONNARD, FROISSART, COTGRAVE, CHAUCER, OCCLEVE, SHAKSPEARE, ASHMOLE, MEYRICK, MILLS, FOSBROOKE, FAIRHOLT, PLANCHÉ, STRUTT, and some few dozen other writers on the subject, whom we have no time now more closely to consult. All that we can add in the way of illustration of the military costume, is a copy of an interesting picture we possess, representing *Sir John Falstaff* as he appeared when he was sent to grass by fiery *Hotspur*, whom he fought so many hours with, as he said, "by Shrewsbury clock." The original picture (in point, at least of measurement) is one of the very greatest works of art we are acquainted with; for the figure of *Sir John Falstaff*, being painted of life size, occupies upon the canvas about twenty-five square feet.

PORTRAIT OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF WINNING THE BATTLE. MILITARY COSTUME. TEMP. HENRY THE FOURTH.

We come now to the period of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, regarding which a trustworthy authority observes:—

"If any proof were wanting of the confusion and disorder of this unfortunate monarch's reign, it might be drawn from the apparel of his people, which appears to have been a jumble of all the fashions of past ages with everything most ridiculous and extravagant that could be discovered at the moment. It were a vain task to attempt a minute description or classification of the dresses of this period."

As vanity forms no part of our mental composition, we shall not try our hand at this unprofitable task; but shall content ourselves with simply noticing a point or two which appear to our mind worthy of attention.

Commençant par le bout, or more correctly *par le boot*—whether the game of football was in vogue about this time is a question which debating clubs, if they like, may argue; and if they incline to a decision that it was, it remains for them to settle as to how the players played at it—any one who looks at the preposterous long toes, in which, says STRUTT, the dandies strutted in this reign, might with reason doubt if active crural exercise were possible; and might think the art of kicking became almost extinct.

So far as we can judge, too, the coverings for the head were quite as queer and quaint-looking as those used for the feet. Of the horned and heartshaped headdresses in fashion with the ladies, we shall speak when we describe the feminine costume. But the men wore forms of headcover nearly as fantastic, and the variety seems endless in the caps* worn by the chaps. Some wore them stuck erect, some bore them cocked or slouched; and every size and shape appeared in vogue at the same time, from the biggest of big bell-toppers, to the smallest of small hats. We have hunted up some dozens of old drawings in rare manuscripts, and in no two are the kinds of braincover alike. Some hats are made peaked, as being thought perhaps *piquant;* and while one dandy wears a high crown like a brigand's in a ballet, another sports a structure not unlike a gothic pepper-castor, which pinnaclewise sticks up from the centre of the skull. In short, we shall not much exaggerate in stating that the caps or hats or "bonnets" of the time whereof we are treating were every whit as odd and ugly as those of our own day. Nearly every sort of wideawake in fashion now was worn; except perhaps the species known as the "porkpie," which it was reserved for modern taste to introduce.

As a good many of our readers are Knights of the Garter, it may interest them to know that the robes of this Most Noble Order were

* The word "cap" we should notice, as well as that of "bonnet," is applied by learned writers (other than ourselves) to various sorts of wideawakey-looking forms of headcover, to which we now more commonly should give the name of "hat."

twice altered in this reign; the hood (or chaperon) and surcoat being changed from white to scarlet in the thirteenth year, and then shortly afterwards again being coloured white. When the order was first founded we learn they both were blue, and at various after intervals we find them spoken of as purple, black, again blue, violet and white; indeed, the colour of their robes was so continually changing that the Garter Knights were chaffingly addressed as Knights Chameleon, instead of Knights Companion. Not less singular—or rather plural—were the numbers of garters which were broidered on their vestments; the allowance in this reign being no less than a hundred and twenty for a Duke, and gradually decreasing down to a Knight Bachelor, who was permitted to wear sixty on his hood and surcoat, or as we perhaps might now say, hat and overcoat. No restriction was placed upon the robes of royalty; and on HENRY'S hood and surcoat the number that were broidered was a hundred and seventy-three. It seems rather odd to us that he selected this odd number, but we learn from ASHMOLE that the fact was even so. We should certainly have fancied that a hundred broidered garters was quite enough for any single man to wear; and although the King was married, we think he might have done without the extra seventy-three.

YOUNG GENTS. TEMP. HENRY THE SIXTH. FROM VARIOUS MSS. OF THE PERIOD.

Lawyers and Lord Mayors and other men in offices were gorgeously arrayed in gowns made rather long and full, sometimes parti-coloured, trimmed and lined with fur, and girdled round the waist. To keep their learned heads warm, they wore hoods with a long tippet, or streamer, hanging from them, whereby they were sometimes slung over the shoulder. We read in an old chronicle, which is too badly spelt to quote, that in the year 1432, when HENRY came to England after being crowned the reigning King of France (how his reigning there was stopped and how he had to mizzle, the recollection of the reader will not need us to relate) the Lord Mayor of London rode to meet him at Eltham, being arrayed in crimson velvet, and a great furred velvet hat, wearing about his middle a splendid girdle of gold, and having a golden baldrick fastened round his neck, and trailing down his back. His three henchmen, or pages, we are told, "were in one suit of red, spangled with silver;" while to add to the effect, the aldermen wore scarlet gowns with purple hoods, and all the city commonalty white gowns and scarlet hoods, with divers cognisances embroidered on their sleeves.

We think if LORD MAYOR CUBITT, instead of having ballet girls and men in brass from Astley's to dance and prance before him in procession to Guildhall, were simply to array himself in crimson and in gold, and, to crown all, were to clap on a great furred velvet hat, and were then to caper, with his aldermen and henchmen, through the usual Guy Day route, he certainly would make an exhibition of himself that would be vastly more attractive than any Lord Mayor's Show which it has ever been our fortune, or our misery, to witness. By what means he could possibly prevail on his three henchmen to appear like their old ancestors in only "one red suit" between them, is a matter we confess we are unable to determine, but which possibly a spirit-rapper, or some other conjurer, might help him to decide.

A Musical Key Wanted.

THE *Athenæum* and the *Musical World* are always alluding to "The Musical Pitch." We don't know what this may be, but should say it was the very thing for a grand incantation scene, like that in *Der Freischütz*. Perhaps DIBDIN composed all his celebrated Tar songs with this same musical pitch? or is it a kind of wash that the Ethiopian Serenaders are in the habit of using to black their faces with? Of course it is never used for light music?

A WELL-SEASONED ARMY.

It was with the greatest difficulty that HANNIBAL transported his army over the Alps by means of vinegar—but you will see that LOUIS NAPOLEON will carry his troops over with the greatest ease the moment he gets them mustered.

MARRIED TO MUSIC.

AN unusually comic "Marriage in High Life," on Saturday last week, took place, according to the *Morning Post*, at another Temple of Hymen than St. George's, Hanover Square. The superior classes are now out of Town, and nothing is going on at the crack matrimonial temple there but ordinary divine service. Edinburgh, not London, comprised the site of the sacred edifice wherein these nuptial rites were celebrated. The exalted couple were an Honourable of the harder sex, and an Earl's daughter of the softer. The report of these aristocratic hymenæals states that the bride "was conducted to the altar by her guardian," a Duke, and that—

"As the bride advanced to the altar, the organ played HANDEL'S anthem, '*Exceeding glad.*'"

The bride ought to have been much obliged to the organ. Of course the anthem it played was performed chiefly with a devotional view, and not for a purpose analogous to that of a polka. Still, in advancing to an altar to be married before it, a young lady wants some support rather stronger than a smelling-bottle and the arm of her guardian. Common brides cry on these occasions, and sometimes faint. Nothing can be better calculated to fortify the heart and sustain the spirits of anybody in the immediate prospect of marriage than one of old HANDEL'S anthems—let it be even a funeral one; they are all so jolly. Perhaps, however, "*Happy We*," from *Acis and Galatea*, would have been even more seasonable and suitable than "*Exceeding glad.*" Oh! say not that it would have been inappropriate to the sanctity of the edifice and the solemnity of the occasion. For read on, and you will arrive at the statement following:—

"The marriage ceremony was then performed by the Very Rev. E. B. RAMSAY, Dean of Edinburgh; and as the marriage party left the chapel, MENDELSSOHN'S "*Wedding March*" was played on the organ."

St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh, is indeed a Temple of Hymen. MENDELSSOHN'S "*Wedding March*" is a movement in the secular direction considerably a-head, we suppose, of anything in the way of musical accompaniment to matrimony yet ventured on at St. George's, Hanover Square. What would the Bishop say if he heard that a marriage party had been played out of a London church with that jubilant composition—the gem of the music in the *Midsummer Night's Dream?* Perhaps, that no tune in the world could have been more opportune; only in the next similar case he would rather have it played just outside the church door by a German band, or, with due respect to the high order of the music and rank of the happy pair, by the orchestra of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre.

Should, however, the BISHOP OF LONDON not object to illustration of the marriage service by dramatic music, the example set at St. John's, Edinburgh, may be improved on at St. George's, Hanover Square. If the bridesmaids do not advance to the altar, they may at all events retire from it to the celebrated chorus and waltz assigned to their representatives in CARL MARIA VON WEBER'S immortal opera. MOZART, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, might also be laid under contribution to supply harmonious embellishments for marriage in high life. Then ROSSINI and the rest of the Italian school could be unlimitedly drawn upon. MEYERBEER could furnish selections from *Robert le Diable*; and there is no reason why *Satanella* should not be applied to the same purpose, except that *Satanella* is an English opera. Could not the whole matrimonial service be sung as well as said, responses and all; a musical clerk officiating for a bridegroom without ear?

But the worst of all this will be that the lower orders, aping their betters, and at the same time actuated by their own inferior tastes, will also want to get married to music. Is there not a song called "*Come let us all haste to the Wedding?*" This is the kind of thing you would have at St. Giles's if at St. George's you permitted "*Giovinetti che fate.*" Then one thing would lead to another, and you would have couples in the costermongery line advancing to the altar whilst the organ played "*Drops of Brandy*," and dancing out of church to the "*Devil among the Tailors.*"

St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh, is of course an episcopal chapel, and it is to be feared that the matrimonial music performed there on the auspicious occasion of a recent "Marriage in High Life," will not, if it should come to the ears of the Scottish public, induce the national mind of Scotland to renounce its definition of a church organ as a "kist fu o' whistles."

Consolation for a Royal Culprit.

IT has been rumoured that MONS. VICTOR HUGO is in Naples. It might be an act of charity if the illustrious French author were to send the King, who is kept a close prisoner at Gaëta, a copy of his well-known work, "*Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné.*"

SMALL CON FOR A SMALL TEA-PARTY.

Q. WHY is West India sugar unlike French sugar?

A. Because it can't be *beet*.

NOTHING LIKE MOUNTAIN AIR.

Tourist (who has been refreshing himself with the Toddy of the Country.) "I SHAY, OLE FLER! HIGHLANDS SEEM TO 'GREE WITH YOU WONERFLY—ANNOMISHTAKE. WHY, YOU LOOK DOUBLE THE MAN ALREADY!"

PAPAL CREDIBILITY.

THE opening sentence of the Allocution lately pronounced by the POPE contains one word which is very remarkable. His Holiness thus commences:—

"Venerable Brethren,—It is with incredible pain and profound sorrow that we are forced to deplore and condemn new attacks, unheard of till these days, committed by the Piedmontese Government against us, the Holy See and the Catholic Church."

Incredible is the epithet of all possible adjectives which the Pontiff chooses to apply to the emotions which he declares himself to feel. Does he, then, indeed not care, and suppose that nobody can believe that he really cares, a *baiocco* about being relieved of his temporal power? If so, why does the Holy Father persist in making assertions which he knows can deceive nobody? Popes will be Popes; but even a Pope might be content with the assertion of that which is untrue. It is, as the common people say, cutting it rather too fat to affirm a thing with the distinct avowal that it is incredible. But no. In the present instance there can be no doubt that the POPE means what he says. There is every reason to suppose that he does really feel very acute pain and exceedingly deep sorrow at the prospect of losing his temporal authority. His Holiness may assure himself that the world will readily believe that all the suffering which he professes to endure on that account is genuine and unaffected. He does himself injustice in describing the pain with which his paternal heart is affected at the idea of resigning his earthly kingdom as incredible.

Historical Parallels.

CHARLES THE TENTH, when he was bundled out of Paris, amused himself by shooting sparrows along the road. FRANCIS THE SECOND, being summarily kicked out of Naples, has been amusing himself at Gaëta by firing off protests and protocols. Both sports are equally harmless, and we don't know which fall more dead, or which are more worthless—the sparrows or the protocols?

TRUE IN THE END.

HOMŒOPATHS make this boast—that the Allopaths dispense medicine, and they dispense with it. This may be partially true, owing to their losing their patients so very quickly.

BEDCANDLE PHILOSOPHY.

AMONG other household comforts, we see advertised some bedcandles which are made "to burn half an hour only," and which require "no snuffing" and emit "no sparks." It is obvious, we think, to any ordinary intellect, that these candles are expressly constructed for young ladies, and in especial for young ladies of a sentimental turn, who nightly take a long time in "doing" their back-hair, and in heaving up a sigh or two while thinking of the locks which they—how willingly!—could spare for ARTHUR or AUGUSTUS, if ARTHUR or AUGUSTUS would but breathe a wish to have them. Instead of getting into bed at once and going off to sleep, there are many girls who thus stupidly dawdle at their dressing-table, and spend half the night or more in silly suspirations in the lieu of useful sleep. To check this senseless habit, these half-hour-lasting bedcandles appear to be well fitted, and no mother of a family of sentimental daughters ought to be without them.

Another of their benefits is, that they are likewise eminently fitted to put a stop to the dangerous and deleterious practice, so common with young ladies, of reading trash in bed. The stuff and nonsense which is annually emitted to the world through the economic medium of the circulating libraries, we rather think is largely read between the sheets, and keeps awake unhealthily the feeble minds whom it excites. Girls who come down in the morning with dim eyes and pallid cheeks, may safely be accused of being addicted to this practice; and to cure them, we should recommend these half-hour-lasting candles, with one of which they should be furnished every other night. In early life late hours are extremely detrimental; and, being past that age ourselves, we do not hesitate to say that children of eighteen or so, both masculine and feminine, ought nightly to be sent to bed much sooner than they are. Nothing (except, perhaps, a bad night and a headache) can be gained by sitting up to sigh about one's lovers, or by lying down to read the life of *Laura the Lone One*, or drop a tear upon the death of the *Doomed Dove of the Dell!* If a bad night and a headache were the only ill effects, one would not care so much perhaps to check these baneful practices. But late hours, as we have said, occasion pallid cheeks: and as wife-requiring bachelors look out generally for rosy ones, the habits we complain of may tend to make young ladies hang upon their fathers' hands; and therefore, for their parents' welfare and their own, these half-hour burning bed-candles should be rigidly served out to them.

THE NEXT DANCE.

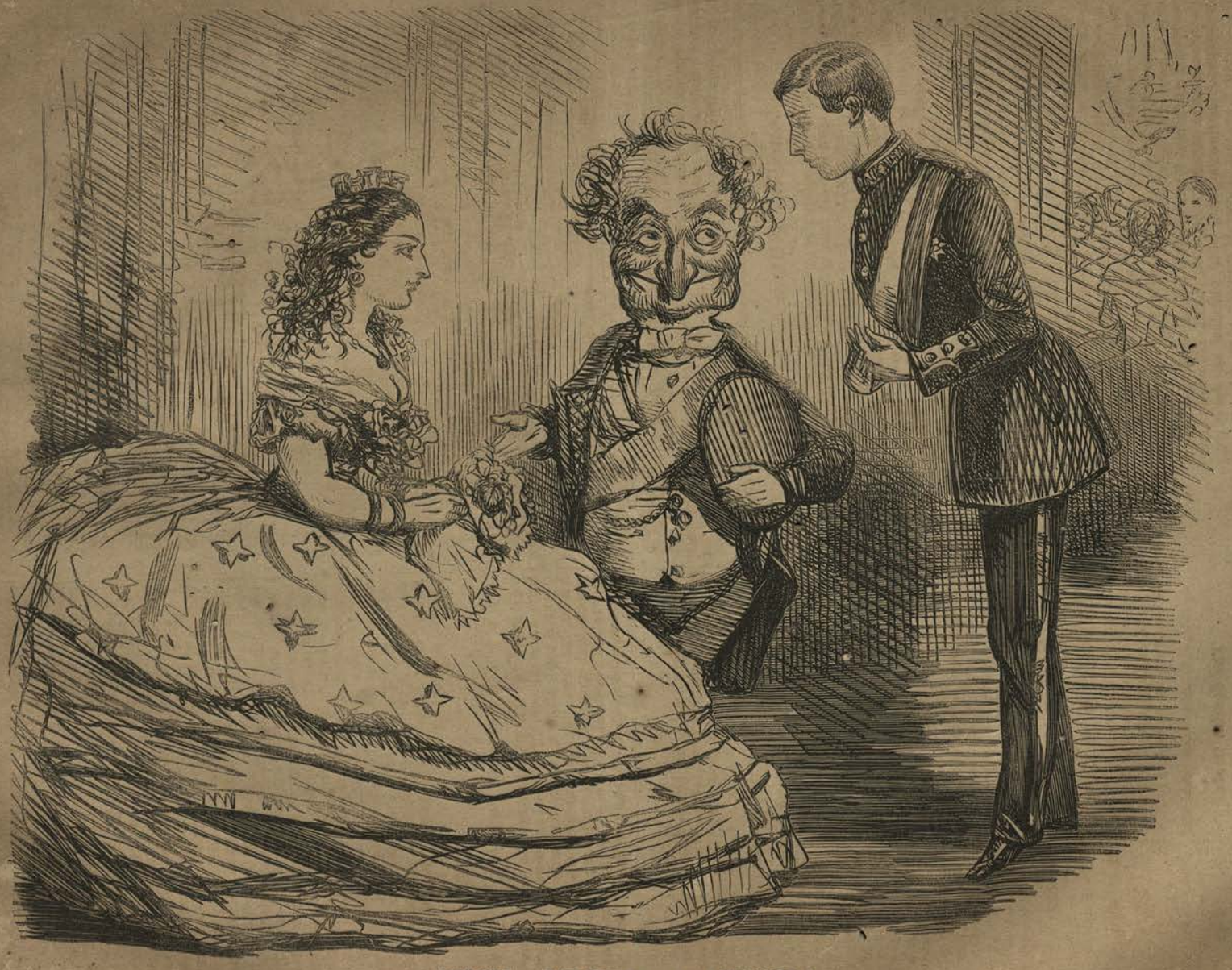
YES, dance with him, Lady, and bright as they are,
Believe us he's worthy those sunshiny smiles,
Wave o'er him the flag of the Stripe and the Star,
And gladden the heart of the Queen of the Isles.

We thank you for all that has welcomed him—most
For the sign of true love that you bear the Old Land:
Proud Heiress of all that his ancestor lost,
You restore it, in giving that warm, loving hand.

And we'll claim, too, the omen. Fate's looking askance,
And Fate, only, knows the next tune she will play,
But if JOHN and his Cousin join hands for the Dance—
Bad luck to the parties who get in their way.

The Scarlet Scold.

"UNJUST, cruel, impious, detestable, hypocritical, impudent, sacrilegious, insolent, atrocious," are specimens of the epithets applied to VICTOR EMMANUEL, his Government, and his acts, in the Papal Allocution; which is full of abusive language. His Holiness the POPE calls himself the successor of the Fisherman. His language, however, smacks less of the Fisherman than of the Fishwife.



THE NEXT DANCE!

Lord Punch. "NOW, MY BOY! THERE'S YOUR PRETTY COUSIN COLUMBIA—YOU DON'T GET SUCH A PARTNER AS THAT EVERY DAY!"

LADY LAW-REFORMERS.

UNCTUAL to within two hours of the appointed time, a numerous and intelligent meeting of British Females assembled on Wednesday last at the Hand and Flower Hotel, Ladysmede, for the purpose of considering whether any and what steps should be taken by the British Female in consequence of the admission, made at the late Social Science Congress at Glasgow and "loudly applauded," that

"LADIES ARE THE BEST LAW-REFORMERS."

The HON. MRS. BLAND was voted into the Chair; and after an interesting discussion of about an hour upon the beautiful wedding presents made to LADY EMMA TALBOT, the elegance of the left-hand figure in the last plate in *Le Follet*, the wretched weather which has nipped the autumn flirtations so sadly, and the extreme stupidity of most of the new novels, it was proposed that the Meeting should proceed to business.

The Chairwoman said that she wished somebody else had been put into the Chair, for she had not the slightest idea of what was wanted of her, and she had really only come in to please her friend MRS. DE CRAPAUD, who had insisted on bringing her.

Amid cries of "O my *dear*," "You really must," "Her rank, you know," &c., MRS. BLAND was induced to retain her seat.

Mrs. Bland. Well, my dear creatures, it's sadly unbusinesslike to choose the very worst President you could find; but just as you please. Now, MRS. NANGLES, will you kindly state what we are here for. *Fido*, darling dog, do lie down.

Mrs. Nangles. At last justice is done us, so far as mere words go. At last, Women, Man, from his hall of council, has been compelled to proclaim our superiority. Hitherto, as every married lady present can testify, we have only had to open our lips upon any political, legal, or social topic of the day, to be apprised that we could not understand it, that we did not know its various bearings, and that we had better confine ourselves to our own proper spheres. Do you not *hate* the words Proper Spheres, Ladies? (*Vehement applause.*) But I am happy to say that we are not likely to be again exposed to such tyrannical impertinence. A speaker at the Glasgow Congress declared, and the brutes —men, I mean—around him gave in their long withheld adhesion to the sentiment, that Law cannot be reformed unless We "take it in hand," and that "Ladies are the Best Law-Reformers." (*Applause.*) Any admission being made, I need only ask you whether it would be womanly not to take the fullest advantage of it? (*Laughter and applause.*) I am answered; and I therefore propose that a Society be formed, to be called the Ladies' Law-Reform Association, and that we proceed to "take in hand" the question of the Reforms which we shall demand of the authorities. This Meeting, of course, is only preliminary. We have a wide field before us, and I hope that we shall not imitate the timid, niggling, bit-by-bit policy of men, but do the thing all at once and thoroughly, as you would make your servant clean out a room.

Mrs. Brompton. I hope a law will be passed directly to make cabmen more honest and civil. I and my sister came on Thursday from Apsley House to the Opera in the Haymarket, and the man wanted eighteenpence.

Mrs. Bowbell. Is the new opera a nice one—*Robin Hood*, I mean?

Mrs. Brompton. O delightful——that is, for English music. You know no Englishman can write any music like VERDI'S. (*General assent.*) However, it was a great success.

Mrs. Bowbell. Whose music is it?

Mrs. Brompton. Upon my word I didn't look, but I know somebody said it was an English opera.

Mrs. Bland. It is by MR. MACFARREN, an intensely clever man, my dears, and a musician worth a dozen of VERDI. And I assure you that it is not the thing, now, to pretend to know nothing about English people. Excuse the hint.

Mrs. De Crapaud (*in extacies*). O, MRS. BLAND, my *dear!* Any hint from you, I'm *sure!*

Mrs. Sallowby. There ought to be a law that when any of those dreadful cases occur, like—(*Cries of Yes, yes*)—you know, and the ridiculous policemen cannot find out who did it, everybody who is near the place shall be cast into prison and kept on bread and water till they confess. (*Great applause.*)

Mrs. Tufton. I really think that the present state of the law about debts is very wrong. The other day a case occurred under my own knowledge. CAPTAIN SWOSHINGHAM, some of you have seen him at my house—well, I don't say that he is the wisest creature in the world, but he is excessively handsome—he had an action brought against him by a perfumer. Soldier-like, he tossed the papers in the fire, and did not condescend to take the least notice of the matter.

Miss Gusher (*enthusiastically*). Brave creature! I *like* that.

Mrs. Tufton. The wretched perfumer went on, my dears, with the aid of his horrible attorney, and one day CAPTAIN SWOSHINGHAM, while he was dressing himself, was actually dragged off to prison at the instance of that contemptible perfumer.

Mrs. Bowcker. But he had had the perfumes, I suppose?

Mrs. Tufton. Of course he had, and used them, or had given them away, for he is the most generous creature breathing. There ought to be a law to prevent such disgusting impertinence in tradesmen.

Miss St. Clair. I only wish I was the Judge, or Chancellor, or whatever you call it, and a paltry ugly mean-looking tradesman came before me to annoy an officer and a gentleman.

Several voices. Ah!

Mrs. Meekham. I think there ought to be a law for preventing the lower classes from smoking their pipes in the streets. Really the whiffs of tobacco one gets in walking are perfectly dreadful. I would make it transportation for any common person to smoke anywhere except in one of his own apartments.

Mrs. Tufton. I don't think that gentlemen would support the putting down smoking in the streets. Officers are very fond of Weeds, as they wittily call them, and—

Mrs. Meekham. My dear, I did not mean that for an instant. I mean bricklayers, clerks in public offices, and that sort. Indeed, it would be better (*thoughtfully*) in a philanthropic point of view, if such persons were forbidden to smoke, because they could put the tobacco-money into the savings banks for their families. (*Applause.*)

Mrs. Spoonbury. Well, now, there's another thing. The beggars, what a nuisance they are, and yet one don't like to be harsh with them, poor things, especially when they have children (*applause*), but it is quite wrong that they should torment you in the street, and keep the poor little things out in the cold. I think we ought to have some sort of law about that.

Mrs. Frackleton. I think that any lady who sees a beggar, should give her a card, and this should be shown to a policeman, who should immediately be obliged to see to the poor creature's being clothed and fed, and sent home with a little money in her pocket.

Mrs. Spoonbury. And the expense?

Mrs. Frackleton. Of course I have thought of that. It is a great shame that such large salaries should be given to lawyers, and bishops, and those kind of people, while the poor starve. So I would cut down all those salaries, and use the money for the relief of the poor.

Mrs. Bland. My dear soul, I have not a word to say for the lawyers, but perhaps as I accidentally happen to be a little more among the bishops than some of you, I may assure you that the high payment is perfectly essential. There are a thousand reasons why it is absolutely necessary. I have had it explained to me fifty times, and—you must omit the bishops from your plan.

Mrs. De Crapaud. Oh, my dear MRS. BLAND! Why, you know everything.

Mrs. Tufton. Why, it stands to reason that a bishop's business is with the religion of the aristocracy, and what respect can a Duke or Earl have for a two-penny curate?

Mrs. St. Rubric. I must be allowed to say that I do not think you quite understand that subject. The two-penny curate, as you are pleased to call him, is as much part of the Church——

Mrs. Bland (*laughing apologetically*). May I say Order, Order? I think we had better confine ourselves to Law Reform. I'm afraid that if we get into ecclesiastical matters we shall find differences among us.

Mrs. Tufton. I don't want to say anything. I was only supporting your view of the matter, and remarking that you can't expect noblemen and that kind of personages to be instructed by scrubby curates.

Mrs. St. Rubric. I won't have curates called scrubby.

Mrs. Tufton. I beg your pardon—you *won't?*

Mrs. St. Rubric. I won't. I suppose curates, who are educated gentlemen, and have been to College, are as good as stupid officers with their mouths full of smoke and slang.

Mrs. Tufton. An officer is——

Mrs. Bland (*interfering*). Is my brother, and another of my brothers is a curate, so I may be allowed to speak for both of them, and assure you that they are both very good creatures in their way, but we did not meet to discuss their merits.

Mrs. De Crapaud. O, my dear MRS. BLAND! How clever you are. What tact!

Mrs. Raleigh-Buster. Now, ladies, women, wives, mothers—let us talk of something of more consequence than theology. About the

Clubs—are we to legislate for them? (*Sensation.*) Because the Club question is, after all, the question of the day, for us. To the Clubs we owe it that we can't get our dinners approved, our daughters married, our tyrants home till any o'clock you like in the morning. (*Mingled sensation and applause.*) Are we to act? (*Cries of Yes, yes; and No, no.*)

Mrs. Bland. Forgive me. A moment. We were to meet for the purposes of Law Reform. Are we not straying from our business? What have the Clubs to do with Law Reform?

Mrs. Whilkyns. O, I think we can get at 'em. There are Laws against Conspiracies. What is a Club but a gang of Conspirators, and if the laws do not touch them, it is for us to amend the laws till they do. (*General applause.*)

Mrs. Bland. Very well put. You will do no good, but there is no harm in trying. Let us hear what is proposed.

Mrs. Raleigh-Buster. In the first place, it ought to be law that no married man shall belong to a club at all, except——

Mrs. Bland. Stay! Why, bless me. We have utterly forgotten to appoint a Secretary. We have no notes of what we have been doing. Eh! (*laughing*) we are pretty creatures.

Mr. Punch (*suddenly appearing*). Very pretty creatures—some of you. My dear Ladies, I have been your Volunteer Secretary, and if you will do me the honour of appointing me to the office——

All the Ladies. Oh, you darling!

[*They rush upon him, and the Meeting closes with a demonstration too delightful for description, besides that it was strictly confidential.*

PERT YOUNG PASSENGER (*to portly Farmer*). "*Now, I imagine you consume a precious lot of that—What's-his-Name's—Wodenley's Food for Cattle! That is—Ha! ha!—of course—don't misunderstand me—He! he!—I mean your Cows and Horses and things—Ha! ha!* [*Agriculturist grunts, and does not appear to see the joke.*

A SCOTCH SOFTHORN.

"MR. PUNCH,

"THERE's few fellers I spose has come across moor jokes in their time than you have in yourn. There bain't no better judge of a joke, I take it, than you be. Now just you look here and then zay, if you ever in the whole coorse o' your life heerd, or sid, ah, or cracked your own zelf, a better joke than the one I now doos myself the favour o' zendun on 'ee. I cut un out o' the *Times*. A comes arter an acknowledgement by the Cmishanurs of Inland Reveny of the resate of uppards o' zixty pound, as one 'CAPTAIN M. R. N.,' a chap wi moor money than wit simmunly, was Simon enough to zend um 'on account o' conscience-money, for Income-Tax not duly assessed.' Well, that there bain't no bad joke, to goo no vurder; only he's an old un, though not quite as old as the hills, cause the incum-tax warn't stablished 'till arter they, howsumdever there don't zeem no fear but what 'tis like to last as long as they ool. We be customed to the freak o' zendun Guvment conshuice money for taxes as had bin shirked or not looked arter, so as to ha got tired o' larfun at that; but here's zummat fresh in the way of a conshienshus vagary:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER also acknowledges the receipt of £12 5*s.* 6*d.*, on account of violations of the Game Laws, from 'SCOTUS.'"

"SCOTUS, I zed when I read out this here whilst we was partakun o' revreshment, zum on us, at the Dollfun, SCOTUS, who's SCOTUS? SCOTUS a Scot, says young MILES, who's a bit of a scollard. Scot, I says, why sure there ain't nobody at Sutton-Scotney sitch a ninny-hammer as to fine his self for breakun the game laws? No, no, he says; Scot, I means Scotchman. What, I says, Scotus a Scotchman? A Scotchman zend the CHANCELLER O' THE SCHEQUER twelve pound odd for any martal razon, but cause he was forced to, and on count o' wiolaishuns o' the geam laws of all things! A Scotchman do 't? Don't tell me no zitch thing, I says. Scotchmen? Why han't they got the name all the world over o' beun the knowunest vellers under the zun. What is it they calls um—canny ain't ut—canny Scotchmen? 'S't thee think to meak me blieve as how a canny Scotchman ood let GLADSTONE or anybody else screw one bawbee out on un beyond what he couldn't help? And that in the sheap of fines for brakidge of geam laws? Tache thy granmuther to zuck eggs!

"Naw, *Mr. Punch*, I can't and I wun't belave that that are SCOTUS is a Scotchman. An Irishman moor likely by half, callun his self SCOTUS by way of a bull. Thought praps SCOTUS was Lattun for PADDY. Zum o' them Irish papishes is capabul of any act o' foolishness. But the Scotch be too fur Nawth a preshus dale to gie in to them sart o' qualms and quandaries o' conshunce. I knows we be in these here parts, for all we be all down zo fur hereaway Zouth and Zouth West. They calls us Bumpkuns and Clodhoppers and Johnny Raws, but there ain't nare a Johnny on us as is raw enough to pay any sart or kind o' rates and taxes whatsumdever until sitch time as he's dewly zumman'd and call'd upon zo to do, if then. Loramassy! Ony fancy one o' we chaps knockun over a pheasant or wirun a hare, and then sendun up the CHANCELLOR O' THE SCHEQUER the zum he'd a bin vined if a'd a ben caught out. He'd need zign his name SCOTUS or X. Y. Z, or A. S. S., which last ood be the most zootable to un. If 'twas only know'd here who he was he'd never hear the last on 't. The whole villidge ood be arter un whensoever he stirred out, whoopun and cryun 'Silly BILLY!' He'd have the ploughboys holleruk at un in the fields 'Hare!' and 'Pheasant!' and 'Who fined his own self for poachun?'

"Everybody I tells hereabouts this here act o' SCOTUS bustes out larfun ready to split their zides. I've got a jackass in my eye, thinkun of buyun of un, and if I do I manes to call un SCOTUS. For my own part, wi your permishun and as I've a ben instructed to afore, I'll zign my own name,

"Your obadient umble Sarvunt,

"RUSTICUS."

"P.S. I was to ax you whether 'taint your opinion that SCOTUS was praps a fatum or misprint for STULTUS.

"*Troughbridge, October*, 1860."

CHARITY IN SPORT AND EARNEST.

MR. JOSEPH BOND has proposed to the Jockey Club, that a sum of ten per cent. upon the Derby and Oaks Stakes at Epsom should be annually divided among six of the London Hospitals; promising that, if his proposal is adopted next Spring, he will then meet the donation with an equivalent out of his own pocket. The legislature of the Turf should act on MR. BOND's suggestion. The 'ossy character ascribed to the stable mind would get considerably elevated in public opinion through association with institutions which in stable-talk are commonly called 'ospitals. Moreover, those hospitals which are at present dependent on voluntary support would thus acquire, in a measure, the nature of stable institutions.

KISSING BY PROXY.

"*Verbena Villa, Tuesday.*

O my dear Punch,

"Dear Old Pet,—I dare say you remember that I wrote to you the other day to say how *glad* I was to find that our dear *darling* Prince of Wales was getting on so charmingly with our cousins in America — though why they're called our *cousins*, when we talk of '*Brother* Jonathan,' and they talk of '*Uncle* Bull,' I'm sure I really cannot for the life of me determine. But while I said how *pleased* I was to find how well the Prince got on and how *proud* we all should be of him, you know I had to add a word of *sad regret* that the girls he had to dance with were such *clumsy partners*, for the papers, you know, told us what great awkward things they were; and how they *wobbled* in their waltzing; and how the Prince had to turn dancing-master, and teach them how to hold themselves; and how, to show how *bored* he was, he *never once* danced *twice* with any single one of them! *

"Well, from an extract I've been reading in the *Illustrated News*, it seems at last the bad behaviour of the girls has been enough to sour the sweet temper of the Prince; and I *must* say I'm not surprised, and I don't feel *very* sorry for it. The way they trod upon his toes, no doubt, was painful in the extreme, and I'm sure an *angel* (only angels have no corns) could not have borne it better. But patience has its limits, and at last the Prince, poor fellow! was so *terribly* imposed upon that he took on the offenders a most *terrible revenge*. This is what I read this morning to Papa, who now that Parliament is up will listen to the letters of 'our own Correspondents,' and any other tittle-tattle that I happen to pick out for him:—

"At Guelph the Prince was sung to by twenty-nine young ladies, whom he rewarded by proxy, kissing the daughter of the Mayor for them all."

"There now, wasn't that a terrible revenge to take! Only just conceive how *shamefully* the girls must have behaved, for the Prince so to '*reward*' them, as *in irony* we're told he did. The writer does not tell us what was their offence, whether they sang badly, or giggled, or threw *sheepseyes* at his Royal Highness. But whatever their fault was, they were most severely punished for it. Just conceive the *degradation* of being kissed *by proxy!* as if one wasn't pretty enough to be *personally* kissed! I declare if I'd been one of the unhappy *twenty-eight*, I don't think I could possibly have long survived the shame of it.

"Of course it must be charming to be kissed by *royal lips*, and I *must* own that I envy much the daughter of the Mayor of Guelph, who will delight to tell her grandchildren the honour that was done her. Of course she will be viewed now as no ordinary match, and may hold her hand up for the *very highest* bidders. A girl whose cheeks have been saluted by a *Prince*, may expect to get a *lord* if not a *marquis* for her husband. To be sure, they haven't lords and marquises in Canada, and Miss Mayor may wait a long while *there* before she catches one. Still it must be a great pleasure to her to think how she was kissed in the presence of the Court, and was *singled out* from such a number of competitors. Oh, how I *do* wish I'd been she, and had that *odious* Julia Wriggleton to stand where she could see me! She's got re— no, *auburn* hair, and watery sky-blue eyes, and such big feet and freckles, that I'm quite sure and certain she'd have been one of the *eight-and-twenty*. I *can't think* how cousin Charley *can* see any beauty in her; but I'm persuaded that the *Prince* would be *much* too good a judge to do so.

"It was too bad, I declare, that his Lordship—or should I say his Grace?—the Duke of Newcastle allowed his Royal Highness to make eight-and-twenty enemies, at a place too which is clearly named after his own family. But still I *must* repeat, I *do* so wish I'd been Miss Mayor (or whatever else her name may be) and had had Miss Julia to stand and *see me do it!*

"Ever, *Mr. Punch*, your most attentive reader,

"Georgiana Gushington."

"P.S. I'm told that in Court circles they sometimes court by proxy. For the Prince of Wales's sake I hope it isn't true. But if it is, one feels more *reconciled* to being born a *common person*."

* This, Miss, was matter of Court etiquette, not liking. And the papers did *not* say the girls were "wobbling waltzers." It is your jealousy, young lady, which invents such cruel phrases.—*Punch.*

To People about to Insure their Houses.—Don't—until the offices manifest less Assurance.

THE END OF THE SEA-SIDE SEASON.

Our Ramsgate Correspondent writes to us as follows:—"If the ghost of Goldsmith were to rise up at this time, with the wish to add a line or two to his *Deserted Village*, he could not well do better than take the train to Ramsgate, and muse in 'mournful numbers' on its melancholy aspect. Everything and everybody soon would clearly enough show him that the season is all over. Even the poet Thomson, who wrote four books about the *Seasons*, could hardly find materials to write two lines now about this. The few visitors who linger sadly on the pier flit noiselessly as though they were the ghosts of the departed, and pass with downcast looks as though ashamed of being seen there. They move about with all the air of melancholy maniacs, and if they stay much longer they will run the risk of being carried off to private madhouses, and clapped into strait waistcoats. The steamboats come in daily with nobody on board except the crew and captain. The shilling-an-hour boatmen have laid up their crafts in winter quarters, and have rigged their better halves in bran new gowns and bonnets. The bathing machines are all drawn up so high and dry that it seems to be a problem if they ever will be wet again. Not a donkey brays defiance on the beach: not a bath-chair now is visible, even with a telescope. Not a wooden spade or sand-heap is there by the sad sea waves; not an organ, or a bagpipe, or a German band is audible. All the minstrels with blacked faces have taken themselves 'off to Charlestown,' or some other locality; and the Tyrolean Tenor who sings so sentimentally and sweetly out of tune, with one eye closed in strong emotion and the other looking out for coppers, has left us with his wife and small harmonium-playing son, and is probably now singing to some *al fresco* inland audience. More saddening fact still—the vocal vender of crisp hardbake, delicate drops, and tempting toffy, has at one fell swoop deprived us of his sweet songs and his sweet stuffs, and has left us lollipopless to lament his absence.

"Paragon is a wilderness; grass is growing in High Street, and May, if there were sunshine, might be made on half the pavements. The shopkeepers have mostly put their chains and shutters up, and are now engaged in counting over their unholy gains and in sending conscience money to the Income-Tax Collector. The lodging-letters have emerged from their coalcellars and dustbins, or whatever other holes be in the summer-time their sleeping places. It is believed that they would occupy the bed-rooms which in summertime fetch five guineas a night, but that they are haunted with the ghosts of recent victims, who came, saw, and were fleeced, and fleabitten into the bargain. The flys have flown away, or else are hibernating in back slums; the riding horses have returned to their normal occupations, and are now drawing bakers' carts, or working in a circus. The hotel-keepers have vanished to visit their estates, or confer with Baron Rothschild about buying up the Bank, as a safe way of employing some of their spare millions. In short, so dull is Ramsgate, that the brigand's occupation is, like *Othello's*, gone. A cat or two are now the only beasts of prey left preyable. Even the fleas, it is affirmed, have this week hopped the twig. Their flight has been described as the *Retreat of the Ten Thousand.*"

LATEST FROM ITALY.

Why is Garibaldi like the Chevalier Bayard and a cat in a bad humour?

Because he is *sans purr*.

NOT VERY UNLIKE IT EITHER.

"What on earth are you doing there, Plantagenet?"——*"Why, you see, De Courcy, I've had so little practice, on account of the scarcity of Birds this Season, that I'm just getting my hand in for the Battues."*

NOVELTY FOR NEWSPAPERS.

In the "Births, Marriages, and Deaths" published in the papers, why is it that the ages of the several persons named are specified under the latter head alone? The Births, of course, speak for themselves in this respect, but the Marriages by no means do; for we know that an age long past the years of discretion is no necessary cause or impediment why some persons should not join themselves together in holy matrimony. The ages of deceased parties signify, for the most part, nothing to anybody but their friends and relations, whereas the time of life at which people marry is to other people in general a matter of interest or amusement; of interest when the couple are both young: of amusement when they are both old or one of them considerably older than the other. In the case of the aristocracy our contemporaries could get the requisite information out of the Peerage; and if the journals, in announcing a Marriage in High Life, always regularly published the time of that life arrived at by the bride and bridegroom, the majority of newly-wedded pairs, in sending their names for insertion, would take very good care to mention how old they were.

THE TIDE OF FASHION.

The Ornamental Water, which has been absent now for several weeks, has returned to its Metropolitan residence in the enclosure in St. James's Park. This is one of the first proofs that town is gradually filling. We need not say that the Water is looking all the better for its change. Not only is it much clearer in its complexion, but it seems also to have increased in volume almost as much as it has gained in beauty, and looks much healthier altogether. It has been visited every day by hundreds of nursery-maids and soldiers, who seem most delighted to see it back again. We need not state that the Ornamental Water is waited upon by its usual retinue of ducks and other aquatic birds, who are looking remarkably well just at present in their handsome winter liveries, particularly the swans, who are presenting, so to speak, the very cleanest bills of health.

MANUFACTORY AND MYSTERY.

We are really very ignorant. Every time we take the *Times* up we see a something advertised which completely puzzles us. Here for instence is a statement which so bothered us at breakfast, that we ate our second egg without at all enjoying it:—

WANTED A PARTNER, of business habits, in a large *bonâ fide* Manufacturing concern. Address, &c.

Now, pray, what's a "*bonâ fide?*" What's its usual size? and how is it manufactured? We notice that this *bonâ fide* is expressly called a "large" one, and our second query therefore instinctively suggests itself. We are ourselves "of business habits," (only ask our Printer's boy, who never has to wait above an hour or two for "copy" from us), and we might be tempted to enter as a partner in this advertised "concern." But until we know the nature of what is manufactured in it, of course we should not dream of venturing to offer. Only think if "*bonâ fide*" should turn out after all to be a slang trade name for bone stuff which we should be "wanted" to manufacture into bread stuff!

"Know Thyself."

Moralists are always dinning this precept into our ears. We should hardly venture, however, to recommend it to the notice of Dr. Cullen; for supposing he succeeded, he would be forming a very low acquaintance.

"SAVOIR PARLER" AND "SAVOIR ÉCOUTER."

(BY OUR SNUBBED CONTRIBUTOR.)

Any fool can make a Woman talk, but it requires a very clever man to make her listen.

The Pope an Ultra Protestant.—"This" Pontiff "doth protest too much, methinks."

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CANDOUR.

"Well, my little man, what do you want?"
"Wot do I want?—Vy, Guv'ner, I thinks I wants Hevexything!"

COUSINS FOR KINGS AND QUEENS.

A LAW which Nature contravenes,
A rule of Rank and State,
Forbids our Princes, Kings, and Queens,
With British spouse to mate.
The safety of the Realm commands
Them Protestants to wed;
And therefore is their choice of hands
Extremely limited.

Their Cousins are our Royal race
Confined, almost, to woo,
Who, by the nature of the case,
Are German Cousins too.
Now German Cousins far removed
All very well may be,
But Cousins German oft have proved
Too near the parent tree.

Near cousins o'er the German tide,
What need remains to seek,
Now steamers cross the Atlantic wide,
Almost within a week?
Of Yankee Land the Beauty pales
All Continental Fair:
Might not a bride be found for WALES,
A distant Cousin, there?

Fine Art Gossip.

AN interesting relic of antiquity has been turned up at Rome by some workmen engaged in making excavations for the purpose of laying down gas-pipes in the Via Sacra. It is an almost unique specimen of comic classical sculpture, being a statuette of the celebrated historian CORNELIUS TACITUS, evidently a caricature. The figure represents TACITUS holding his tongue.

AUSTRIAN PAPER.

A REUTER'S Telegram declares it to have been asserted that Russia, Austria, and Prussia will issue circular notes to their diplomatic representatives on the results of the interview at Warsaw. We should like to know, who will cash any circular or other note that may be issued by Austria?

PERQUISITES AND PLUSH.

"MISTER PUNCH, DEAR AND ONERD SIR, "*Suvints All, 2sday.*

"SEEINK as how you've putty frekently inserted my poettic corntributions, which I'm tolled as how the *Laureat* is a getting sadly jellus and a lookink to his *lorrels* since your world-perwadink collums has introduced to public nottice the hoffsprings of my Mews, I make so bold, Sir, as to arst you for to let Me say a word or 2 in ornry werbal prose, about a matter as aint shooted for poettic treatment, but which is as i may say of almost Wital cornsekens to me and feller suvnts. Sir, its about a writer in one of the noosepapers wich I shant mention more than to say I *am* surprised that so respecktabel a paper should ave demeaned theirselves by iring of so wulgar a contributor, which I'm sure he aint *no gentleman* as could write in this here Way, and try, sir, to defraud pore suvnts of their puckwisits, which i calls it *Meen* in any hedditur to print sich stuff as this:—

"We own that on public grounds we are opposed to the system of giving gratuities to servants; and if we even entertained the question, we should protest against the unequal and inequitable manner in which they are administered. Take for instance among outdoor servants the stud groom, head gamekeeper-and-park-keeper, and huntsman. If a friend gives you a mount, the 'master of the horse' of the stable expects a sovereign for one with the foxhounds, and half for one with the harriers, and yet his only trouble is to give the order and alter the stirrups a hole or two, while the helper who has all the hard work to do receives not a farthing; it is nearly the same with the head keeper who employs an underling to clean your guns, and thinks you a very shabby fellow if you do not offer him 'golden opinions' to prove the contrary: the park-keeper too, if ordered to forward half a buck, not only helps himself to a portion of it as his usual perquisite, but anticipates a guinea for the trouble of killing the deer."

"Hits all very fine for im to talk in this ere way about his intimate acquaintance with parkkeepers and untsmen, and masters of the Osses who offer im a mount, leastways who condescend to let him ave one when their masters do, but My beleif is, *Mr. Punch*, as the party is a cockney, hand if the reel truth was known he've never been outside a Orse in all his life, excep peraps at Amstid, when I dessay twoz a Donkey as then he ired for a oss, and diddent know the diphrence! Hand as for stayink at Grand ouses and avink ½ a buck or so guv im for a presink, it's all my I and betty Marting, and i dont beleive as any 1 woold *sell* him ½ a buck, much less give it im free graters. Leestways, if so be they did (and its igstrawny, Sir, what Phools there are livink in the world!) i'll be bound *He* never guv away his Ginnies and his 'golding opinions,' cos Y, its precious doub'ful if E's got any to give!

"Has SHAIKSPER says—'thus Bad begins but Wuss remains behind!' Twouldent so much siggafy if he'd ony a complained About them outdoor suvnts which I must say as i thinks them keepers beave raskilly in selling of their Powder at a fipunnote a pund, and a charging arf a guinea for a aporth or so of caps, which I'm told as it's the only way to get a place in the Warm corners, hand if you brings your Hamminition the chances is your guns miss Phire, and so you C the keeper he makes a deel of money by it. But this ere writer he nex falls to a pitchink into Hus pore footmin, which I'm sure as we is most deservink Hobjects, and scarcely ever gets a apenny to bless ourselves, and as for working Ard—but jist you ear, Sir, what he says:—

"Nor are in-door servants less extravagant in their expectations, nor are the gratuities better dispensed. First and foremost the butler (whose wage amounts to more than the stipend of a hard-working Curate, or the pay of a subaltern in the Army, who risks his life in the pestilential climate of the West Indies, Africa, or China) is generally in active attendance on the departure of a guest, inwardly exclaiming with the doctor in the farce, 'There's no hand so dear to me as the one that holds the fee!' The groom of the chambers following the example of the *chef*, is equally on the alert for his 'buckshee;' the footman, who, if you have a servant with you, only shows you to your room, or, if you are without one, leaves the brushing and blacking of your clothes and boots to the 'odd man,' reckons on a

handsome 'tip,' according to the length of your stay; the housemaids are somehow or other always employed close to the visitor's door on the morning of departure, speculating upon a present that will procure them a new parasol, shawl, or Sunday bonnet; and occasionally M. BEAUVILLIERS BRIFFAUT, the Parisian *cordon bleu* of the kitchen, expects and receives a handsome douceur for the exquisite manner in which a *suprême de volaille* was dressed."

"There, Sir! I said he ain't *no Gentleman* as could write such stuff and nornsince and go a tryink to defraud us of our Legle arning, which its plane enuff i thinks as *He* don't keep no mansuvvnt, and so when he gits inwited out into the country why in coorse he finds it sometimes rather Ard to git is clothes brushed. 'Taint to be suppoged as a man can work for Nothink, and if *gentlemen* don't choose or raythe *carnt aford*—for that's about the size of it—to keep a mansuvvnt theirselves, Y in course they ort to fork out for avinck of their boots blacked. Hif they don't why they must wait, and sarve M right says I, and my b'lief is this ere partyman is one o' them air Hartishes who go a travellinck about and a stopping at great Onses which in coorse they ain't accustomed to, hand really its quite hawful to see the Mess they make with their paintpots and their pipes (they can't aford a mild hawannah sich as me and my friends smoke, and so you see they says they has a preference for Backy). I never heerd of Hartishes a keepink of a walley, and a precious place he'd ave of it agoink out for Beer at all ours of the nite and a standink as a Moddle for *Hajacks* or *Hakillers* if he ad a decent figger, and then phansy what a eap of spicy left off togs he'd get! I think I sees myself a wearink of a artish's old shootink-coat all over dabs and splashes like a butcherer or plasterer. What would JANE my sweetart as I'm a keepink company with, say to see me in the cast off costume of a Hartish!

"But I'm forgetting of the pint. This is Ow the growling cove proposes for to remedy the presink state of things, and all as I can say is that I wishes he may get it:—

"Now, if the money thus lavishly and indiscriminately bestowed was given to the working bees and not the drones of the hive, the evil would be less glaring, and might be excused. According to the present system the helpers, 'odd men,' kitchen maids, scullions, steward's room boy, old women, and young girls from the village, brought in to assist the housemaids, receive little or nothing, while great vails are heaped upon those who emulating the character of *My Lord Duke* in *High Life Below Stairs*, are, to adopt his words, 'as lazy and luxuriant as their masters.' If fees are to be sanctioned, and the *working* classes are to be paid for their extra labour, the only equitable plan would be to have the money placed in a strong-box to be opened and divided in just proportions at Christmas."

"Really *Mister Punch* I'm amost ashamed to bring such stoopid stuff as this afore your notice. But as its bin in Print why it may peraps do Arm to let it pass unconterrerdicted. To say as ow a Phootman ain't a workink man is so palpabble a crammer that it ain't worth while rephuting it. Our whiskers is 'luxuriant' that every hi can see, but to say as we are 'lazy' is a mannifest absuddity. And as 4 putting of our Puckwisits into a strong box, like the mishinairy Bank as cook ave got upon er mantlingpiece, all as i can say is when that ere dodge is tried there 'll be a Uniwarsal strike of all us Hupper suvnts. I no as peple sometimes say as puckwisits is often considered part of wages, and that Guvnors shouldn't go demeanink of theirselves by allowink of their wisitors to help to pay their suvents for 'em, which they say were like them box-keepers who swarm at the theaytres and that we sometimes even pays our masters for our place. This here may be so or not, I ain't agoink to Blab. but as for footmen condescendink to divide their fees and puckwisits with stable elps and erring boys hand kitchingmaids and sich—as I remarked before, Hi wish that E may get it! Heach man for hisselth—that Sir is hour Motter, and though peraps we nose our Dooty to our Neighbour it doesn't allus foller that we goes and does it.

"I remain Sir your obeejnt umble Suvnt
"(So long as I gets pade for it)
"JOHN THOMAS OF BELGRAVY."

"P.S. Has the Minnysters wear livry and is the suvvnts of the State, peraps the gurnals will arst *them* next if *they'll* give up their Puckwisits! Phansy I ear PAM hindignantly hexclaimink, Ho yes! ookey Walker! Wouldn't U just like it! And ow about the Bishops? They're the suvnts of the Chutch, d'ye think as how you'd find 'em willing if you arsk 'em to divide their fees and puckwisits and other swag they pouches in a ekitable manner with their *undersuvvnts?*—with them as is the 'outdoor helps' the 'workers of the Ive,' which *Mr. Punch* I means it to allude to the *Poor Curils*, oom I do believe to be particlar bad in want of M?"

MOST AWFUL.

TRULY, since the day when Ireland's hero, MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, hid himself among the other crawling caterpillars in the cabbage garden, we have never had such dreadful news from Ireland as is contained in the following extract from the *Kilkenny Journal*:—

"We have learned from a London Correspondent that the Government has cautioned the *Times* against the insertion of such articles as that which appeared lately in its columns against the Irish Brigade; not, of course, that such is not the true English feeling towards Ireland, but that it is injudicious and impolitic at the present crisis! This seems confirmed by an article in the *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday, glossing the matter over, and wondering that the Irish should feel annoyed at the abusive article of the *Times*, as their bravery on every battlefield places them beyond the reach of criticism or the charge of cowardice! All very fine, Mr. Chronicle, but Ireland will never forget that ruffian attack, at a time when she was trembling with anxiety for the fate of her brave volunteers. No 'soft sawder' will blot it out from the national memory, and, with Heaven's help, there will be a day of reckoning."

Ah! These London Correspondents. They are the boys for making discoveries. Did LORD PALMERSTON think that because he sneaked meanly out at the back-door of Broadlands, and spoke to MR. SIDNEY HERBERT in the kitchen garden among the clothes that were hanging out to dry, and told him what to do, and because MR. HERBERT put on a footman's old livery, and went in a hack cab (no, not a Hansom, British minions, but a close cab, No. 1167, driver ALPHONSO STUMPER, ha, slaves!), and stole into P. H. Square at one in the morning to give the hint in question, the London Correspondent of a Kilkenny paper did not detect every turn in the foul and snakelike career of the cowardly Saxons? Bah!

No, Ireland will never forget "that ruffian attack." Yes, ruffian attack. You may affect to laugh at it, Saxon dogs, and say that it was a good bit of fun, and a not ill-natured way of letting down fellows who would have deserved to be treated as rogues if they had not been such everlasting fools; but that is only adding insult to insult. "A day of reckoning will come," and Irishmen, who always pay their debts, will be ready for the dark hour of vengeance. Tremble, caitiffs, for the spirit of the Kilkenny cats is not laid, but bides its time. In the words of one of your own execrable poets—

"Those who fought and ran away
May live to run another day."

And dire will be the "other day" when the heroes, happily saved from the Sardinian fiends, shall receive the *mot d'ordre*, "Printing House Square, E.C." Not all the apothecaries' stuff from the neighbouring Apothecaries Hall will in that day avail to medicine the foes of Ireland, after her steel lozenges, ha! ha! shall have done their work. In the burning words of our own bard:—

"We'll tread the land that hates us,
That demeans and understates us,
We 'll uphold our maxims,
And pound the Saxons,
And we 'll smash the *Times* that slates us.

Sword of Honour Extraordinary.

THE British Papists are going to present LAMORICIÈRE with a sword. Perhaps they don't know that the one which he had to surrender was returned to him again. However, if the POPE'S defeated champion wants a sword, let the friends of slavery present him with one by all means. The sort of sword most suitable for presentation to the hero of Ancona would be one with a flexible blade; such a weapon as that which *Harlequin* flourishes in our Christmas pantomimes, and with which he does, as LAMORICIÈRE in his last engagement did, wonders.

Cabmanism Amended.

(A FACT.)

PROPRIETY of diction, as a point of general refinement, is advancing amongst the drivers of our public vehicles. A clergyman calling "Cab!" had the gratification of receiving from a Hansom director the equally respectful and correct reply, "Here I am, Sir!"

A CHANCE FOR DR. CULLEN.

QUESTIONS are more easily asked than answered, but we *should* like some information upon a curiosity of literature, which we copy from the Paris Correspondence of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"The *Espérance* of Nantes says that the director of Covent Garden has ordered eight luminous men of M. DEMANGEOT."

Now, pray what are these luminous men? We must confess that we are rather in the dark about them, and should consider it extremely kind if some one would enlighten us. We have heard men sometimes spoken of as being shining lights, but we have never before heard them described as being luminous. Moreover, from the manner in which they have been "ordered" of him, one would think M. DEMANGEOT had the power to manufacture them; and one must regard him as a sort of phosphorescent *Frankenstein*, endowed with the ability not merely to make men, but to make them luminous.

If it were not almost too great a liberty to take, we might suggest that were ARCHBISHOP CULLEN to apply to fill the place of one of these eight luminous individuals, the director of Covent Garden might be tempted to accept him. As one of the bright lights of the Roman Catholic Church, DR. CULLEN might put in a claim to being viewed as luminous; and seeing how he has lately blazed away for his Brigade, and what a farce he has been playing to celebrate their obsequies, we think the Doctor is just fit for a theatrical engagement, and would exactly fill a part where he is wanted to be luminous.

THE PRINCE AND THE PRESS.

"*Broadway, Midday liquorin' time.*

"TU THAT AR CRITTER PUNCH,

"I GUESS I wrote to you, old hoss, a week or tu ago, about the way our scribblers du their scrawlin' for the peaypers, and I sent you a few extracts to show heow tall they talked 'beeout our reception of JACK HEENAN, when he come from having licked yar champion, TOM SAYERS. Wal, that was no small some in the way of A reception, but it 'taint no sorter up to what we've bin and guv yar PRINCE OF WALES, or BARON RENFREW as he calls himself—though I sartinly can't see why he need go by that ar *alias* in A free country like ourn, where all titles air alike, same as all men (except niggers) is. Political equality 's our motter in the States, and if a feller haeve a mind tu call hisself a Doctor, or a Counsellor, or a Cardnal, or any other sort o' 'risto-cratic appellation, why he jist goes and does it, and nobody don't take no notice of him any more than if he kep content to be plain *Mister*.

"I dar say you've been surprised toe hear heow we've been cuttin' arter ALBERT EDWARD, knowin' as we don't in gineral set no wally upon Riyalty. But this is heow a jarnal deown St. Louis way accounts for this here fact:—

"Man is by nature regal and princely. Democracy is the cordial recognition of this fact, and seeks not to uncrown men except by crowning all men. Heaven meant mankind for a race of kings and queens, princes and princesses; and to realise that end is the aim of democracy. In ages of rudeness homage to the royal character of some men was a step towards the general culture of such character. In our time and in this country we claim to have emerged from that period of pupilage, to have done adulating and to have become kings. * * * Without a particle of undemocratic deference, our people may laudably gratify the wish to see the heir prospective of the British throne."

"Wal, there sartinly wornt much of 'undemocratic deference' in the way them ar St. Louis bhoys behaved tu yur young Prince, I guess you've heerd heow at his landing they come a hustlin' and a tusslin' and a bustlin' reound his carriage, till they raly a'most bust it off its wheels, and nearly knocked the DUKE O' NEWCASTLE, or some other swell flunkey slap inter the dock. But this here rowdedow it seems just sarved to let the steam off; and since then we've been more delicate in expressing tu the Prince heow 'nition glad we air to see him. At least, this is what the scrawler in the *New York Herald* says of us:—

"The turbulent irregularity of a mob, however well meant or dictated by good feeling, could not fail to grate harshly upon one of so much natural and acquired refinement. Therefore, the lower strata of the democratic element may prove somewhat uncongenial to him. But I am happy to say that the people of the United States generally, and the superior order particularly, have studied his comfort, pleasure, and wishes, with a delicacy dictated by that good sense which is their prevailing characteristic, that has not failed to impress him and his suite with a very favourable idea of American consideration and courtesy."

"Screamin' fine that scribblin', ain't it? And to show heow true it is, and heow courteously we haeve studied the comfort of the Prince, and what delicate good sense haeve pervaded our behaviour tu him, the writer gives us these here specimens of the remarks he overheard let out by the spectators, when the Prince fust come in sight of em:—

"His nose is Roman! He seems fagged. He looks pleasant! I thought his hair was lighter. There's no harm in that face, sure. He's regular Dutch!"

"Wal, there ain't no smack o' the ancient 'age of rudeness' 'beout sich compliments as them! It must haeve added a good heap to the 'comfort' of the Prince to hear heow we tuk notice of him. Ours is A free country, and we air mostly sorter free-and-easy in our talk. We ain't shy o' findin' fault neither, and I reckon as our writers can criticise a 'coon as well as compliment him. At the Cincinnati Ball, for example, we air told that 'at times the Prince, apparently, was very much embarrassed,' (Wal, I calc'late them air crimyleans *du* 'embarrass' a chap kinder!), 'and it was noticed that he made several mistakes, not being *au fait* in American style; but he soon recovered himself, and enjoyed himself in his usual style.' Y' see, *our* style ain't like *yourn*, old hoss; there ain't no sliding over *that*. And what may be the 'usual' go for yer young Riyal Highnesses don't noways not come up to *our* notions of what 's proper. Guess you oughter send us yer young Princes and Princesses, jist that we might polish up their *etiquette* a trifle, and put a finishing stroke or two upon their ball-room edication.

"Wal, the mornin' arter this, the Prince he went tu Chutch, and you see such air our delicate attentions to his comfort that even there he worn't allowed to pass uncriticised. The papers sent thar specialest reporters to observe him, and his 'movements' through the sarvice were all minutely chronicled. By this here means we're furnished with most interestin' statistics of the number o' times he coughed, and whether he ever shut his eyes, and had to blow his nose to keep himself awake, or not, which in course it is important fur historians to know. Of his appearance, too, we learn that he was 'dressed as usual,' and to this the *Herald* adds, by way of courteous compliment, 'Some people think he is looking seedy; but he is probably saving his best clothes for his New York visit.' In course the delicate inference from this here writer's statement is, that the Prince's 'usual dress' is gitting seedy in the seams, and as he haeve on'y got one Sunday-going suit, he's forced to save it up for special state occasions, sich as that ar forty thousand dollar ball as all our gals is screamin' mad abeout.

"Wal, arter all, there's no gurt harm in what we've done. 'T ain't every day, old hoss, we catches A live Prince. A King in chrysalis is rayther a rarish insect here, and so you see our bhoys air all-fired curious to see him. And duing as they du is jist to testify their 'fection. That's A fact, Sir-ree, and guess I'll lick the skunk who doubts it. Mayn't be over pleasant, but it 's tu show heow fond we air of him.

"Yours, *Mister Punch*, and the Prince's tu (I 'm right hoarse neow from cheerin' him),

"JONATHAN MARCELLUS JOSH GOLIAH GONG."

"IN VINO VERITAS"—AND WHAT ELSE?

HERE 's a new advantage to the buyer of cheap wines, which he ought to thank us for bringing to his notice:—

REDUCED PRICES. Improved Quality.—Six gallons of SOUTH AFRICAN PORT or SHERRY for 50*s.*, cask (which can be converted into two pails) included.—Apply, &c.

Good wine, it has of old been said, requires no bush to be hung out to show where one may get it. Whether, then, the fact of advertising wine would lead one to infer that it is anything but good, logicians, if they please, may argue and decide. "*In vino veritas*" is another ancient motto; but one would fear there must be something else than *veritas* in wine, which requires such an announcement as the foregoing to sell it. We must own it seems to us a rather new idea, to think of buying a lot of wine in order that we *may* "convert" a pair of pails out of the cask. We suppose that we shall next be asked to buy a pheasant for its feathers, or a hare that we may make some use or other of its skin.

A TRIFLE FROM TCHERNAVODA.—To open a Turkish Railroad it seems that sheep must be sacrificed. In England we only sacrifice shareholders. But in each case the victims are fleeced.

BRIGHTON JEWELS.

A SEA-SIDE STUDY.

BY A SENTIMENTAL STUDENT.

As I walked out at Margate,
It was but th' other day,
A Jew there sat in a "Porkpie" hat,
At a window that was bay.
I stood and gazed upon him,
To assure me of his race;
I knew not his name, but his birth was plain
As the nose upon his face!
Yet he sported a Porkpie hat!
And I couldn't help thinking that
'Twas a singular thing
For a poet to sing
Of a Jew in a Porkpie hat!

'Twas extremely rude to stare so,
Of course I well knew that;
But it seemed to me so queer to see
A Jew in a Porkpie hat.
At the hat and the nose beneath it
I gaped and gazed amain,
And I haven't a doubt, if the truth were out,
I should do the same again.
If still at the window sat
The Jew in the Porkpie hat!
For who could help staring
To see a Jew wearing
A thing called a Porkpie hat?

A PIG AND A POKE.

"MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"THE other morning, as I were a going to kill our pig, in steps our parson. My wife she were a standing by me, quite pleased to see the pig weighed so handsome—and our two little lads was a laughing like mad, for really the pig did squeak quite unnecessary loud. So says the parson, says he, quite sharp like to my wife, 'I do wonder, MARY, that you should be here at all, and still more that you should allow your boys to make diversion of a poor dumb animal's sufferings. (Dumb he warn't, no how, by the bye, but that 's nought.) Why can't you let GILES kill the pig by himself, and why don't you give those two brats a couple of boxes on the ear for taking a pleasure in seeing such sights?'

"Those were our parson's very words, Sir, and I do believe he were right; so I told my wife to go indoors and mind her own business, and then I took the stick to JEM and BILLY, and sent 'em scampering like afore I finished the pig, which died beautiful.

"A few days after, my wife she was a reading out to us after supper an old penny paper as the cheese had come home in, she reads capital well, for she was in service at the parson's before she married me, and I 'll be hanged if she didn't read out *this*:—

"From the *Court Circular*.

"Yesterday HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, with their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE CONSORT, the DUKE and DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG GOTHA, the PRINCE and PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM, of Prussia, and PRINCESS ALICE, accompanied also by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household, drove to the Wald Parc at Mönckröden, where, the gentlemen being posted, the forest was driven for wild boar. The sport was very successful, seven boars being killed. Luncheon was afterwards served to the Royal party in one of the forester's houses."

"Only fancy, Sir, our Gracious QUEEN, and the little PRINCESS ALICE, and all the rest of the Royal folk, amusing of themselves killing pigs, and being very successful; and getting an appetite for their dinners that way. 'Why, father,' says our JEM, 'you was going to wop me and BILL last week, and you reglar blowed up Mother, to please the parson, just because we grinned at seeing our pig strapped on the bench, and squeaking like mad. Was there any more harm in that than in what Mother has just been reading out to us?' I really didn't know what to say to the lad, Sir, so in course I give him a lick, and sent him flying. But I wish you would tell me what I ought to have said to him, for when I asked our parson, he told me not to talk about what I could not understand, and didn't seem pleased.

"Yours to command,

"*Hampshire.*" "GILES JOULTER."

Now Sire! Will you go on with the Game?
Him! Bother the Cards. I say.
If He cuts in I lose my Crown to a certainty.
ITALY

THE RUB.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

SPIRIT-RAPPING TESTIMONIALS.

THE Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and Proprietor of the famous Spirit-Rapping Ointment, begs respectfully to lay before his friends and the public a few of the Testimonials with which he has been favoured by parties who have availed themselves of his Discovery. They are but a handful out of thousands, but they fully exemplify the eminently advantageous working of his system. He may, however, hereafter submit further evidences of the efficacy of the Discovery in altering the present unnatural state of society.

I.

"Sir,—It would be injustice to you, and false delicacy in me, if I withheld my testimonial to the efficiency of your Spirit-Rapping Ointment, which has wrought, Mussy be praised, the most extraordinary cure in my own case. Sir, I had been for many years troubled with a most obstinate complaint in my mind, and I found myself utterly unable to believe anything. In vain did I apply the strongest remedies, in vain did I seek to swallow the blood of St. Januarius, the Winking Picture, MR. BRIGHT'S allegations against the upper classes, and other things which I was told, by friends, if I could once get down, I should be cured of my incredulity. At last, Sir, in a happy hour, somebody mentioned your Ointment. I bought but one sixpenny packet, and applied it. Sir, I took it in faith, and instantly found that I could believe anything. Now, Sir, I am a changed man, and prepared to give credit to whatever may be stated to me. As a proof, Sir, I was told yesterday, by an Irish friend, that the POPE'S volunteers from Ireland had slaughtered thirty times their own number before they were taken by the enemy, and I never thought of contradicting him. Sir, although I know that such permission is needless to you in the case of private communications, I authorise you to make what use you like of this letter.

"I am, Sir,
"Your ever grateful Servant,
"*Ponder's End, Oct.* 21." "JUDÆUS APELLER."

II.

"Sir,—I hasten to make you acquainted with another extraordinary result of the free application of your Spirit-Rapping Ointment. I applied it, on Monday last, to a table in my possession, and sat down to watch its effects. In about three minutes I began to laugh, then to yawn, and my wife, entering the room an hour afterwards found me in a sound slumber. I had not previously slept for several hours. I have bought several packets, and am happy to add that the Ointment has been equally efficacious with my children. Formerly there was no getting them to go to bed, but I have now only to exhibit a packet of your Ointment, and in a moment they are all up, and wishing me and their Mamma good night. Publish this letter, if you think it will be believed, and I remain,

"*Wellclose Square, E.C.,* "Yours very sincerely,
"*Wednesday.*" "ADIPOSE GLUBB."

III.

"MRS. MEPHIBOSHETH BARNES presents her compliments to the Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and begs to thank him for the great utility of his Ointment. Her eldest son, a very promising lad of twelve years old, and a pupil at the Buffington Proprietary School, was devoting himself to his studies with an energy which, she, as a fond mother feared would be prejudicial to his health. At length, alarmed at his saying that he was determined to go in and win the Greek prize, she procured some of the Spirit-Rapping Ointment, and administered it to MASTER BARNES. At first he revolted against it, but she having persevered in applying it under his eyes, he began to like it, and it has entirely cured him of any over-zeal in his studies, as he now thinks of nothing but the Ointment, and there is not the least chance of his gaining the Greek or any other prize.

"*Finsbury Circus, Monday.*"

IV.

"Sir,—Permit a happy father to thank you with all the earnestness of the paternal nature for having effected a singular cure in his household. I am the parent, Sir, of two charming daughters, aged respectively 19 and 17, and they, being possessed of lively spirits, were a great trouble to me, who am a quiet widower. They were always delighted at the idea of going to a ball, or an evening party of any kind, and would frequently ask me to take them to one of the operas or the theatre; or to invite young friends to see them at home. It was a source of much disturbance to my evenings. By a lucky, or shall I say, a providential circumstance, your ointment came my knowledge. I resolved to administer it to my daughters, and they took to it with the enthusiasm of their age. No more dances, operas, parties, stage-plays for them now. They have become silent and thoughtful, and neither will ever stir from the room without the other, especially after dark. They are completely subdued, and I should hardly know them again. Accept once more the thanks of a happy father, and believe me

"Yours, obediently,
"*Zimmerman Row.*" "WILDERNESS LODGE."

To show that he has no other object than the discovery of the truth, and never seeks to "humbug" anybody, the Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* prints the following letter, although its contents do not, at first sight, present evidence of so favourable a result as in the preceding cases. But truth is immortal, and can bear any casualties:—

V.

"Sir,—I should be much obliged by your advice under these circumstances. My husband was a clerk in the Bank of England, and a very steady, economical, and affectionate man, who obeyed me in all things except one. That, Sir, was the surreptitiously procuring and constantly using your Spirit-Rapping Ointment. Several times have I flung it out of window, and into the fire, but the determined victim always possessed himself of more, and at last became so addicted to its use that he neglected his business at the Bank, and ended by defying the Governor and Company for rebuking him, in consequence of which he was turned out of his situation. He did not feel this much at first, declaring that he was glad to be a martyr for Spiritualism, but he gradually sank into a low way, and yesterday morning I was surprised at seeing his two legs sticking out of the water-butt. Happily, the day before had been washing day, so there was nothing in the butt but mud, slime, and efts, and he escaped exceedingly dirty and with a lump on his forehead the size of an orange, but the moral is the same, and I could wish that you would print with your Ointment directions as to how much weak people ought to be allowed to take at a time. I have him safe in bed now, and I think he is ashamed of himself, though the maid says that he is constantly knocking his gruel-spoon against the night-lamp, and asking whether there are any Spirits in the room.

"Yours, disconsolately,
"*Judd Street, Oct.* 22." "MARGARET SNICKLE."

VI.

"Sir,—Precious indeed is your Ointment, and I only wish I had known of it sooner. I had long discovered an incompatibility of temper between myself and MRS. TODDLEKINS, but having no particular fault with which to charge that person, I scarcely knew how to intimate that I wished she would return to her friends. Happily, a friend recommended your Ointment, and I have applied it with such success, that MRS. T., terrified out of her senses, took the initiative, and bolted, and is giving out that I am a Dangerous Idiot. Female malice is extraordinary, but I am your debtor for my happy release.

"Yours, very thankfully,
"*Islington.*" "BARNABAS TODDLEKINS."

THE* BROWN OF LIVERPOOL.

IN the town of Liverpool
Doubtless there is many a fool;
But, though fools may never cease
Out thereof, they must decrease.

Liverpool, with Library,
And Museum, public, free,
Built at WILLIAM BROWN'S expense,
Must acquire intelligence.

WILLIAM BROWN has wealth, and wit
Noble use to make of it.
Twine of laurel-sprigs a crown
Evergreen, for jolly BROWN.

* Why not *The* BROWN as well as *The* CHISHOLM, *The* O'CONNOR DON or *The* O'DONOGHUE?

Catholic Cookery.

ONE of our contemporaries accuses DR. CULLEN of "cooking the accounts" of the battle of Spoleto. The phrase is not inaptly chosen; but we fear if he continues his Cullenary courses, DR. CULLEN will in time be mistaken for DR. KITCHENER. No doubt each member of his Brigade—or shall we write it, brag-ade?—was a broth of a boy; but this would hardly justify the Doctor in such an act of cookery as he has been accused of.

THE LAND OF IRE.

THE rabid invective which the Ultramontane Press of Ireland is continually launching against England and Sardinia, confirms the conjecture that the word Erin is derived from Erinnys, which, some young ladies may require to be reminded, was the name of a Fury.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE TIME OF HENRY THE SIXTH.

MILITARY COSTUME. TEMP. HENRY THE SIXTH. FROM A BEAUTIFUL SUIT WHICH IS NOT IN THE TOWER ARMOURY.

FUNNILY fantastic as were the civil habits, the knightly armour of this period we learn was quite as fanciful. One writer describes the panoply of horsemen as showing the "unbridled caprices of the day;" but we question if this phrase may be accepted in its literalness, for we cannot think that horsemen rode their nags unbridled, any more than (with the exception of at Astley's) they do now. Surcoats and jupons went somewhat out of fashion, and it became "the thing" to cover the breast-piece and the placard with two different coloured silks. The placard, we should note, was a plate, and not a poster; as readers of the bill-sticking persuasion might imagine it. Breast-plates now consisted mostly of two pieces, and the lower one of these was called properly the placard.

We find that back-plates were occasionally worn as well as breast-plates; chiefly, we presume, by knights who thought discretion was the better part of valour, and who were prone, when they were forced to fight, to let their feelings run away with them. In lieu, however, sometimes both of breast-pieces and back-plates, there was worn a kind of jacket called a jazerant, or jazerine; a defence which was composed of little overlapping iron plates, covered with rich velvet, and for men who studied their personal appearance, fastened with gilt studs.

Aprons of chain mail still continued to be worn; but whether only by Free Masons, we confess we cannot state. Over these are shown in some of the old drawings plates called *tuiles*, depending from the front skirt of the body armour, and which it would appear were now first introduced. Having so many plates about them, the knights must certainly have found it difficult to cut away, and when trying to escape one can't help thinking that the fat ones were occasionally dished. It would thin the stoutest ranks to box them up in body-plates, and then to start them at "the double;" and however much their military ardour might be cooled, there would be little need of plate-warmers for keeping up their vital heat.

That there were lightly armoured swells, as well as knightly "heavies" is however clearly evidenced by PHILIP DE COMMINES; who tells us how the DUKES OF BERRI and BRETAGNE "were at their ease upon their hobbies" (which is more than can be said of some of our M.Ps.) "armed only with gilt nails, sewn upon satin, that they might weigh the less." This queer fashion of wearing gilt nails upon satin must have given knights a rather coffiny appearance; and if there be anything significant in names, one may fairly think that such a suit of armour must have been exactly suited for the DUKE DE BERRI.

Another point to notice in the military equipment is that to the bascinet, the helmet, and the old chapel-de-fer (by the bye, we ought to caution the weakminded of our readers that this ancient iron "chapel" must in no way be confounded with the modern iron churches, which we are now making for the settlers in Van Diemen's Land and the natives of our mining districts, and of other heathen parts)—to these old head-pieces we find was added now the "salade," to which we have alluded in our notice of the armour of the last preceding reign. The salade was a kind of bascinet or skull-cap, made to fit the head, and to project behind it in the manner of a trough, so as to keep both wet and weapons from dropping on the neck. We believe it to have been of German introduction; for we own we put no credence in the story that the salade was originally introduced by SALADIN. We have spoken of a fur called "lettice" at this period, but whether or no this lettice was in any way mixed up in the making of the salade, we must leave the Antiquarian Society to judge.

A sort of steel cap called a casquetel was also used about this time, and was furnished with oreillets, which were round or oval plates covering the ears. A spike called a crenel, or by some writers a charnel, was stuck atop of this new steel cap; and sometimes the oreillets were themselves supplied with spikes, projecting from their centres. One would fancy that this fashion must have found especial favour with the school-boys of the period; for spiked oreillets must have made the schoolmasters think twice before they dared to box the ears of peccant pupils.

Whether or no horses were at this time more than usually tough about the cuticle, we are unable with our present means of knowledge to decide. But we find that spurs were made with terribly long shanks, and the spikes of the rowels were of formidable dimensions. To give them extra power, too, it seems that they were generally screwed into steel shoes, an arrangement which the "screws," for whose excitement they were used, could hardly have approved of.

MILITARY SHOES AND SPURS OF THE PERIOD. FOUND WHILST DIGGING THE FOUNDATIONS FOR MR. PUNCH'S NEW COAL-CELLAR.

During the reign of the Sixth HENRY the first token of an important change in warfare, became visible and it clearly must not pass unnoticed in our Book. According to the best authorities (including of course ourselves) it was at this time that the hand-cannon or "gonne" was introduced: a weapon which we ought to regard with no small interest as being the first parent of our Miniés and Enfields, and the great great greatest grandmother of our exploded old Brown Bess. Vastly different from the modern eight-or-ten-mile-killing rifle was its first progenitor the hand-cannon or gonne. Such as they were, we think the merits of the invention belong to the Italians, who seem first to have been struck with the brilliant idea that small cannon might be made as easily as large ones, and that if they were made portable, foot soldiers could carry them. The first parent of our Mantons and our Westley Richardses was a simple iron tube (not unlike a *little* gas pipe or a largish pea-shooter) made with trunnions at the sides and a touchhole pierced atop. This was fixed in a piece of wood about a couple of feet in length, which answered to the modern stock, and was called the frame. It was soon found out, however, while the touchhole was atop that the priming got blown off before the match could be applied; and so some genius or other made the touchhole at the side, and put a small pan under it so as to hold the priming. It being then as now a maxim to keep one's powder dry, a cover for the pan was added in due course, constructed with a pivot so as to turn off and on. With these improvements it appears the gonne was used in England as early as the year 1446; as the curious may learn by a purchase-roll so dated bearing reference to the Castle on Holy Island, Durham; a document which readers of black letter may find interesting, but which ordinary readers would not care to have us quote.

Of course we may surmise, without much fear of contradiction, that the newly invented weapon was fit for other purposes than that of human slaughter, and that sportsmen as well as soldiers in course of time made use of it. What sort of a figure was cut by cockney shooters who went out a-birding with one of these new gonnes, and became almost gonne 'coons from the recoil of it, we leave to our own artist with the help of his old manuscripts here clearly to depict.

FROM A CURIOUS MS. ENTITLED, "Ye Gonne, and howe to Use itt." DATE 1446.

A SUMMARY CONVICTION.—There has been no Summer this year.

CULLEN ON STRATEGY.

According to Dr. Cullen, in his late requiem-sermon, the Pope's Irish Brigade got conquered the other day only in consequence of having been caught at an unfair advantage by the dirty "bands of the excommunicated King of Sardinia," who pitched into that contingent of heroes at a time when "it had no reason to expect such an attack." Cullen knows that it is a point of honour with great generals never to take an enemy by surprise, but always on the contrary, to let him know of their approach a good while beforehand, so that whenever they push forward a reconnoitring column, it is always preceded by drums and fifes, or other military music, as in the case of Highland troops, when the bagpipes go before the men, playing, for example, "*The Campbells are Coming.*" Acting on the same honourable principle, Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and Wellington used all of them, in advancing on an adversary in the day, to send on outriders, in the capacity and costume of heralds, blowing trumpets, and by night were accustomed to keep blue lights burning, and to send up sky-rockets from time to time. Well aware of these facts, Cullen, very naturally invites all generous minds to answer the following question:—

"Of what avail could military skill or undaunted courage be in such a crisis, when the invading forces, acting like robbers or assassins, had seized the strongest positions, and selected the battle-ground most favourable to themselves; and, adding perfidy to overwhelming numbers, had commenced the struggle before they gave any indication of their hostile intentions."

Of course regular troops, acting under judicious commanders, do not usually seize the strongest positions, select the battle-ground most favourable to themselves, and swoop down upon their antagonists when the latter are unprepared for them. No; as Dr. Cullen says, they leave this low kind of strategy to robbers and assassins, who, in order to carry out their murderous and predatory designs, are well known to be in the habit of intrenching themselves in fastnesses, securing a basis of operations, and choosing their own field—that is to say, when they mean to fight and do not intend creeping up to their victim and stabbing him in the back, or lying in wait for him and shooting him from behind a hedge. This way of committing murder is one which Dr. Cullen may have heard of—though not perhaps in Ireland. But brave soldiers, handled by magnanimous leaders, always punctiliously take care to give the forces opposed to them due intimation of their hostile intentions. A British general officer, indeed, has always a Solicitor on his staff and usually sends him on to serve a notice upon the opponent against whom he meditates any military operation.

The most famous Captains, moreover, we know as well as Cullen does, utterly ignore the detestable doctrine that victory generally inclines to the strongest battalions. Instead, therefore, of trying to crush a foe by numerical superiority, they invariably, before giving battle, make a practice of telling off men enough on their own side, if the stronger, to put it as nearly as possible on an equality with the other. They handicap their troops in fact. By resorting to this noble expedient, besides affording their antagonists an ample warning, they add simplicity to a doubtful match, instead of "adding perfidy to overwhelming numbers." Of the baseness thus denounced by Dr. Cullen in terms of the choicest Irish rhetoric, Cialdini and the Sardinians will no doubt feel sufficiently ashamed.

AN ALGERINE CRUSADER.

We must not believe all that we read, and therefore cannot vouch for the authenticity of the following extract from a despatch signed De Lamoricière:—

"Do not write to me about any more of those gossips, or else request me to put Macerata in a state of siege. We will arrest twenty-five persons, shoot ten of them, and then it will be all over."

Somebody ought to be hanged; either the villain who forged the sentence last foregoing, or the scoundrel that put his own name to it. The design of quietly arresting twenty-five persons, and shooting ten of them, is a fine idea for a soldier of the Cross. The Cross is now the prize of valour, but the proper reward for its soldier who conceived the idea of arresting and shooting people in cold blood, is the gallows. Yet Lamoricière is walking about, whereas, if he really was the author of the disgraceful document which contains the infamous passage above cited, he ought, as soon as he was captured, to have died in his boots, with their soles at some distance from the ground.

A Rooted Absurdity.

What are the Commissioners of Lunacy about? Here is a Wild Irishman driving his friends mad, and proving himself eminently fit for a straitwaistcoat, by claiming General Garibaldi as a countryman of his, in order, as we fancy, that he may let off a bad joke about it. The General, he says, was born in Cork or Connemara, he is not certain which; and, after his father, was christened Richard Murphy, a name which he has now contracted to Dick Tator!

The Dog and his Dwelling.

A Lady, charitable to the canine species, has established a "Home for Dogs" at Islington. Now a Home for Dogs may be a very admirable Institution; but Islington is not by any means the best place for it. A more appropriate site for such an establishment would have been found at Kenilworth.

New Jewry.—Baron Rothschild is stated to be arranging for the purchase of Palestine, with a view to the Restoration of the Jews. Rents at Brighton are expected to go down two-thirds.

OUR FRIEND THE DOCTOR.

Dr. Cumming has just delivered, at Manchester, a pleasant address, which reminds *Mr. Punch* of Canning's lines:—

"Half novel and half sermon, on it flowed:
With pious zeal the 'Manchesterians' glowed."

And in this address the Seraphic Doctor (why should he not inherit the title?) did *Mr. Punch* the honour of adverting to a paragraph published by the latter some weeks ago, at the time when it was stated—and, as the Doctor allows, truthfully—that, though believing that the world would end in 1867, Dr. Cumming had taken a lease of a house for twenty-one years. *Mr. Punch*, upon that occasion, gracefully complimented the Doctor upon his common sense. In the Manchester address, Dr. Cumming refers to *Mr. Punch's* courtesy, but says:—

"The Celebrated Satirist did not state that the lease was terminable at the end of 7, 14, or 21 years."

The Celebrated Satirist did not state this, because he did not know it. But now that he does know it, from the best authority, he hastens to announce it throughout the world, and to renew his compliments to Dr. Cumming upon his extreme wide-a-wake-ishness. If the world does not come to an end in 1867, the Doctor can renew his lease, and if it does, the lease will come to an end by what never can be more exactly defined than in legal language—the Effluxion of Time. All is serene, Seraphic Doctor.

An Awkward Memorandum.

"The Irish Catholics give a sword to Lamoricière."

He wants a new blade, for the old one has flown,
So give him the sword, disregarding the scoff
Which hints that whenever he puts the steel on
He'll remember his Paddies were prompt to steal off.

SOCIAL ZOFISSA.

Zofissa is announced as something which will prevent the least decay in a stone. Our friend Pam is not surprised, for he possesses, (and long may he possess) something which prevents the least decay in an Old Brick.

Mary (*maliciously, to her Cousin on leave*). "HENRY, DEAR! HAVE YOU SEEN THIS ORDER ABOUT REDUCING THE OFFICERS' WHISKERS AT ALDERSHOTT? WHAT A SHAME! I'M SURE IF I WERE YOU I SHOULD RESIST IT!"

[*Haw*—HENRY *doesn't see the point.*

THE WAKE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

Dedicated to DR. CULLEN.

SING rest to the souls of the brave sons of Erin,
The Banner of Faith 'gainst the haythen who bore;
Their glorious exploits were unaqualled for darin',
But ah! now, the Irish Brigade is no more.
Repose they in pace, ever blest be their slumbers,
And hallowed the spot where their cowld remains lie!
They fell, overwhelmed by shuparior numbers,
They would not surrender, preferring to die.

They drove back their foemen with terrible slaughter,
But sank under wounds, and exhausted with toil,
And then their warm life-blood was poured out like water,
To such an extent that it purpled the soil.
They stood whilst the death-shot around them was flying,
As thick as the leaves of the storm-shaken tree;
At last they were all on the battle-field lying,
Six hundred—of whom there survived only three.

Och! Talk of LEONIDAS; talk of the Spartans!
What's thim with O'REILLY'S brave boys for to name?
On the knees of their breeches, the kilt (that's not tartans)
Fought on, till their wristbands hung out at the same.
Their bodies, interred at the inimy's quarters,
Are buried in honour, be-painted with gore.
Their spirits have now jined the Army of Martyrs,
And Fame will remimber their names ivermore.

Theatrical Amusements.

THE KING OF NAPLES, it is said, is soon to be attacked in his last stronghold. Thus, by the fact of the evil King's expulsion, the "*Théâtre de la Guerre*" promises soon to be changed into the "*Théâtre de la Gaëta.*"

IMPORTANT SPORTING NEWS.

(*From Belial's Life.*)

AT the late Meeting of the Jockey Club, though little business was done, many very valuable suggestions were made, and among them was one which it is hoped will forthwith be embodied in a rule of the Club, and carried out. It is the custom, as every one is aware, to publish on the eve of a race a list of the horses that have arrived to fulfil their engagements. But it is thought that the main object of the betting fraternity would be better served, were the list accompanied by another, from which they would at once learn the names of those who attend races for the purpose of supporting the said fraternity. It is proposed, therefore, that in future the papers which publish the list of "arrivals" shall do so in this manner:—

THE FOLLOWING HORSES HAVE ARRIVED:—

Diddle Dumpkin.	Lord Villiams.
Oneirocritico.	Toad-in-a-Hole.
Bap.	Catacomb.
Elegant Samuel.	Jug.
Blue Beggar.	Aldiborontiphoskiphornio.
Caryatidus.	Hydrocephalus.

THE FOLLOWING ASSES HAVE ARRIVED:—

Lord Slopehead.	Hon. Mr. Noodle.
Mr. Flash Plundertill.	Mr. Pump.
Sir Bumpkin Bluster.	The Earl of Spoon.
Mr. Tristram Sappy.	Mr. Fastboy.
Mr. Muff.	Mr. Clapham Snobb.
Mr. Nunky.	Mr. Pillgarlick.
Viscount Greatass.	Hon. Utter Donkey.
Hon. Peter Simple.	Lord Tomnoddle.
A. Nidiot, Esq.	Mr. R. E. Markable Soft.

CALL A SPADE, A SPADE.

So strained is his account of what the Irish did in Italy, that it is urged that DR. CULLEN should be known as DR. CULLENDER.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 13, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, October 27, 1860.

"DE GUSTIBUS, &c."

DINGLE. *"That style of Whisker seems to me to give a Wild Beast sort of expression."*
DANGLE. *"'Course it does. Exactly what I'm Going in for!!"*

ENGLAND'S IRON WALLS.

WE have a mail-clad *Warrior* on the stocks; but we want many other Men of War in Armour—not such as are to figure in the Lord Mayor's Show.

No longer can we boast of the Wooden Walls of Old England, for those walls must now be made of a different material; not hearts of oak, but—

Ribs of steel are our ships,
Engineers are our men,
We're steady boys—steady,
But always unready;
We've just let the French get before us again!

However, steam frigates and rams are better calculated to repel aggression than they are to facilitate invasion. The service in which they are likely to be most effectual, is that of keeping offensive people aloof. One of them would, with the greatest ease, very soon send a three-decker full of men to the bottom. Though, therefore, French sailors will rejoice in these iron-bound vessels, French troops will hardly be transported.

A Post Captain will in future be an officer in command of HER MAJESTY'S Naval Mail.

But after all, perhaps, one of these days, the time will come when even these last improvements in naval architecture will be superseded by floating batteries of higher proof and greater power. And then even our Ironsides of the Ocean will be looked upon as rusty old inventions.

Passport Precedence.

MUCH honour to Sweden, whose land is an Eden
Where Passports, those nuisances, now are unknown;
More honour to Norway, who previously saw way
To abolish such trash, that stops good men alone;
Most honour to Denmark who, first, with one pen-mark,
Dashed down the whole system of folly and flam;
And may spies, thieves, and traitors, and such aggravators,
Still baffle all rulers who keep up the Sham.

THE DAWN OF REPENTANCE.

Late nights have but one end, and that end, sooner or later, is—mourning!—*The President of the Early-Closing-your-Eyes Association.*

THE TYPE OF A CITIZEN.—*Bourgeois.*
THE TYPE OF A SCHOOLMASTER.—Primer.
THE TYPE OF A BABY.—Small Caps.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"AMONG the various advantages of being in Town when the cream and flower of fashion have departed, I reckon the comparative ease with which one can find a Hansom cab, a vacant table at SIMPSON'S, and a seat at the theatres. I don't mean to say that your 'bloated aristocrats' take up much more room than ordinary mortals, or that the pit (which I chiefly frequent) is their favourite haunt on this side the footlights. Still the season is the season, there's no denying that, and when it comes, bustle and confusion as surely ensue as that annual hecatomb of delicate kids, of which we are reminded in our glover's bills.

"The other night, then, tempted by that admirable arrangement by which one may make sure of finding a seat without bolting one's dinner, and thus incurring the horrors of indigestion, I found myself in the pit of the Adelphi. I prefer, as I have said, that part of the house. I have heard many of my friends confess the same partiality, and assign various reasons for so doing; as for instance, because it is cooler, or warmer, or more respectable than the boxes; or because you needn't 'dress' there, or because it is the best place to see, &c, &c. Now besides all these there is another advantage, which these honest folks seem to overlook, but which the following little sum of subtraction will render evident:—

A box ticket costs say	5*s.* 0*d.*
A pit ditto ditto	2*s.* 0*d.*
Leaving a clear balance in hand of	3*s.* 0*d.*

That is the advantage I mean, and I can't think why people are so obtuse as not to see it.

"Of course I went to see the *Colleen Bawn*. I couldn't help myself. Everyone was bothering me about it. 'Have you seen the *Colleen?*' says one. 'What d'ye think of the *Bawn?*' inquired another, (between ourselves I've not the wildest notion what either of these words mean; but that's not to the point). I determined to go, and you may picture me seated with a bi-foliated playbill in my hand, and listening to the last bars of the overture.

"*Eheu, Posthume!* it must be some eight years ago since I, fresh from the classic shades of Eastminster, sat before another drop-scene when a certain young lady played *Kadiga* in *the Alhambra*, and sang a facetious duet with poor old HARLEY. By Jove! how I envied that venerable comedian as he piped out—

"My dear *Kadiga*, one fine day," &c.

I would have cheerfully resigned my last new bat and stumps of the most approved pattern, and with all the latest improvements, to have changed places with him. I am afraid I took advantage of my parents' absence from town to repair to the Princess's on five consecutive nights, and should have been present on the sixth but for a severe cold which I caught while absurdly waiting about to see Some One drive away in a cab. There was one bouquet tied up with silver cord which she must have noticed. Ah! *vive la Jeunesse!* Live the youth, indeed! I thought I could have died for—but however, I didn't. You see I was but seventeen at the time: young gentlemen at that period of life frequently survive their disappointments—(no less than eleven and a half have fallen to my lot), but I confess I was rather in a flutter when the curtain rose upon the *Colleen Bawn*. You know the plot, I dare say, but as some of your 500,000 readers may not, I will just sketch the outline.

"The scene is laid in Ireland towards the close of the last century,

and the action takes place (including the subaqueous business) in and about the Lake of Killarney.

"There is a certain *Mrs. Cregan* (of Torc Cregan) with an only son, *Hardress*, who owing to the reverses of Fortune, has become involved in considerable pecuniary difficulties from which she is naturally anxious to escape. Her chief creditor is a very objectionable old person by the name of *Corrigan*, who takes advantage of her embarrassment to appear before her in the light of a suitor, and holds certain mortgages *in terrorem*, by way of inducing her to become his wife. Being a very high spirited young widow (and having perhaps some other swain in view), she is naturally very indignant at the suggestion, and spurns his offer in her son's presence, who taking up his Mamma's cause very warmly, brings his boots to bear upon the question, and, in short, kicks *Mr. Corrigan* out of the house. That old gentleman goes away vowing vengeance, and immediate ruin seems the inevitable consequence; but *Mrs. C.*, who, like a true woman, has had another string to her bow all the while, proposes to her son that he should espouse a wealthy heiress, *Miss Chute*, who is supposed to be possessed of a large landed estate with a comfortable little property in the funds besides. There is, however, a slight obstacle to this arrangement which is no less than the fact that *Mr. Cregan* has already taken to himself a wife in the person of a peasant girl, *Eily O'Connor* (the *Colleen Bawn*). Without being aware that matters have gone thus far, *Mrs. Cregan* on her son's declining to marry *Miss Chute* off hand, begins to suspect that the *Bawn* has something to do with it, and I leave you to judge what her feelings are towards that unfortunate young person.

"Now *Miss Chute* is an uncommonly nice girl, but it so happens that she has already fixed her affections on a *Mr. Kyrle Daly*, and therefore would not be in a position to listen to *Mr. Cregan's* addresses (if he were in a position to pay them), but for an accident which tends rather to lessen her regard for her original lover. To explain this I must introduce you to another individual who plays an important part in the plot. This is a poor cripple called the *Danny Man*—a sort of retainer on the Cregan estate, and devotedly attached to young *Hardress* for the thoroughly Hibernian reason, that that gentleman had pitched him over a precipice in early life, of which his deformity is the consequence.

"Seeing the difficult position in which his master is placed, and thinking it a pity that such a fine young squire should be thrown away upon a cottage girl, the *Danny Man* sets his wits to work in order to prevent such a catastrophe. He begins by leading *Miss Chute* (by a tremendous bouncer) to believe that it is her lover *Mr. Daly* who is paying attentions to the *Bawn*, and thus estranges her from that gentleman. He then eggs on *Hardress* (who is uneasy at the prospect of insolvency) to try and wheedle his wife out of her marriage certificate, representing to her, by way of inducement, what a nice comfortable arrangement it would be for all parties if she would kindly make herself scarce in order that her husband might contract a second, and more advantageous marriage without incurring any disagreeable imputations of bigamy.

"Fortunately just at this juncture, and while the poor thing is still hesitating, an old lover of *Eily O'Connor* turns up—a saucy dram-drinking bright-eyed good-hearted son of Erin, who by putting matters in their true light, brings her to her senses, and a jolly old priest, *Father Tom*, who is attached to the family in general and to the whiskey bottle in particular, makes her take a tremendous oath that she will never part with the certificate as long as she lives. *Mr. Cregan* goes off in a rage and the curtain falls on the First Act.

"In the next we find the *Danny Man* (whose moral obliquity is only equalled by his crooked aspect) suggesting to *Hardress*, that if he should desire any stronger measures used, he need but send him his glove, and may leave all the rest (*i.e.*, assassination of the *Bawn*) to him (D M). *Mr. Cregan* naturally resents this proposal as not only too horrible to contemplate, but also as extremely impertinent, and the *Danny Man* is in imminent danger of being throttled for his pains. This, however (after the Irish fashion), only increases his devotion, and under this influence, he unfortunately meets *Mrs. Cregan*, who is struggling between pride and love and duty, and making a proper tragic jumble of the three. Thinking it would be a capital thing to get rid of the *Bawn*, that lady, without inquiring into particulars, brings him the glove as from her son, and with a little show of conscience, the *Danny Man* sets off on his errand. To cut matters short, the poor *Bawn* is easily persuaded to accompany him—and he decoys her in a boat to the Water Cave, where in a most heartless manner he pushes her into 'the briny.' Of course, immediately afterwards he is stung by remorse, and it is perhaps owing to the awful effects of this passion on his personal appearance that he is mistaken for an otter and shot then and there by *Myles na Coppaleen*, who has come down to the Water Cave on a little private business in the distilling line. Fishing about in the water for his otter, what should he come upon but the cloak of his old sweetheart, and her own dear self at the end of it! That is quite enough for him—before you can say Jack Robinson, in he goes (a regular leader, only there is no splash), and after about a minute of intense anxiety, is seen making his way through the water, and at last bearing *Eily O'Connor* to the rock whence she was thrown. Then the Curtain very properly descends again.

"The Third Act, I confess, I do not clearly understand. The *Bawn* is rescued, that is certain, and the *Danny Man* scrambles to shore somehow, in time to make his confession before paying the just penalty for his wickedness. This confession is partly dotted down by *Mr. Corrigan*, who conceals himself with that object, but it is reserved for *Mrs. Cregan* to explain before the parochial authorities that she is the one who has been most to blame in the matter. By this explanation, singularly enough, she manages to remove all suspicion of guilt from *Hardress* without incurring any herself. The heiress also sees how affairs stand, and bestows her hand upon the faithful *Daly*. The *Bawn* is restored to the arms of her husband, and forgives him like a good fond foolish wife as she is. But to descend from matrimony to money matters, how do the *Cregans* get over their difficulties? Does good *Miss Chute* come to the rescue, as I believe she expressed a wish to do in the early part of the play? or does *Mr. Corrigan* forfeit his claims, or do *Hardress* and the *Bawn* live happily on nothing a year ever afterwards? Rapt into a phase of melodramatic excitement, I forgot to cross-examine the Muse on these points, which after all, are not of much importance. I enjoyed my evening very much, as I believe most of the spectators did, if we may put any faith in bravos and brass ferrules. To my mind, one looks on at a play with additional interest when the author is included in the *rôle*, and whatever may be the opinion of the learned regarding MR. BOUCICAULT as a dramatist, there can be little doubt of his merit 'on the boards.' I can hardly imagine a better Stage Irishman, and if you have seen the '*Colleen Bawn*' I make no doubt you will agree so far with

"Your humble servant,
"JACK EASEL."

THE LATEST PARISIAN FOLLY.—THE SPOON-SHAPED BONNET.

SEERS OF THE FUTURE.

FORMERLY he was reckoned a very clever fellow who could see into the middle of next week, but your Spiritualist of the present day goes a great deal further than that. He will see into the middle of next century, if you will only pay him properly for it. Distance is no object, but the pay is. Spiritualism, like the Empire, *c'est le* pay. Who would turn a table, unless he could turn many a shilling with it? MR. HOME, Sweet HOME, can tell you whether Spirit-rapping is worth a rap, or not? In the meantime, will any sharp-sighted Spiritualist, who can look into the future with the same ease as the gentleman in the *Arabian Nights* did into the pool of water, and tell us all the wonders that every drop of it contains, be kind enough to inform us when the Guards' Memorial (which has been going on now from time immemorial) is likely to be completed?

The Complete British Tradesman.

(BY AN IRATE HOUSEKEEPER.)

DID you now, and tell us candidly, ever in your long experience, know a tradesman make a mistake, except in his own favour? An answer per return of post, is politely requested.

WANTED.—A Crinoline Fire Insurance Company, to protect Ladies who cannot stand fire without losing their lives any more than the Neapolitan troops can.

THE CAUSE OF THE ROMISH CRUSADERS.

THERE was a time not far away,
When CULLEN's Church the wisest schooled;
Kings governed with unbridled sway;
And priests the ruler's conscience ruled.
How high attained the human mind?
A holy Mother formed it then;
She had the teaching of mankind,
And should have made them noble men.

Ah! then the world, for some brief space,
Beheld the reign of truth and good,
And, lessoned by supernal grace,
Man's dues and duties understood;
But rarely then were subjects moved
Against their monarchs to rebel:
For Princes in their conduct proved
The right divine to govern well.

Yes, then hard hearts were taught to feel;
Then scourges tore the scorner's back;
Then bones were crushed upon the wheel,
And sinews snapped upon the rack.
The tongue that uttered words of sin
Was then torn out by zealous ire,
And misbelievers' living skin
Hissed, shrunk, and crackled in the fire.

Alas! offenders now atone
Their crimes by torment scarcely more;
Subverted is the Bourbon's Throne,
That did some wretches force to roar.
The groan, the shriek, the scream, the wail,
From cell and scaffold cease to rise;
No roasting heretics exhale
Unwilling incense to the skies.

Ages of Faith, will you revive,
And miscreants shall we yet behold,
Whipped, mangled, maimed, and burnt alive,
As in the pious days of old?
Or have the wise, the good, and brave,
Been fighting, with devotion fired,
In vain, that Dynasty to save
Which those delightful times inspired?

A NEW OPENING.

THE way in which our streets are torn up at the present moment affords an admirable opening for street conjurors and posture-mongers, of which our *al fresco* professors liberally avail themselves. As the thoroughfares are impassable for vehicles, they have the street all to themselves, and they can carry on their gymnastics without the slightest interruption. When half-a-dozen Risleys have built themselves into a living pyramid almost as tall as a Manchester warehouse, they cannot pick themselves quickly to pieces, a Bounding Brick of Babylon at a time, as often as a PICKFORD's van is seen in the distance galloping, with the speed of a fire-engine, towards them. The consequence is, that the wearers of pink fleshings have been doing a rare sweeping business lately, which is likely to continue until such time as our Paving Commissioners and Gas Companies force them to shut up shop, by closing the chasms that are such profitable mines of wealth to all followers of the *haute gymnastique*. The only drawback is, the fear that occasionally possesses the aspiring gentleman who acts the apex of *la Perche*, of falling some thirty or forty feet to the bottom of a most uninviting sewer, that he sees yawning beneath him.

It is not at all pleasant to think that the smallest hesitation, the most trifling deviation from the right line of conduct, on the part of his *confrere* who is performing the part of base below, might cause him at any moment to play the involuntary character of MARCUS CURTIUS. The apprehension takes away materially from the pleasure that ambition has *generally in* reaching the summit of its wishes; nor can the poor posturer, who, poised in the air, is *girouetting*, like a corporeal weatfler-cock, in front of the attic windows, be buoyed up much with the consoling conviction that, supposing he were to leap into the gulf, his country would gain anything by it, or even be grateful for the sacrifice. We doubt if the sewers would close any the quicker. Another drawback is, that these exciting performances distract the attention of the workmen a great deal too much. The bold navvy leans upon his pick-axe, and stares his eyes out with admiration, quite unconscious of the rolling hours. We cannot blame him, for human nature loves play better than work; but still we see clearly that, unless these moving distractions are made to move off altogether, our streets give every promise of being, like the Haymarket Theatre, open all the year round.

Is there no Early-Closing Association that can look into the matter, and get these million-and-one cruel incisions into the bowels of the earth to close a little earlier. If they would close at two o'clock on the Saturdays only, still it would be a great boon, and would go a long way to make matters a little smoother. Rent-day, we believe, comes in the country not more than four times a-year, and in Ireland, sometimes, it never comes at all; but in London it is rent-day every day throughout the year, and so sadly is every thoroughfare distrained upon in consequence of these numerous rents, that we have scarcely a stick or a stone that we can call our own.

Couldn't the Paving and Lighting Commissioners come to some arrangement to open only one or two, and not all the streets, at the same time? Or are the present regulations intended as a punishment upon all those pitiable parties who are compelled, less from choice than necessity, to stop in town? It may probably be our own fault. It serves us right, if we do inhale gases and other perfumes unregistered by DELCROIX, and other perfumers who take the nose of the public in hand. By rights, we should be at Brighton, or Leamington, or Scarborough—anywhere but in this unpleasant London.

In the interim, if there is any inquiring foreigner who is anxious to see anything of the interior life of London, now then, we say, is his time. He will find a capital opening for pursuing his researches, ready-made for him, in Piccadilly, the Strand, or Regent Street, or any main thoroughfare (so called, because the main is always being pulled up) where the traffic is greatest.

THE MOST DELICATE COURTESY OF ALL.

IN graceful acknowledgment of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE's having brought H. R. H. to America, the Republicans have nearly made up their minds to oppose as President—A LINCOLN.

A PARALLEL—SLIGHTLY COLOURED.

IF China suffers under its Tae-pings, England has almost as great a nuisance in its Red Ta-pings.

THE BORES OF THE BEACH.

SO! AS IT'S A FINE DAY, YOU'LL SIT ON THE BEACH AND READ THE PAPER COMFORTABLY, WILL YOU? VERY GOOD! THEN WE RECOMMEND YOU TO GET WHAT GUINEA-PIGS, BRANDY-BALLS, BOATS, AND CHILDREN'S SOCKS, TO SAY NOTHING OF SHELL-WORK-BOXES, LACE COLLARS, AND THE LIKE YOU MAY WANT, BEFORE YOU SETTLE DOWN.

THE TRIO AT WARSAW.

WHEN VICTOR first began to reign
Without the Tyrants' leaves,
He much alarmed three mighty men;
And two of them were thieves:
The first he was a Russian;
The next he was a Prussian;
And the third he was a little Kai-ser:
Three Despots altogether.

The Russian chafed with scorn;
The Prussian spun a yarn;
And the little Kai-ser waxed red with wrath,
And all three Sovereigns warm.
The Russian was choked with self-will;
The Prussian made swallow his yarn;
And the Rebels did away with the little Kai-ser,
With his Charter under his arm.

EXCITING RACE.

LAST week there was a most exciting race in the Strand between a fire-engine and a Pickford's van. The former had the start, but was soon caught up to by the latter. The pace for about ten minutes was terrific, we might almost say, killing—but ultimately the Pickford's van won by a good couple of streets. Only five children and two old women were thrown over, fifteen apple-stalls upset, one costermonger's donkey seriously injured and not expected to survive, besides an old gentleman and a commissionaire, who were carried to the hospital, and lie in a very precarious state. The winner was taken to the station house, and weighed in the scales of justice, whereupon some little irregularity being detected, he was detained. This irregularity simply arose from the fact of his being considerably overweighted with liquor.

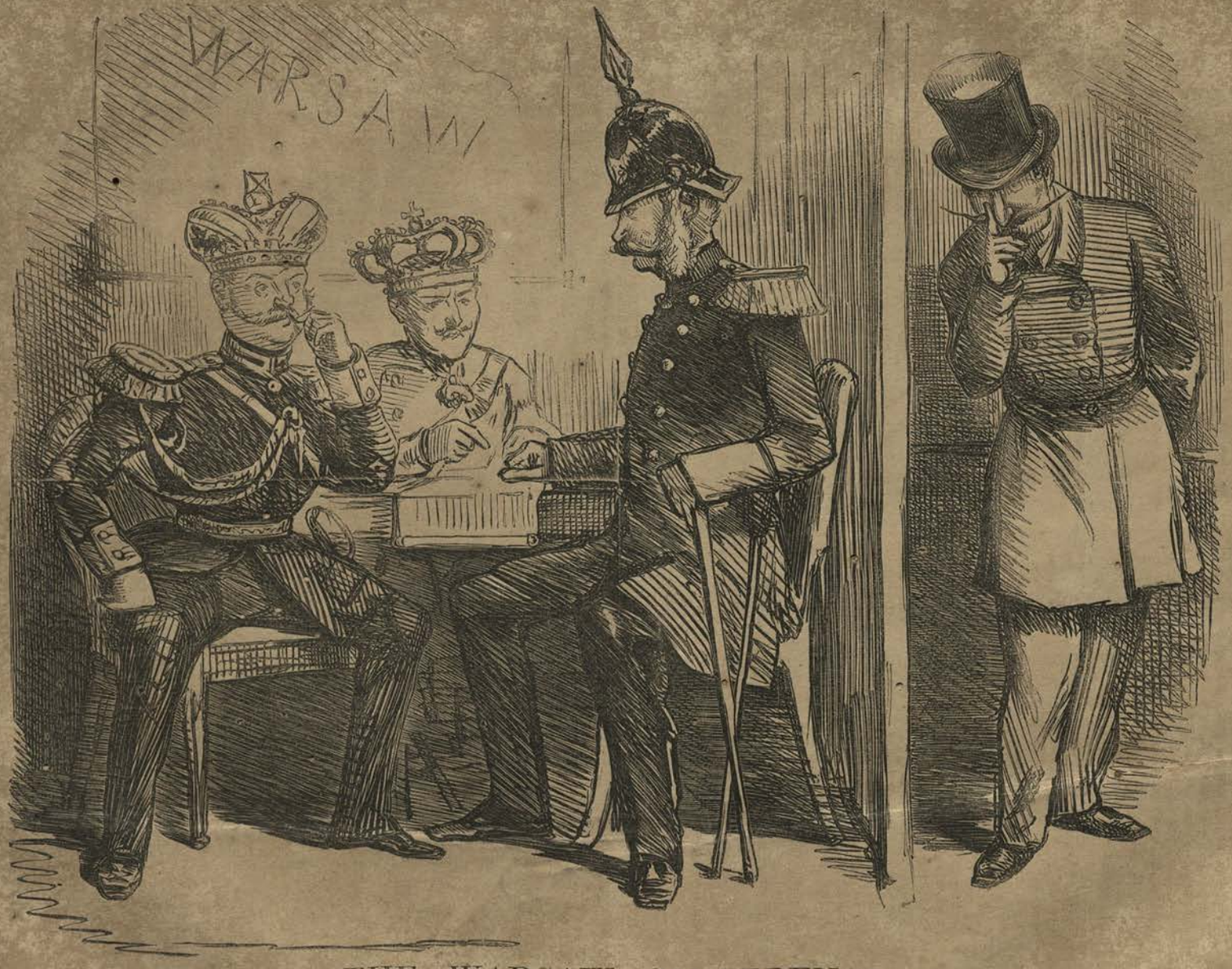
THE PENNY WEDDING.

WE are happy to state that a marriage which has been for a considerable time on the sawdust has at length taken place. On Monday, the 22nd ult. was solemnised in the Chapel, Fetter Lane, the union of MORNING STAR, Esq., adopted child of JOHN BRIGHT, Esq., of Birmingham, M.P., with MISS DIAL, surviving child of A. GREAT MISTAKE, Fleet Street. The bride had long been in a delicate state of health, owing to her having been unfortunately submitted to empirical treatment, and at one time had scarcely been expected to linger through another week, but it is hoped that the happy alliance now made will give her a new lease of life. Her husband, though not very well educated, and though at times inclined to be coarse, has a manly English character, and MISS DIAL, though brought up as a rigid Dissenter, has already seen the folly of fanaticism, and has accompanied her new lord to most of the theatres, to Newmarket races, and other scenes of which she was lately in the habit of speaking with the shyness of ignorance. We take much interest in the fortunes of the wedded pair, and trust that they will be blest with a large issue.

A Table of Contents.

A TABLE that answers to every rap of the Spiritualist, and answers precisely as the Spiritualist wishes it,—or a table that moves according to the desires of the fools that are circled round it, and is as easily moved as a cook with a novel in penny numbers,—or, better still, a table whose legs will begin cutting capers, and then flies off into the *Post-Horn Galop* round the room, and winds up by dancing the *College Hornpipe* on the ceiling,—such a table is indeed a Table of Contents. A Table of Discontents is one, we suppose, that will not yield to any amount of pressure—that would not allow itself to be carried away even by a broker.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.—Twins in a Perambulator.



THE WARSAW CONFERENCE.

LOUIS NAP. (A DETECTIVE IN PLAIN CLOTHES). "OH! YOU 'RE UP TO A NICE GAME; BUT I 'VE GOT MY EYE ON YOU!"

THE DRAG ON THE TREASURY COACH.

THE Treasury Coach is a ticklish machine
To tool without perilous jolting,
To shave kerb-stones keen, and to turn corners clean,
And keep leaders and wheelers from bolting;
And the Jehus who drive, should be keenly alive,
To the rule, which the best for their tribe is,
Who would scape purls and pitches in kennels and ditches—
"*In medio tutissimus ibis.*"

JOHN BULL has good pluck, and firm faith in his luck,
And likes a bold rate of progression;
It's hard to make *him* shy, but that son of Minshi
BILL GLADSTONE did *that* all last session.
He went off at a pace to try linch-pin and trace,
Galloped up-hill and down—helter-skelter—,
Spite of warnings and shouts, from both insides and outs,
Bad roads, and a weight more than welter.

As for nursing a nag, or attaching the drag,
Or heeding "wo-hoas" from his warners,
Or heavings and pitches, or kerb-stones and ditches;
Screaming pikemen, short turns, or sharp corners—
To such cautious a stranger, a scoffer at danger,
He swore he would show each old fogy,
He was not to be schooled how the coach should be tooled,
In defiance of bugbear or bogey.

The Treasury trap, by a merciful hap,
Through its stages he ended by getting,
Though the wonder was vast, that he didn't at last
Succeed the old coach in upsetting.
And when JOHN BULL jumped down, at the sign of the Crown,
—Amazed he had not had a tumble—
Says he, "Next time *you* drive, sure as *I* am alive,
I'll send a safe guard in the rumble.

"LAING 's all very well, o'er the way-bills to spell,
To look after the parcels and so on,
But he 's not the right stuff—not half cautious enough—
A coach tooled by GLADSTONE to go on—
With a chap at the ribbons, who doesn't care fippence
For his own neck, or passengers' either,
There 's need of a man, who 'll do all caution can,
By help of the drag, to risk neither.

"If BILL *must* be endured," JOHN told PAM his old steward,
"You look out 'mong the chaps in my service,
For one you can answer is not a Draw-can-sir,
But rather inclined to the nervous—
And just hint on the quiet, if GLADSTONE runs riot,
He isn't obliged to obey him—
The more spokes in his wheel he can put I shall feel
The better he earns what I pay him."

Says old PAM, with a wink, "well, I really think,
I've a lad that just meets your directions;
He 's as cool as a fish, with a natural wish
To make, if he can't find, objections.
He 's staid, and he 's solemn, talks shop by the column,
Spins red-tape by the yard, on occasion;
I don't want to brag, but if *he* spares the drag,
Say I can't twig a fellow's vocation.

"FRED PEEL is his name, at hard work he is game,
He don't care in whose teeth he runs rusty;
And GLADSTONE will find, if to ride rough inclined,
FRED quite as inclined to cut crusty—
So jump up—you FRED . . . . see BILL don't get his head,
Though he try all he knows of soft sawder;
To the drag have an eye, and remember, my boy,
You 're put there to keep WILLIAM in order."

Another such Victory, and they are Done For!

THE Minister of War of the KING OF NAPLES, in his report on the Battle of Volturno, claims it as a victory. The Neapolitan troops may henceforth pride themselves on having one characteristic trait in common with the English, for it is very clear "they do not know when they 're beaten." However, there the resemblance begins and ends.

BERLIN WORSTED—*What Berlin certainly will be, if ever she is foolish enough to have a quarrel with London.*

A PROSPECT FOR POISON-MONGERS.

(*View of the Mill.*)

WE are very much obliged to the Recorder of Hull, and author of *Passages from the Diary of a late Physician*, SAMUEL WARREN, ESQ., Q.C., for having, in his address to the Grand Jury, at the late Quarter Sessions, delivered a valuable summary of the last session of Parliament's legislation. Herein he specified one particular statute, containing a provision calculated to have a most beneficial effect, if it is but duly and fully enforced. This Act is c. 8, which provides by section 1, for the punishment, with a long term of penal servitude or imprisonment, of "any person unlawfully and maliciously administering, or causing to be administered to, or taken by, any other person, any poison or other destructive or noxious thing, so as thereby to endanger life or inflict any grievous bodily harm;" a crime which it constitutes felony. Having stated thus much, MR. WARREN proceeded to inform his audience, concerning this same wholesome act for the discouragement of attempting to poison, that—

"By the second section, the doing so with intent to injure, aggrieve or annoy any person, is declared a misdemeanour, punishable with or without hard labour for any period not exceeding three years. By the third and last section, if a jury be not satisfied as to the prisoner being guilty of felony under section 1st, on an indictment charging it, they may find him guilty of the misdemeanour under section 2, if satisfied that he is guilty of it."

Now, then, deleterious lollipop-vendors, grocers who sell coloured tea, and all the rest of you dealers in adulterated food, look out. If you serve your customers with poisoned articles you will be clearly liable to an indictment for felony, and even if that cannot be sustained, it will be for the jury to consider whether, in selling people pernicious eatables and drinkables for the purpose of cheating them, you are not "unlawfully and maliciously administering or causing to be administered" that which may rightly be described as "poison or other noxious or destructive thing, with intent to injure, aggrieve, or annoy" those whom you defraud. Prepare your goods for the market, therefore, with the fear of the treadmill and the crank before your eyes.

You publicans also, mind what beer you sell, and be careful how you purvey public-house port. Take heed lest you let yourselves in for three years. The same caution should be observed by all those who pretend to give wine to others, and give something else, or give bad wine; a cruelty and a wrong which is sometimes committed by other hosts than landlords, and which richly merits imprisonment with hard labour.

WELLINGTON VOLUNTEERS.

AT the instance of the Early Closing Association, the principal bootmakers in the Edgware Road and the western part of Oxford Street have agreed to shut up shop every evening, except Saturdays, at eight o'clock. It is to be hoped that this step will prove to have been the commencement of a general Bootmakers' Early Closing Movement. Amongst the various persons employed in the boot-trade, it is obvious that the Boot Closers are at least as much interested as any in the promotion of early closing, for which purpose they should redouble their endeavours to close every boot confided to their hands as early as possible. It is a pity that the bootmakers cannot participate in the benefit of the Saturday half-holiday, which it may be thought that they might enjoy if workpeople in general had their wages paid them on Fridays; but the demand for new boots and shoes on the part of the industrious classes, inseparable from the eve of Sunday, will probably forbid the proprietors of Golden Boots and Noah's Arks, if not the Makers to the QUEEN and the Aristocracy, to put up their shutters much before twelve o'clock on Saturday night. Otherwise, the liberated bootmakers' shopmen might go and contribute to the Saturday Review, or at least assist at the drill, of Rifle Volunteers, which generally takes place in Hyde Park, "or some other suitable place" on Saturday.

Having served their customers, they would then learn how to serve their country, if their country should ever require their services; but let us hope it never will. It is often jocosely said, that there is nothing like leather; but a bootmakers' brigade would doubtless prove that remark to be one of the many true things which are said in joke, by the "leathering" which they would administer to their adversaries. The sons of CRISPIN are generally celebrated for combativeness, and no class of young men would be more prompt than the bootmakers to aid in repelling any enemy who might come here in quest of booty. No doubt many of them will avail themselves even of the limited leisure, which is all the time they can at present command, to learn the use of arms; and, with a view to their encouragement in the study of this useful art, let us, the next opportunity we have of proposing a toast and sentiment, drink "Success to the Bootmakers' Early Closing; and no Heeltaps."

MR. RAREY'S ARMS.—A Horse-pistol, and a Colt's revolver.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXV.—A FIRST LOOK AT THE LADIES OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

FROM THE BRASS OF BARBARA DE BERMONDSEVE. TEMP. HENRY THE FIFTH. SHOWING THE "NEWEST THING IN BONNETS OF THE PERIOD."

MUCH as it may pain us to reflect upon the fact, truth obliges us to state that in the reigns of HENRY THE FOURTH, HENRY THE FIFTH, and HENRY THE SIXTH, (which, as every baby knows, embraced the interesting period between the first day of October in 1399, and the fifth day of March in 1461,) the ladies certainly committed many an offence against good taste in their costume, and their head-dresses were perhaps the head and front of their offending. So gigantic were the structures they erected on their heads that doorways, we are told, had to be altered to admit them.* Indeed such was their absurdity, that one of the most courteous of writers on costume is constrained to say the head-dresses of these three HENRYS' reigns were "certainly as ugly and unbecoming as can well be imagined;" and when one looks at the strange specimen with which we head this chapter, one must confess that there appears to be great cause for this complaint.

In general, variety is reputed to be charming; but this can hardly be asserted of the coiffures which were fashionable during the fifteenth century. There was abundance of variety, but very little that was charming in the monstrosities that ladies took it into their heads to wear upon them. In the reign of HENRY THE FOURTH the fashion was to have the hair still gathered in a caul; but this, instead of being fastened closely round the head, was projected at the sides, and flattened at the top, so that ladies looked as though they carried baskets on their heads, and made their back hair serve by way of porter's knot. In the following two reigns flat crowns went out of fashion, and it became "the thing" to wear large high and heartshaped head-dresses, which sometimes were exchanged for a more pointed style of coiffure, that gave its wearer the appearance of having grown a pair of horns. Turbans of oriental form were also worn occasionally, and now and then a roll of cloth or silk was wrapped or folded round the head, and all the hair was combed straight through it in the manner of a scalp-lock, and thence dangled down the back.

The horned head-dress was, however, the one that was most fashionable, perhaps because it clearly looked the most ridiculous. What the horns were made of we cannot state precisely, for the mysteries of the toilette are not to be revealed by a modest and male pen. It is enough for us to hint that they projected from the ladies "like the crested honours of the brute creation," as one of the most elegant of writers has expressed it: and that sometimes from their tips behind, there was suspended a short veil, which served to give a sort of background to the face. Whether ladies ever played at "Buck, buck!" with each other, and asked how many horns they held up on their heads, is a question of so little value to our work, that we care not to decide it by so much as a toss up. It puzzles us, however, to guess what other good there could have been in wearing them, and we thoroughly endorse the opinion of WILL COX, the learned Finsbury historian, that the horns were not more useful than they were hornamental.

Of course the *Punches* of the period poked their fun unmercifully at these preposterous head-coverings: but it must be owned their jokes are somewhat of the mildest, with the addition too of being mostly far too coarse to quote. As a specimen we may mention, that the ladies who wore horns were declared to "carry about with them the outward and visible sign of the father of all evil," and were compared to cows, to harts, to unicorns, and snails, and to all sorts of horned creatures, perhaps including horned owls. One old writer gives his lips a misogynic smack, as he relates how to a feast there did come a gentlewoman, having her head so strangely stuck about with pins, that the company full soon did scorn her from their presence, saying she did bear a gallows on her skull. Moreover, poetry was launched as well as prose at these queer head-dresses. LYDGATE, the monk of Bury, who, we are told, was "the most celebrated poet of the day," produced a laughter-moving ballad called "*A Ditty of Women's Horns*," whereof the gist and burden is the strangely sage reflection, that pretty women have no need of horns to make them pretty. As a sample of the sort of stuff which the "most celebrated poet" of the period could perpetrate, we beg to introduce the following mirtiful stanza to the notice of the curious:—

"Clerkes record, by great authority,
Horns were given to beastes for defence:
A thing contrary to feminity,
To be made sturdy of resistence.
But arch wives, eager in their violence,
Fierce as tigers for to make affray,
They have despite, and act against conscience,
List not to pride their horns cast away."

One can't help having a doubt of the "wisdom of our ancestors," when one reflects that they could write—and actually read—such stupid stuff as this. What would become of *Punch* (who is clearly "the most celebrated poet of the day,") if, instead of all the golden lines he weekly issues from his mental mint, he were to palm upon the public such a pitiful ditty, full of bad jokes and worse grammar as this old Monk's of Bury, whose poetry by rights should have been buried with his bones?

LADY AND GENTLEMAN OF NOBLE BIRTH. TEMP. HENRY THE FOURTH. FROM A CURIOUS BOOK OF FASHIONS ENTITLED "YE TOMFOOLERIE." DATE 1409.

Of course it was not likely that ladies should be found to be more sensible in other parts of their costume, when they were so foolish about that which they wore nearest to their brains. Extravagance and superfluity were their prevailing faults in dress; and they had seemingly no notion of the "elegant simplicity" which has so eminently distinguished the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, with whom some of their descendants may perhaps be well acquainted. Gowns, we find, were worn extremely wide and full, and with enormously long trains, so that their wearers must have found it cruel crural work to walk in them. Street-sweepers (if there were any—will MR. TIMBS enlighten us?) might have, with some reason, approved of these appendages, but as they must have been continually tripping people up, we think that no one else about the streets could have thought well of them.

It may be interesting to some of our fair readers to learn, that exceedingly short waists were in fashion at this period; and that it was thought nice to have them small as well as short may be inferred from an old love-song we have recently unearthed, and which in the sentimental language of the time commences thus:—

"My Love shee hath a red, red nose,
Aponne a white, white face:
The reason is, soe men suppose,
Shee doth too tightlie lace."

Without bothering the reader (to say nothing of ourselves) with any further details and particular descriptions, which we find (in other writers) are particularly sleepifying, we beg to call upon our artist to finish off this Chapter for us by giving a true copy of a curious old drawing, which will amply serve to illustrate the ample bed-gowns of the period, and the formidable structures which now served by way of night-caps. The drawing, which is in the famous Whitefriars collection, will be looked upon as one of great domestic interest, as it represents QUEEN MARGARET, the wife of our SIXTH HENRY, in the noble act of carrying her husband up to bed. Such of our readers as have read the

* ISABELLA of Bavaria, Queen of CHARLES THE SIXTH of France, is represented by MONTFAUCON as wearing "a heart-shaped head-dress of exceeding size, and some doe say that shee did carry ye fashion to suche a height that at Vincennes ye palace doors were obliged to be enlarged, for else hir Majjesty and eke ye ladies of her suite, when they were in fulle dress, could not have squeezed through them."

History of England are of course aware that MARGARET was a strong-minded woman; and this old drawing shows her to have been strong-bodied also. When we "look upon this picture" we seem to see quite clearly why HENRY was afraid of her, and instead of speaking of her as

HENRY THE SIXTH AND QUEEN MARGARET. FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE WHITEFRIARS COLLECTION. NEVER BEFORE ENGRAVED.

his better half, used generally to call her his superior three-quarters. History says that HENRY was, during his last days, as mad as a March hare, or as cracked as poor Big Ben, (the reader may select which simile he pleases,) and used to play at cup-and-ball with the royal orb and sceptre, while he amused himself with singing in a terribly cracked voice this extremely touching strain:—

"Oh no, pray never mention it,
Now isn't it too bad!
Four frogs upon my forehead sit,—
But no, I am not mad!"

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

CLUMSINESS is certainly the failing of the Spiritualists. Conjurors they may be, but clever they are not. As a specimen of their stupidity, take the following explosion of one of their great guns, who has been firing away at *Punch* and all other non-dupables in a Yankee print:—

"Greatness among men is alone a property of the sensuous world; it does not belong to the world of spirits. Greatness of mind belongs to the philosophies of the earth, which philosophies, like the earth, are material, and are subject to the same laws. No greatness among men goes beyond the boundaries of the love of earth. The right that we have to claim that the spirits of WASHINGTON, FENELON, SHAKSPEARE, and NAPOLEON are a whit greater than the spirits of their washerwomen and scavengers is only warranted by the standard of material philosophy, which to the soul is as a fiction—is as a shadow of matter."

Here, then, is the explanation, for which we long have panted. Here, then, is the reason why the spirits of the Great when summoned by our tables say what is little worth the trouble we are at to call them forth. The spirit of SOLON drivels, and that of Dr. JOHNSON cannot even spell, because wisdom and good language are material possessions; and not being in the flesh, spirits therefore cannot own them. Of course, this very luminous and lucid explanation will amply serve to satisfy minds capable of crediting what Spiritualists state. But when SHAKSPEARE spoke of caling spirits from the vasty deep, he surely never dreamed that such vastly shallow reasoning could, in after time, be coupled with them.

A Stitch in Time.

IT appears that the only way to disable such a vessel as *La Gloire* is that of contriving to foul her screw. The next invention in naval warfare will be a Screw Fouler. Will the Admiralty get this want supplied, or leave the French Marine to make another discovery involving one more "reconstruction of the Navy."

THE IRISH ARMY OF MARTYRS.

OH! weep for the hour, when the bullets in a shower
On Erin's brave Brigadesmen at Ancona came;
Like heroes they did fight
For PIO NONO's right,
And gilded with new glory Ould Ireland's glorious name.

The 'odds was one to ten; but what 's that to Irishmen,
Who for foightin', 'tis well known, by constitution are inclined,
With their Clargy in their front,
To uphold them 'ginst the brunt,
The Holy POPE and Cardinals to push them on behind.

On the haythen foemen pour, thirty thousand, if not more,
Agin' the brave three hundred that scorn a foot to yield,
Though a hundred guns rained shot
Almost, if not quite, red-hot,
And the gallant blood of Ireland ran like wather o'er the field.

All in the crimson flood, up to the knees they stood,
And they scorned to ask for quarther, tho' the gore it rose and rose,
From their knees up their breasts,
O'er the shorter warriors' crests,
And took great O'REILLY's self—bein' tall—up to the nose.

For hours and hours they fought, and a miracle was wrought—
As, if miracles is ever wrought, why wouldn't it for *them*
That in Holy Church's cause,
Defyin' Saxon laws,
Enlists, the excommunicate Sardinian foe to stem?

For all the blood that flowed; to the depth that I have showed,
The thousands of the inimy, the hundthreds of big guns,
Every man came out alive,
And the wounded was but five,
And three of *them*, the Saints be praised, was only sprains and stuns.

There was gallant PETER MURPHY, laid low upon the turf he
Defended with such sperrit, wid 'a scorch on hands and face,
It 's himself that has smelt powdther,
And no man can brag loudther,
And good raison—wid his whiskers burn't off upon the place.

And there 's valiant DANIEL SAVAGE, that the inimy did ravage,
Wid a slight flesh-wound above the knee, that he would niver bend,
To ask the foe for quarther,
If he was made a marthyr—
To the faithful for a pinsion the man I recommend.

And there 's glorious PETER NEVIN, after killin' six or sevin,
(Not to spake of those he wounded, which was more by a great deal)
In hurts, as deeds, he still is
Like HOMER's great ACHILLES,
For the blow that laid him low is a contusion in the heel.

Then there 's MURPHY number two, if a mortial could outdo,
The MURPHY number one, whose wounds above I've let you know;
TOM MURPHY is the boy,
Whereby he does enjoy,
A splinther in his flank—he marched side-front against the foe.

And lastly Christian prayers I beg, for JAMES O'BEIRNE his leg,
That afther his surrendther was cut off below the knee—
The only Irish limb—
I'll say that much for JIM—
That fell before the bullets of the cruel Minnié.

Sure the Protestants makes strictures on all the bleedin' picthurs,
And miraculous Madonnas that winks their holy eyes,
And the haythens, I 'll go bail,
Will ridicule the tale
Of the blood that from the wounds I 've sung, did wonthrously arise.

But in Holy Church's cause, what 's the odds of Nature's laws,
Or the dirty rules of evidence the Saxon loves so well;
Sure, if marthyrs can't be got,
Widout havin' brave boys shot,
We 'll shoot 'em upon paper, and that will do as well!

A Photograph whose Like was Never Seen.

WE read that there is a new invention (by an American, of course) that professes to print 12,000 photographs, or stereographs, in one hour, and all by means of a single negative. That must be almost as great a negative as FREDERICK PEEL himself—*with this difference, that* FREDERICK PEEL *is a negative that has never yet made any satisfactory impression.*

CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES WHO RIDE IN CRINOLINE ON DONKEYS.

THE RETURN FROM RAMSGATE.

"By sea? or not by sea? that was the question, answered unfortunately in the affirmative."

Oh! the sea, the sea! the beautiful sea!
And the beautiful *Prince of Wales!*
But the way was long to Tilbury,
And the *Prince* was a Prince of Snails.

Oh! the waves, the waves! the glorious waves!
And the sparkling, dancing, spray!
And the hollow depths of the Foreland caves!
And the—! "Isn't it rough, sir, pray?"

"Call this rough! why it is but a puff—"
"But don't you think it will rain?
And puff, or rough, I see clear enough,
We shall miss the Tilbury train."

And the wild wind blew, and the white spray flew,
And the rain fell heavily,
And the *Prince* groaned in vain, for the time of the train
Was past ere we landed at Tilbury.

"Train waits!" is the cry, as wife, children, and I
Rush onwards regardless of weather.
"Take your seats," they call out, while I look about,
To get all our boxes together.

Oh! those boxes, and hampers, carpet-bags, and portmanteaus!
They were but eighteen in all;
But to get them on shore, took some minutes more
Than the train would concede to our call.

With a scream and a groan the fierce monster was gone,
With our six pretty bairns in it's keeping,
While we two bereft, on the platform were left,
With no other resource but weeping.

Oh! the sea! the sea! the deceitful sea!
And the faithless *Prince of Wales!*
Oh! that long long hour at Tilbury,
With its iron-hearted rails!

THE MATRIMONY MARKET.

It will of course be in the remembrance of our readers (who cannot fail to recollect every precious word we print for them), that a month or two ago we inserted an advertisement,—not in our fly-leaf,—which purported to emanate from a young and single gentleman, who was desirous of finding a young lady for a wife. The advertiser said, with equal modesty and truth, that he was accomplished, sweetly tempered, and possessed of every virtue, including a fine figure and a fortune made to match. All he stipulated for in the object of his choice was, that the young lady should have health and cheerful spirits, and, as an absolute necessity, should be a friendless orphan, that she might not bring a mother-in-law or other meddlesome relation to vex her husband's peace.

As a contrast to this simple and unselfish offer, we beg to call the notice of our readers to the following, which has actually appeared in a contemporary print:—

MATRIMONY.—A GENTLEMAN under 30 years of age, engaged in mercantile pursuits, and that extensively, takes this opportunity of obtaining an INTRODUCTION to a LADY with a view to MATRIMONY. The advertiser considers his fortune equal to £12,000, he has a very nice house standing in its own grounds, which are extensive, in a very healthy part of one of the finest counties in England, and if any lady (after an introduction, should that prove mutually satisfactory) possessed of a sum equal to one-half of his capital, wish or feel inclined to link her fate with his, he will do all in his power to promote her happiness and obtain her love. This mode of effecting a matrimonial alliance may be novel, but what is a man to do who cannot make his wants and desires known otherwise? This advertisement is written in a fair and honourable spirit, the strictest reliance may be placed in the integrity of the writer, and he may be fully depended upon.—Address, &c.

Here the advertiser does not say so much about himself as did the orphan-seeker to whom we have referred; but what he says is clearly not a whit more modest, and scarcely bears upon it more the stamp of truth. His description of himself is confined to merely stating that he is in trade, and, in addition to a house which he regards as "very nice," he thinks he is possessed of a dozen thousand pounds. The statement that he "considers" that his fortune "equals" this, we consider to be as cool a thing as we have lately heard of; and it surprises us that any one "extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits" should have ventured to make use of so unbusinesslike a phrase. Men of business never dream of "considering" a property to be such and such a sum. They ascertain by valuation what it really is, and then state in black and white the actual amount.

Whether he be owner of twelve thousand pounds or not, it is pretty clear the advertiser wants to grab six thousand, and we believe this is the end and aim of his advertisement. Money and not matrimony is his real object; and so long as she be owner of those six thousand charms, he will little care what else his wife may have to recommend her. There are men who are quite capable of marrying for money, and if they get it, never think how sour their moneymoon may be to them. As we write for the protection of the weaker-minded sex, we would put them on their guard against these money-marrying monsters, who make a trade of matrimony if they do of nothing else. Fine fortunes are not to be made out of fine words, any more than are fine feathers the makers of fine birds. A man "extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits," may, after all, be only a baked potato merchant; and though he might "consider" his fortune what he pleased, such consideration-money is a rather doubtful tender for the purchase of a wife.

ARROGANT AXIOM. BY A RICH MAN.

Poverty has no right to have any Pride. The man who is excessively thin-skinned should take better care not to be out-at-elbows!

A WELL MERITED SUBSCRIPTION.

Hullah want money! Come, all folks with throats:
Show that he's taught you to bring out your notes.

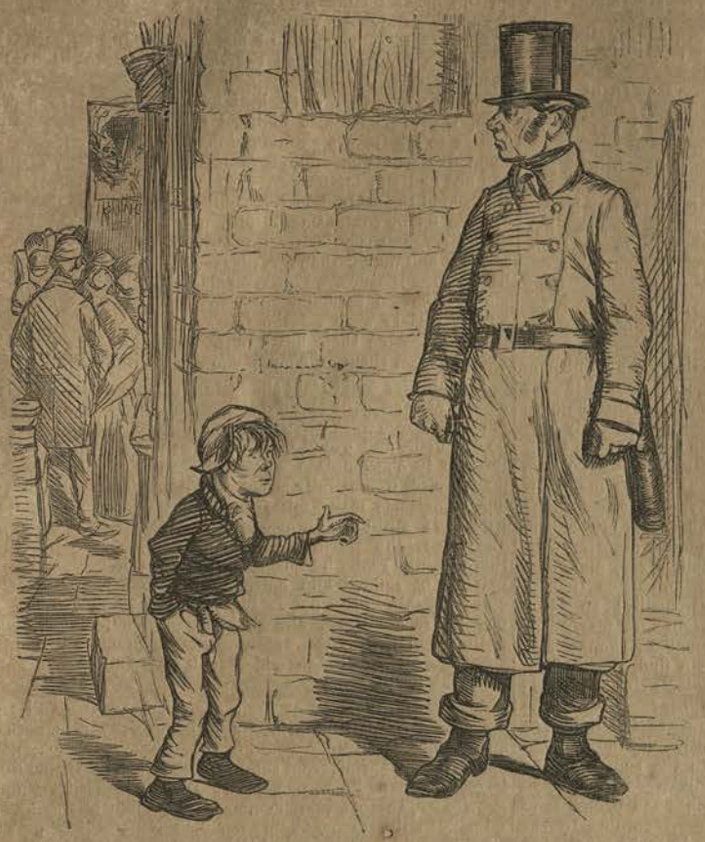
A NEW TRANSLATION OF AN OLD QUOTATION.

"Impar congressus Achilli."

What chance has a Congress against Garibaldi?

A BARGAIN.—TO BE SOLD, a LADY'S PARASOL. It is Magenta colour, and trimmed with the best Valenciennes. It cost originally two guineas, and may be had extremely cheap. It is perfectly new, as the owner has never had occasion to use it once this summer. All letters addressed to Clara, care of the Clerk of the Weather, will be promptly attended to.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, November 3, 1860.



"A SELL."

STREET BOY (who is no friend to Punch and Judy Shows). *"Oh, S' please S' ain't a Cove just a larruppin' his Wife up the Court neither!"*

THE SPANISH REFORMATION.

By all accounts the Spaniards are turning over a new leaf in theirs, and are really taking steps towards regaining their lost credit. From statistics lately published, it appears that their home produce and their foreign commerce have within the last ten years increased with great rapidity; and as commerce can be scarcely developed without credit, we may presume that this has in like measure been extended. "Better known than trusted" was formerly the maxim in dealing with the Dons; but there now seems to be a hope that as they get less "knowing" they will gain more trust.

To show that they are on the highway to prosperity, and wish to smooth all obstacles which beset their path, the Spanish Government last year obtained a vote of credit for a milliard of reals, which they are applying to the improvement of their roads. A milliard of their reals is ten millions of our pounds—a goodish bit of money to throw beneath one's feet and trample into dust. However, we may hope that all this milliard of reals will be really well laid out; and that the welfare as well as the wayfare of the country will progress the faster for them. We are glad to see the Spaniards begin to mend their ways, for the path they once pursued appeared the road to ruin. As Englishmen, of course we take great interest in the Spaniards, because for such a time we took so little interest from them. Whether, now they have begun to see the error of their ways, they may be viewed as being on the road to reformation, and are likely to "stump up" the debts they long have owed, we leave to sanguine speculators, if they please, to calculate. For ourselves, we must confess, that the last thing in the world we should expect to get from Spain, would be, if we were bondholders, a shipment of "the Spanish."

Strange Sea Fowl.

UNDER the head of "Military and Naval Intelligence," we are apprised that—

"*The Landrail*, 5, screw, COMMANDER MARTIN, went out of Portsmouth harbour yesterday to Spithead on the completion of her repairs."

Here we have related two wonderful and unaccountable facts. A Martin is placed in command of a Landrail, and the Landrail walks the water! Surely, considered in a locomotive capacity, a Landrail, properly so called, can only travel on a railway.

OUR SISTERS IN AMERICA.

IN the pages of the *London American*, we read that in New York there has lately been opened a library for the exclusive use of women. At first, we sarcastically thought that it must consist of nothing but novels, but we never were more mistaken, the collection being as varied as that of the London Library in St. James's Square, only not quite so numerous. The one is as yet only a baby,—a mere literary infant,—whilst the other has arrived to the full-grown proportions of a lusty intellectual manhood. The library has met with the greatest success, and publishers and printsellers have vied with each other in filling its walls and its shelves with presents. "The subscription is a dollar (4*s.* 2*d.*) a-year, for those who can afford it, and nothing for those who cannot."

Would a similar Woman's Library answer in London? We strongly believe it would, especially if opened in the evening, when the British Museum and other libraries are closed. Besides, how many poor girls are there who cannot afford fire and candle in the evening to enable them to stop at home after their working-hours are over, and would only be too glad of such a refuge, where they could improve and amuse themselves, free from importunities, free from temptations, happy, warm, and comfortable, until the clock warned them it was time to go to bed? If a similar institution be ever established, we beg leave to propose MISS BESSIE PARKES as its noble librarian!

The PRINCE OF WALES visited the Woman's Library. During the interview, the following handsome tribute was paid:—

"The room was crowded with ladies. The Prince entered, leaning upon the arm of the CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY, and was received by MISS POWELL (the Librarian), who, on behalf of the ladies, said, 'Baron, we are happy to welcome to a Woman's Library the son of a Royal Lady whom the women in America regard as an honour and a pride to all womanhood.'"

Bravo! We little suspected that the Women of America could say such generous things; but then it was a live Prince who inspired the graceful tribute. However, the compliment is all the more genuine and valuable, as from the great gallantry, amounting to adoration, that is shown to the female sex in America, the ladies are much more in the habit of receiving compliments than of paying them. Amongst the many pleasant recollections the Prince has brought home from America, none, we will be bound, will occupy a more prominent or grateful place than the above. It is a recollection that, in his mind, will be ever wrapped up in lavender.

A POLONAISE AND VARSOVIENNE.

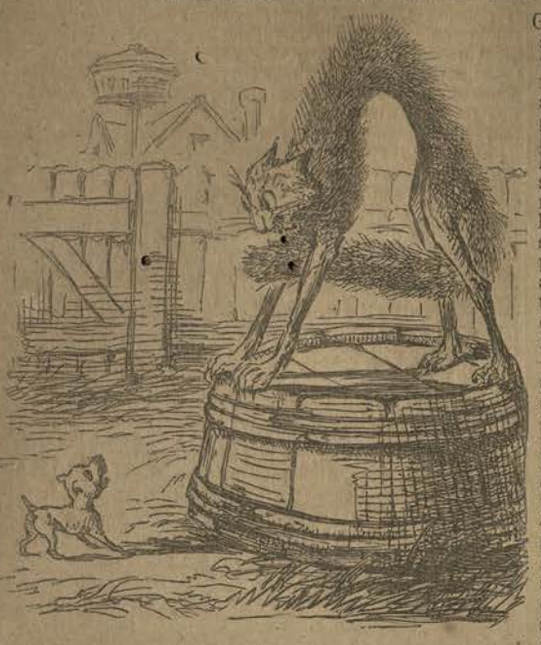
DANCING appears to have been the principal occupation of the illustrious personages who chiefly figured in the late Conferences at Warsaw. "Everything," of greater consequence, says a telegram from Paris, "was limited to short conversations upon two or three principal points of the general state of affairs;" so that the intercommunications exchanged by the three crowned heads may be supposed to have nearly resembled those which usually pass between BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON in the Commercial Room, when one of those travelling gentlemen asks another, "What's your opinion of things in general?" In admirable keeping with the light and lively drama which is now in course of performance on the Theatre of Italy, the high conferring parties engaged themselves chiefly in the dance. *Ad hoc* the Governor of Warsaw, PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF gave a ball; whereat, according to the *Post*:—

"The EMPEROR ALEXANDER appeared about half-past ten, and remained until half-past one. All took part in the 'Polonaise,' and amongst the princely persons who danced in it were the young Cesarewitch of Russia, PRINCE CHARLES of Prussia and the GRAND DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR. The number of invitations was between 300 and 400, but amongst these only about 25 ladies could be reckoned on as partners. The Polish ladies were absent as far as possible."

The Royal and Imperial Absolutists, happily unable to agree in any scheme to defeat the constitution of an United Italy, were forced to content themselves with dancing over the grave of Polish freedom. No wonder the ladies of Poland declined to assist in that "Polonaise."

UNNATURAL SELECTION AND IMPROVEMENT OF SPECIES.

(A Paper intended to be read at Our Social Science Congress, by One who has been spending half-an-hour or so with DARWIN.)



GENTLEMAN of social science, endeavouring to find a key to the mysteries of wedlock, and who being a single man, has taken his degree as a bachelor of hearts, has started the new theory of Unnatural Selection, by which he says, nine happy couples out of every ten are influenced. Certainly, the number of queer matches—or rather of mis-matches—that one daily sees and hears of, tends strongly to confirm our friend's ingenious hypothesis. Short husbands are so frequently assorted with tall wives, and men of substance (looked at bodily) so often seem to marry the smallest women they can find, that "Like selects Unlike," would appear to be the maxim of the marriage-making world. The same rule too apparently applies not less in mental than in personal respects. Bad tempers are continually found allied with good ones, and the sweetest dispositions are united to the sourest. The instances of this are far too numerous and frequent for any one in reason to attribute them to accident; and that they result from some fixed principle in nature, it scarcely seems presumptuous in one to presume. According to the theory which lately has been started, men are moved by nature to make what seem at first unnatural selections, and to choose for partners in the great business of life, parties as dissimilar as can be to themselves. Variety of species, both personal and mental, is thus everywhere maintained; and as variety is charming, we cannot well regret that this should be the case.

When we see an ugly lout with an extremely pretty wife, we are naturally inclined to feel a savage sort of sorrow to see Beauty so mismatched; and we regret that some fine handsome fellow (such for instance as oneself) had not had the fortune to save Beauty from the Beast. On second thoughts, however, philosophy and science both dispose us to contentment with our singly blessed state; for we reflect that Beauty possibly may have a wayward temper, and may perhaps be pleasanter to look at than to live with. Besides, we are consoled by thinking that mismatches have a tendency to propagate variety of species; and if variety were wanting, eccentricity and folly would in time receive their death-blow, and the fun which is derived from them, of course would then die out.

It is all very well to talk about "Improvement of Species" as being the effect of Natural Selection; but if this improvement principle were carried to extremes, it would cease to be a benefit, and would become an actual nuisance. It is terrible to contemplate what sad results might follow, if people were unnaturally select in their selections, and did not sometimes make mistakes when they take a Miss to wife. If mutual improvement were the object in all marriages, the world would get so wise and good that there would really be but little pleasure left in it. To persons of refined and cultivated intellects, one of the chief delights in life consists in laughing at the follies of our fellow-creatures, and this elegant enjoyment is perpetuated mainly by the widely-spreading practice of Unnatural Selection, through which such queer mismatches are daily taking place.

Were improvement of their species the aim of all the applicants for wedding-rings and licences, we fear that simpletons and snobs would in time become extinct; and one well may shrink from thinking what a sadly stupid life, if one survived them, one would have of it. If every one grew wise, there would be nobody to laugh at; and as a climax to its sorrow at this melancholy bereavement, the world would be deprived of the existence of its *Punch*.

CONVERSATION AT THE WARSAW CONFERENCE.

AUSTRIA, RUSSIA, PRUSSIA.

P. WELL, here we are!

A. Is not that remark worthy rather of a Clown than a Sovereign?

R. Perhaps he learnt it in England!

P. Where, indeed, they are most potent in their plotting.

A. Just so, and does not that consideration suggest that we might as well proceed to business?

P. The question is, how to arrest the Revolution in Italy?

R. Don't you think we are a little too late?

A. Ah, if you had only prevented, or helped me to win, Magenta and Solferino!

R. I was alluding to an earlier omission. Ah, if you had only saved Sebastopol! Certain parties held back then—do they call that backing their friends?

P. What's done can't be undone. Let's change the subject.

A. Change the Sovereign seems to be the order of the day.

R. Who's seen the *Times*? What's the best news?

A. Bad is the best—for us. You saw all about young WALES in America?

R. Dreadful! Shameful! I say, Austria, fancy a grandson of your own, one of these days, shaking hands and waltzing with the descendants of your revolted Lombards, and standing, hat in hand, at the tomb of GARIBALDI.

A. He hasn't got a tomb yet.

P. What do you, too, think him immortal?

A. You'll see, if I catch him. He won't have a tomb, though, even if he is buried—at the foot of the gallows.

P. You saw how BLONDIN crossed the Falls of Niagara?

R. On a tight-rope, with another fool at his back.

A. I wish he had been that fellow at the Tuileries, with VICTOR EMMANUEL, or the other vagabond, on his shoulders, and that his foot had slipped, and they had both tumbled in.

P. GARIBALDI would have been saved even then, if your wishes could be fully gratified in regard to him—and if there is truth in proverbs, he wouldn't have been drowned.

R. If BLONDIN had, what a sight for WALES! But no, they love the people—I may say their species; for they are not of us. They have taught their family to truckle to democracy—confound them!

P. Your Majesty!—I say!—I hope you will remember the connection with that family which—

R. Pardon! of course I wished confusion to them in politics only. Is there anything new at the Opera?

A. I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of State.

P. The remark of a rather celebrated Venetian senator.

A. Rather of an Emperor who would be glad if you would help him to remain Sovereign of Venice.

R. Well, but what's to be done? You want troops to fight France. Can you pay them?

P. Where's the money to come from?

A. Israel. Those Jews could lend it if they chose. But they won't negotiate another loan. I wish the Holy Father had surrendered that young MORTARA!

R. Suppose we persecute our Jewish subjects?

A. We might at least do that.

P. No, no, not in these times; and you would get no money if you did—only drive them and their wealth to England—who is sufficiently rich already.

A. Rich enough to settle a handsome fortune on a daughter.

P. Now come. I call that delicate. Well, I don't see what we can do.

R. Nor I.

A. Humph! Then I can only implore the help of the Saints.

R. I wish you may get it.

P. What's your opinion of things in general?

R. Well; really they seem at sixes and sevens. A fine October.

A. A bright autumn after a gloomy summer. Let us hope for a change of political weather.

P. Oranges are late this year.

A. Yes, and potatoes scarce. But that won't affect us Monarchs—that's a comfort!

P. When shall we three meet again?

R. This evening, and—By Jove, 'tis time to be off and dress for the ball!

P. To dance the *Polonaise*, without, I fear, the assistance of many Polish ladies. *N'importe!* We can be each other's partners at Warsaw!

[*Their Majesties dance the Varsovienne round the Table, and exeunt dancing.*

TYPE OF THE MEDICAL ROGUE.

IN an interesting letter on "The Wounded at Naples," a correspondent of the *Morning Post*, signing himself "EYE WITNESS," makes the following statement:—

"The whole things confided to DR. ——, who is not an Englishman, but a German Jew, and who represented himself as surgeon to GARIBALDI (a falsehood), are either lost or . . . . . These were the most costly instruments and presents from, I think, several of the large manufacturers (among which was a case from TURQUSON) splints, bandages, plasters, and other things."

The name of the medical gentleman of the German nation and Hebrew persuasion who either lost or . . . . . the surgical instruments and appliances which he had been entrusted with, and most probably . . . . . them, EYE-WITNESS forbears to publish. This reticence is imposed by the British law of libel; which, as worked by British barristers, and administered by British judges and British juries, is the regis of dishonest quacks. The publication, however, of a name probably as common in Houndsditch as that of SMITH is elsewhere, would, whilst involving the risk of a lawsuit, serve no useful purpose. The names of the patriarchs and princes of Israel, now popular in Houndsditch, are capable of an expansion or contraction by which they are effectually disguised. Moss is an honest Saxon name; but it is likewise a corrupt *alias* of MOSES. The name of LAWRENCE is one which several Englishmen have rendered honourable: but LAWRENCE is also convertible with LAZARUS unconverted. Thus the nominal exposure of the rogue who pretended to be GARIBALDI'S surgeon, and whom somebody, regardless or ignorant of physiognomy, trusted with goods, would not prevent him from setting up in London as an advertising quack, getting his loathsome puffs put into many of the provincial papers, as well as some which disgrace the London press, and driving about Town in a conspicuous equipage.

Transmuting the name which he had rendered infamous, he would carry on a noisome and extortionate practice, either under a variation of that, or beneath a simply assumed one—foreign possibly or aristocratic. Thus he would, notwithstanding his antecedents, be enabled to plunder, under pretence of treating, as many simpletons as his advertisements might attract; youths or adults, who, having fallen ill through folly, commit the greater folly of seeking to get well by putting themselves into the hands of medical advertisers, who pick their pockets, and ruin their constitutions. It is useless as well as (thank the law) dangerous, to denounce these blackguards personally; but happily a description of the tribe is not actionable, and physically they are almost as like one another as rat is like rat. There is also a generic character about their very attire. By the study of their features, especially of their eyes, noses, and lips; by attention to their style of dress, and particularly the pins and other jewellery by which it is mostly decorated, these fellows are easily distinguishable from the decent and respectable part of mankind. Comic and characteristic art has so richly embellished *Mr. Punch's* columns with portraits of gentlemen of the race in question, that he who runs may read their distinctive lineaments.

SIMPLE SONGS FOR SIMPLE SINGERS.

SIMPLICITY in song-writing has been of late supplanting sentiment. Fine language apparently is going out of fashion, and in place of high flown humbug about pensive eyes and soul-drawn sighs, or breaking hearts and Cupid's darts, our ballad-writers now appear contented to describe the ordinary incidents of everyday domestic life. Things every whit as common as those of MR. TIMBS, are seized upon as subjects for lyrical development, and are spoken of in words as simple as the singers whose taste they seem to suit. From the tittle of a morning call to the tattle of an evening party, nothing is too frivolous or flimsy for these song-wrights, who apparently consider that any stuff and nonsense will do to set to music so long as it has rhythm and occasionally rhymes.

If these simple songs were sung at befitting times and places, really there would be but little to object to in them. Indeed, we own we should prefer them to the "*Will-you-love-me-then-as-nows*" and other senseless twaddle which has emanated lately from the sentimental school. But the singers of these songs appear to pay no heed to the fitness of things, which is a philosophic notion quite beyond their mental grasp. Absurdities in consequence are frequently engendered, and the reflective mind is pained by thinking what egregious donkeys people will make of themselves, in spite of all that *Punch* and other human benefactors can do to prevent them. Imagine how ridiculous a gentleman must seem who when standing by the side of a piano in a parlour, bursts out gravely with the statement that he's "*Sitting on the style, Ma-ry!*" where he and that young person once "sat side by side." Nor is it much less ludicrous to hear MISS BROWN or JONES, who has but just left school, tell every one that hears her, that she "always has a welcome" for them if they happen to drop in, just as though she had a house and a husband who allowed her to give general invitations to whomever she might wish.

After all, however, these simple songs must sell, or they would not be written; and as we like to suit all tastes, and tempt all sorts of buyers for our world-pervading print, we may as well just knock off a specimen or two, which may serve to show the public what we *could* do in the song line, if we chose to try:—

I. *Il Penseroso.*

I'm leaving thee in sorrow, JANE,
I heave a deep-drawn sigh;
A quiver, see, is on my lip,
A tear is in my eye:
And would'st thou ask me whence the pang
That fills my heart with pain?
'Tis simply that I'm called away
From my dear darling JANE!

I may no longer now delay,
The cab is at the gate;
The fare is sixpence extra, love,
If I should longer wait.
Farewell! 'tis business calls me forth
At six I'll come again,
And bring perhaps a friend to dine
With my dear darling JANE!

II. *L'Allegro.*

I have always a welcome for thee;
And prithee what more can I say?
So look in some evening to tea,
And then we will go to the play.
Or if you'd prefer, dear, to dine,
'Twill be equally pleasant to me:
Or say that you'll drop in to wine,
I have always a welcome for thee!

I commonly breakfast at ten;
But if that be too early for you,
It would make me the happiest of men
To see you to lunch, love, at two.
I care not how oft I'm looked up,
Such intrusions are pleasant to me:
Come to breakfast, lunch, dine, tea or sup,—
I have always a welcome for thee!

III. *Il Segreto.*

I am a merry, laughing girl,
As every one may see;
And I can keep my hair in curl,
And I can make the tea.
I've learnt to dance, to sing, and play,
As every lady should:
And if I promised to "obey"—
Now, do you think I would?

A nice young man I lately met,
His name I may not tell,
And in the course of the "First Set"
He vowed he loved me well.
He dances sweetly, I confess,
He owned *my* pace was good,
And if he asks me to say "yes—"
Now, *do* you think I would?

DIES NON IN THE MONEY MARKET.

THE subjoined telegram from Paris was dated Nov. 1:—

"This being All Saints' Day, no business has been done on the Bourse."

The same day was also observed as a holiday at our Stock Exchange—not, of course, merely because it was the half-yearly balancing day at the Bank of England, but with a view to express a veneration for All Saints, which is not generally supposed to be felt by all stockjobbers. This is a very remarkable illustration of that kind of outward observance which is simply external. The respect towards Saints exhibited by gamblers, must really be admitted strongly to exemplify the homage that is sometimes rendered to Virtue by Vice.

Botchers Extraordinary.

ON the supposition that the Czar, the Kaiser, and the Prussian Regent will attempt to put a stop to the substantial repairs now in course of making in the Italian boot, MR. EDWIN JAMES has, we understand, christened the conference of Warsaw "The Bootmakers' Early Closing Association."

MR. PUNCH HAVING HEARD OF THE EXCELLENT QUALITIES OF THE EXMOOR PONIES, PROCURES A FEW FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS!

AMERICAN POLISH FOR A PRINCE.

OLD hoss, JOHN BULL, take back your Prince
From our superior nation,
Where he has been, for some time since,
Completin' education.
I calculate, though WALES is young,
He's gathered many a wrinkle,
And, when you hear his polished tongue,
Expect your eyes will twinkle!
Yankee doodle, &c.

LORD CHESTERFIELD, old pigtailed beau,
Composed a book of letters,
To teach young fellers, no ways slow,
The manners of their betters.
They learn far better to behave
In this here land of Freedom,
Where none but Nigger is a slave,
Than boys in old Grandeedom.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Demeanour has its nateral laws
Which governs every motion.
How beautiful we smokes and chaws
You'll now acquire some notion.
As WALES our fashions will import,
In them there pints of breedin',
And set a pattern to the Court
Which knows 'em but by readin'.
Yankee doodle, &c.

To liquor up in handsome style,
Instructing your great noodles,
He'll bid NEWCASTLE make ARGYLL
And BEAUFORT timberdoodles,
Mint juleps, which they learnt to brew
Beneath our starry banners,
And also Sherry Coblers, tu
Mend your old English MANNERS.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The horizontal attitude,
With legs upon the table,
Outstretched at easy latitude,
And length considerable,
By WALES the nobles will be taught;
And people's imitation
Of them, the custom, slick as thought,
Will spread throughout the nation.
Yankee doodle, &c.

New York in dancing goes ahead,
Some chalks, of Paris city,
If we ha'n't shown him how to tread
A polka, 'tis a pity.
Deportment 's larnt with dancing, so,
Now WALES can show his mother
On one hand how we shakes the toe,
And rests the heels on 'tother.
Yankee doodle, &c.

HUILE ANTIQUE.

WHAT odd animals are the Anointed! The instant a Continental Sovereign, or a batch of his like, arrives in a place, no matter on what high business of alliances, a people's freedom, or such matter, Royalty instantly rushes to the Theatre. The Prompter's bell breaks up conference, congress, council, and nothing must prevent Majesty, in military uniform, from taking its place at the Show. Is it that Kings have sympathy with speeches that are not in earnest, oaths that are but sport, acting that is intended to delude? Evil folks may say so. But what is to be said for the CZAR OF RUSSIA, who, on getting to Warsaw, pulls up at the Theatre door, and is so delighted with a *ballet* which he witnesses, that he insists on going again next night. Now the main feature of this *ballet*, writes a Correspondent of the *Daily News*, is "a certain French dance, which I need not name." In other words, it is a dance which, if JULES and CELESTINE and ARTHUR and LISETTE dare to attempt at the dancing gardens, a policeman walks off the amiable quartette for offence against public propriety. And this is the attraction which twice lured to the Theatre a Sovereign who had left a dying mother, that he might come and ponder, with brother Sovereigns, over the future of millions of his and their subjects. As one King, corrected for bad Latin, nobly declared himself to be "above grammar," it may be supposed that Czars and the like consider themselves to be above Decorum. But the Oil seems getting something rancid, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL may be right in intimating that it may be well, sometimes, to clean out the Cruets.

WHEN does "Lovely Woman stoop to folly?" When she stoops to put on her Crinoline.

LATEST FROM AMERICA.

H.R.H. JUNIOR (TO H.R.H. SENIOR). "NOW, SIR-REE, IF YOU 'LL LIQUOR UP AND SETTLE DOWN, I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT MY TRAVELS."

THE CONFERENCE OF THE EAGLES.

WELL may the Eagles—lords of sable pinion—
Rear their quill feathers in an angry flutter,
When the small birds, that own their high dominion,
With impious insolence begin to mutter
Of "Rights," "laws," "charters," "freedom of opinion"
—Words which small birds are not allowed to utter,
Since they, by utterance, unless checked by acts,
Have a strange trick of making themselves facts.

Scenting the risk, his Eagleship of Russia
Was nowise loath a conference to grant
When moved to't by his Eagleship of Prussia;
And though his vein of courtesy was scant
Towards his Austrian Eagleship (once flusher
Of confidence),—as mindful of his want
Of gratitude, when, ready to miscarry,
Russ claws struck down for him his Magyar quarry.

His Eagleship of Austria was invited,
To join the aquiline deliberation—
It 's true the footing on which *he* was cited,
Was not quite that of the most favoured nation—
But anyhow these Eagles three alighted
Upon the spot, where on a great occasion,
They had rent Poland's carcase—bound and bleeding—
Into three parts, for their Imperial feeding.

There was the carcase, and there were the Eagles,
Got into conclave, sternly and sedately:
Round them, keen-scented as a pack of beagles,
Their ministerial jackals barked elately.
And, clamouring eager—like a flock of seagulls
Over a herring-shoal rejoicing greatly—
The host of birds obscene—vultures and so forth—
Who think meat's toward, when the Eagles go forth.

Quoth Russia, "Brother Eagles, we come hither
Warned by times big with each portentous omen:
The Eagle's world will soon go deuce knows whither,
Unless we band ourselves against its foemen,
With beaks and talons phalanxed firm together.
Look round on Frank, Sicilian, Magyar, Roman,
All are, or soon *will* be, free of our tether;
The impious doctrine daily makes its way,
That Eagles have no right divine to prey.

"Europe has once seen an Alliance Holy
Between the Eagles, for the Eagles' profit;
Eagles that would prey safely, prey not solely;
If game *be* too small for three to dine off it,
That is no reason each should snatch it wholly:
I love my crown, but I would sooner doff it,
Than rob my Brother Eagles of a snack,
Though, by dividing, I went hungry back.

"So let 's agree here to make common cause
'Gainst all who to resist us show intention—
Invoking Royal faith and public laws
'Gainst that vile heresy 'non intervention,'
Devised to clip Eagles' anointed claws;
Inspiring the small birds to breed dissension;
Raising up noisy rooks and choughs and daws,
To talk of 'equal rights' and 'nationality'—
Subversive of religion and morality."

"Agreed," screamed Austria—Prussia screamed "Agreed,
At least, in generals. Now for each particular—
There 's Schleswig-Holstein, prey to Danish greed,
You 'll help *me* there—swear by your own St. Nikola."
"And swear," quoth Austria, "with swoop perpendicular
On Piedmont to come down, in hour of need;
Her Volunteers and Regulars to scatter all,
If they lay hands upon my Quadrilateral."

"Help me to guard the Rhine from annexation,"—
Prussia took up the word, with eager scream.
"Secure me 'gainst Hungarian perturbation,"—
Austria struck in, "Break up Italia's dream
Of what those idiots call 'regeneration,'
And Unity—the old Mazzinian theme;
Keep up that dear Pope's temporal domination;
Help back my BOMBALINO to his throne,
And each Italian Eaglet to his own."

The Russian Eagle hemmed and ha'd and said:
"Hold, brethren—your account of wants is long.
You 'll pardon me, if I suggest, instead,
'Nothing for Nothing' is the Eagle's song.
How long were *my* crown safe upon my head,
If I pushed in, *your* little games among?
How long should I boast head to wear a crown,
If I tried setting up all you 've brought down?

"*I* want help too. My treasury wants filling:
Can either of you help me to a loan?"
"A loan!" cried Austria, "when I 've not a shilling!"
"I want a fleet!"—here Prussia heaved a groan—
"To fight, my army 's anything but willing;
Then I 've internal bothers of my own—
Railways to build, serfs to emancipate,
And that Sick Man 's still sitting at my gate,

"With France and England sending their physicians,
To try if they can't patch him up to health.
In short, when I consider our positions,
In purse and person, stamina and wealth,
I think I 'd best adjourn all your petitions,
And try my old game. Weakness thrives by stealth.
I really feel reliance now were rash on
Alliances, e'en of our Holy fashion."

So saying, Russia's Eagle, with a bow,
Gave them a chilling *congé* and was gone.
And Prussia's Bird, crestfall'n and angry now
That such fool's errand she had flown upon,
Sulks with drooped tail and cloudy knitted brow.
While Austria, shrinking from the sun that shone
On Solferino and Magenta's flight,
Wings back her baffled way to kindred night!

ABSOLUTE CHURCH FREEDOM.

WHAT British Protestant will dissent from the doctrine thus laid down by M. DE MONTALEMBERT, in his letter lately addressed to the COUNT DE CAVOUR?—

"All the civil and political liberties which constitute the natural *regime* of civilised society, far from being injurious to the Church, aid its progress and its glory. It finds rivalry, but at the same time rights, struggles but arms, and those which suit it more than any other, language, association, charity. Liberty, however, is not suited to the Church, except on one condition—that is, that she herself enjoys liberty. I speak here in my name, without mission, without authority, founded solely on a long experience singularly enlightened by the state of France for the last ten years. But I say without hesitation—a free Church in a free State is my ideal. I add that in modern society the Church cannot be free except when everybody is free. That, in my eyes, is a great blessing and a great progress. In any case it is a fact."

Respecting the principles above laid down, MR. JOHN BULL will heartily roar Ditto to M. DE MONTALEMBERT. The fact, too, proclaimed by the amateur Jesuit, only seems not quite so unquestionable as the theory, because it is not quite so clear. Does M. DE MONTALEMBERT mean to say, that the necessity of the freedom of everybody to the freedom of the Church is a fact? If so, where did he learn that fact? In what country is everybody free? The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland presents a picture, commonly supposed to be a tolerable likeness, of perfect freedom; at least there is no other country in the world where everybody is more nearly free. Are we to conclude, then, that M. DE MONTALEMBERT beholds his ideal free Church in HER MAJESTY'S dominions? Here, certainly, that Church and all other Churches are equally free, and that one, in public estimation, is somewhat more free than welcome. But perhaps his conception of a Free State differs considerably from that entertained by the majority of other people. A Free State is commonly understood to mean a State in which everybody, subject to the obligation of not injuring others, is at liberty to do as he pleases. Possibly the State which M. DE MONTALEMBERT would call free, is a State which is free to do whatever pleases the Church, and nothing more. This seems to have been the condition of the Roman States in the palmiest days of the Papacy. The ideal free Church in a free State of M. DE MONTALEMBERT, therefore, has had existence only in the States of the Church when those States were subject to absolute Church Government.

A Family Trait.

AT a grand Republican meeting held at Rochester, in the United States, we notice that one of the greatest speakers was a Senator, from Wisconsin, of the name of DOOLITTLE. We imagine that this Senator has a rare number of relations in this country, and it is a very noticeable fact all over the world, that whenever you meet with a DOOLITTLE, he is sure to be a great talker.

A CROWNING CONCLUSION.

DR. JOHNSON, when he was in a good humour, was in the habit of saying, that "the Devil was the first Whig?" If so, the Wig in question must have been an Old Scratch.

SHARKS ON THE SOUTH COAST.

(*A Study from St. Harold's.*) *To Mr. Punch.*

"SIR,

"THE Shark is not confined to the tropical seas. The visitors to our South Coast watering-places may now and then have the satisfaction of seeing one of these grinning monsters of the deep paraded on a truck by the fishermen—among whose herring nets he has made havoc—with a wedge between his toothed jaws, his piratical tail-fin stiff, and his white belly turned up to the sun. You are expected to pay for the exhibition, and your contribution, you are assured, goes to replace the nets he has damaged. Well—a dead shark is no doubt a gratifying sight, but it seems cruel to exact sixpences for dead sharks, under the eyes and noses of so many live ones, who are gratifying their predatory and devouring instincts on every unhappy *paterfamilias*, who seeks the sea-side for a sniff of the briny. I felt this strongly the other day at St. Harold's.

"The sea-shark, to whose *manes* I was called upon to offer up my shilling, was, beyond question, a fine specimen of the Chondropterygian family. He looked as if he could eat anything, and digest everything he eat. My Natural History informs me the sea-shark is of the family *Squalidæ*. In this respect, as in so many others, the land-shark, with which St. Harold's has familiarised me, evidently belongs to the same species. The St. Harold's land-shark is eminently 'squalid,' to judge by its obvious delight in unswept rooms, soiled bed-furniture, greasy glass, and ill-cleaned table-cutlery. And I don't think—to judge by my weekly bills, the rapid disappearance of my joints, and the alarming diminution of my bread-stuffs—that his powers of deglutition are a bit inferior to those of his brother of the deep.

"I have always understood the sea-shark is omnivorous. One has heard strange stories of the telescopes, tobacco-boxes, chain-cables, and other indigestible articles found in his stomach, when cut open, along with edibles usually considered more nutritious. But in this respect, too, the land-sharks of our southern coast seems to be little inferior to the sea cestracion. One peculiarity in the predacious habits of the former is their extraordinary relish for condiments. The quantity of salt, pepper, anchovy-sauce, pickles, and that cluster of seasonings usually lumped under the head of cruets, which they can dispose of in the course of a week, is truly astonishing.

"The land-shark has the advantage over the sea-shark of being furnished, not only with a most devouring pair of jaws and an insatiable stomach, but also with that very formidable weapon—a bill. In this respect, he should rather be classed with the sword-fish, or the *Ornithorhyncus paradoxus*.

"I had once thought of presenting to my readers the truly appalling bill which I extracted from my land-shark at St. Harold's; but on second thoughts, it occurred to me that every *paterfamilias* who has sojourned on the Sussex Coast could parallel my specimen, so I will content myself with a trait in the habits of this predacious family, the experience of which, so far as I know, is confined to my own case. Let every *paterfamilias* who visits St. Harold's take care that the land-shark, within whose maw he falls, is not grocer, as well as land-shark.

"It was my fate to be a victim to this combination of characters. The sugar was sanded; the tea innocent apparently of all connection with the Celestial Empire; the milk sky-blue; the pickles pea-green; and the butter rancid. I remonstrated; I was fiercely chidden. I tried other sources of supply; the groceries I ordered in were refused admittance at my tyrant's door. The fact is hardly credible, but it is literally true. 'I—a struggling *paterfamilias*, with a large family—was sternly told, that if I lodged over a grocer's I could not expect to be allowed to have in any groceries from a rival in the trade. He rudely overrode all my legal pleadings that serfage was abolished in Great Britain,—that the *villein regardant*, or *adscriptus glebæ*, being unknown to our law, his right to make me an *adscriptus tabernæ* could not be admitted; and when I meekly protested that I had not tried elsewhere till I found what was supplied by my tyrant uneatable,—especially the butter—I was sarcastically met, 'What! did you expect I was going to give you my choicest dairy?'—and the she-shark all but ordered me and mine out of the house, bag and baggage, declaring with a withering contempt which made my poor wife tremble, that 'all she wanted was the amount of her bill, and that *her* lodgings were anybody's money.'

"Considering that I was at that moment bleeding from every pore—that I found myself debited in stones of salt, pounds of pepper, pints of vinegar, candles for hall-lamps by the pound, and 'cruets,' *de par le marché*—I *did* feel it hard that I should be coerced into swallowing so much more than the normal allowance of sand in my sugar, water in my milk, and rancid lard in my butter, and I confess I kicked. But lest other *paterfamiliases*, less gifted with the power of kicking, should fall into the same trap, I hereby record my experience, and recommend them most earnestly not to go and do likewise.

"The moral of my tale is simply, NEVER LODGE OVER A ST. HAROLD'S GROCER; OR IF YOU DO, TAKE CARE TO ASCERTAIN FIRST, THAT YOU WILL BE AT LIBERTY TO BUY YOUR GROCERIES WHERE YOU LIKE.

"Yours respectfully,

"THOMAS GREENLEAF."

SEWERAGE AND SALMON-FISHING.

THIS paragraph smacks sadly of the penny-a-liner flavour; but the reflective mind will find it not unpleasant food for mid-day rumination:—

"THE MAIN DRAINAGE.—RETURN OF SALMON TO THE THAMES.—Many years since, before the introduction of steam navigation and the sewage was allowed to pollute our noble metropolitan river, it was the resort of splendid specimens of that piscatorial delicacy, the salmon. Latterly, however, neither angling or netting could produce a single fish of that description, but the partial purifying of the river, which has been progressing for the past year, together with the diversion of the main drainage, and the absorption of the smoke of the steam-boats, appears likely to reproduce the abundance of salmon in our noble stream. During the past year one of this fish, but of a moderate size, was caught off Erith; but yesterday one of a very large size was captured near the same spot, which was forwarded to MR. C——, of Pimlico, purveyor of fish to HER MAJESTY. It attracted much public attention, and it is generally believed, when the main drainage is fully carried out, and other general improvements effected, that the Thames and its tributaries will again abound with those shoals of salmon for which, in the days of ISAAK WALTON, and long subsequently, they were so celebrated."

The connection between salmon and main drainage may not at first thought appear obvious or pleasant; but on more mature reflection, the mind is led to think of them as separate and distinct, although they may by accident be named in the same breath. It delights one to reflect that the Thames is being purified, and that the main drainage is progressing as it should do, and is draining something more than the pockets of the public. But to the contemplative mind, and in especial before dinner, there is something more delicious in considering the statement that salmon have renewed their visits to our river, and have been caught, so to speak, within a fly's-throw of our doors. We can fancy the delight of our good friend MR. BRIGGS when he reflects upon the sport which appears to be in prospect, and how eagerly next season he will practise in his water-butt so as to be in readiness for fishing in the Thames. Nor can it afford us much less pleasure to imagine the transport of enjoyment of our fish-devouring gourmands, when they learn they have a chance of seeing salmon caught and cooked for them at Richmond or at Greenwich, without the fear of finding in it any *soupçon* of town sewerage, or flavour of main drains.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS,

Which any Spiritualist of forty-table power would oblige us exceedingly by answering.

WHEN may we expect the advent of the New Zealander? and will he come before, or after, the Good Time that has been such a long time coming? and also, let us into the secret, whether the New Zealander is the real genuine Coming Man for whom we have been waiting now, in vain, for at least half a century?

Was it not very inconvenient for the Man in the Iron Mask, when he wanted to blow his nose?

Why don't you tell us, once and for all, who was the author of *Junius' Letters*, and so put an end for ever to those long, rambling, speculative, everlasting articles with which we have been flooded *usque ad nauseam* ever since *Junius* took to anonymous letter-writing?

Please show a light generally over the Dark Ages, and inform us, whether the darkness was attributable to the non-invention of gas or not; and whether the monks, who were the lights of those days, were in the habit of lighting themselves to bed with the help of an illuminated missal?

Tell us who was the first to eat a puppy-dog pie under Marlow Bridge? and let us know for a positive fact whether such a disgusting feat ever did take place, or not? Because then we are curious to learn your opinion, granting that he who swallowed the first oyster was a bold man, whether you do not think that he, who eat the first puppy-dog pie, did not display even greater boldness? And at the same time give us the name, history, and full particulars, together with the colour of his hair, of that bold man who did swallow the first oyster?

What was *Robinson Crusoe's* impression when he saw that footprint in the sand? Let us learn whether it was a male foot or a female foot? and whether poor *Robinson* ever found a boot or a shoe that corresponded in size? Likewise, whether *Brown*, and *Jones*, ever saw *Robinson* again?

Give us the name of that celebrated sauce that is said to be sauce both for the goose and the gander; and whether SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL ever partakes of that sauce at his luncheon, just before delivering judgment in some celebrated Divorce case?

When will GRISI take her very last farewell?

Who built the House of Hapsburg; and, after giving us the name of the builder, tell us who is to pull it down.

Name "the day, the happy day," when Woman will be convinced of the folly of wearing Crinoline.

Is MR. JOHN COOPER the author of the *Vestiges of Creation?*

Can you name the period of that Millennium when washerwomen will send home our shirts without one half of the buttons being knocked off?

Curious Dwelling.

THE French papers say, that the *Opinion Nationale* is generally "inspired" by the Palais Royal. Fancy inspiration in such a quarter! We should as soon expect to hear of the Music of the Spheres issuing out of a frog-pond, or that Truth had taken up her residence at the Tuileries.

FROM OUR YANKEE CORRESPONDENT.

"*Broadway, Te-useday, Mornin'.*"

"WAL, *Punch*, old hoss, and heow air you, and heow's the gals and missus? Reckon them ar critters haeve been gitten sorter savage cos we've been and kep yar Prince such a 'nation while away from 'em. Wal, tell 'em not to rile. We've retarned him safe and seound, and I guess as heow his heart 's as whole as when he come to us. 'Taint for want of trying, though. Our coons *haeve* set thar caps at him, yes, that 's A fact Sir-ree, and it 's no small some of dancin' as he 's had to git through. I guess as heow the Mayors haeve bin as plaguey as the Misses; and receivin' deppitations is pretty nigh as trying to the narves as doing dootongs.

"Wal, the visit 's over now, and he 's done it like a Prince, and I reckon both our countries haeve reason tu be proud of it. 'Taint everywhere you 'll find a bhoy can stand so much as he 's done, and I calc'late he does credit tu the British Constitution! Nor 'taint everywhere you 'll find sich A pleasant lot as we air, not needin' no policemen fur tu keep us in good humour, nor no sodgers for to prick us up to cheerin' pitch. That ar account of heow we welcomed the Prince into New York (guess yar *Times* chap did it splendid, and so he did Niagara, and if he 'd given me a call I 'd been most proud tu liquor with him) that ar account, I say, should be printed in gold letters and sent tu them ar coons at Warsaw, jist tu show heow A free people *can* welcome Riyal heads, if so be as they but likes 'em.

"Of course it worn't to be expected in such a tower as this, extendin' over ever such a heap of thousand miles (for ours is A great country, that 's A fact old hoss, and whar 's the skunk who doubts it?) say, it worn't to be 'xpected that all should go as sweet as sugar, and no flies. Human natur 's human natur', and fools all 'ys will be fools, so long as they air made so. Them ar Orange boys, I reckon, were plaguey aggrawatin', and desarved a smart cowhidin'; if they didn't tar and featherin'. And here 's another critter I 'd have chawed up sorter small if I 'd chanced to come across him:—

"At three o'clock the carriages entered the arena to convey the distinguished visitors from the grounds. After riding entirely around the arena, the Prince acknowledged the waving handkerchiefs, &c., by raising his hat: the party went outside the amphitheatre and rode around the track, and passed out at the western gate, receiving everywhere demonstrations of high respect. Business was generally suspended in the City, the Post Office and Banks being closed. The Prince returned to his hotel, and was again everywhere cheered. He was followed all along the route by a smart Yankee in an advertising waggon, covered with bills eulogising his clothing store."

"This is what the *Herald* tells us happened at St. Louis, and, as a trade trick, there 's no denyin' that it 's smartish. Indeed, I don't mind sayin' that it hully puts the kibosh on that scissargrinder's dodge, of making his name public in connection with the Prince's by presentin' A armchair to his Riyal Highness. Wal, perhaps the best excuse as one can make for this 'smart Yankee' (I wonder if the Riyal band played *Wait for the Waggon!* as he passed in the procession?) is that there was a big hoss fair when the Prince went tu St. Louis; and hoss-dealers ain't over nice in what they du, and so perhaps the Yankee's dodge was done at their suggestion. If it worn't, I 'd say St. Louis was as full of asses as Cincinnati is of pigs, else I reckon the 'smart Yankee' would have been made to smart for it.

"But, arter all, these countertongs must be expected in A country where the people air so all-fired fond o' sticking to the counter. On the whole, the Prince's Visit has been A Great Fact, and if he chose to come agin I guess 't would be A greater. Here 's a prophecy of what might happen if he did, and there 's many of our bhoys who 'd lend a hand tu realise it:—

When the Prince was seated in the car yesterday morning, an Irishman was observed giving vent to his feelings in a manner that showed he was fairly overcome with enthusiasm. After showering a score of compliments upon the Prince, he gave the *coup de grace* by swinging his hat and shouting, 'Be dad! and come back here four years from now and we 'll run you for President!' The Royal suite were greatly amused at this unexpected invitation, and the Prince came near tumbling from his seat in a paroxysm of laughter."

"There 's a smack o' penny-a-liner flavour into this here; but I reckon for all that there 's a goodish some of sense in it. Jist you talk it over at the Palace neow, old hoss, and see if you can't manage tu arrange another visit.

"Yours eternally obliged,

"JONATHAN MARCELLUS JOSH GOLIAH GONG."

CONSCIENTIOUS OLD GENTLEMAN. *"Let's see, your fare's two shillings, and sixpence for this little lady—she's over age."*

CABBY (*with emotion*). *"No! Is she rélly, Sir! Lor' bless her little 'art, she 've survived a very dangerous per'd o' life, Sir. Uncommon number o' little dears there must be as dies in their infancy—that's my 'xperience as a Calman, Sir. Thank you, Sir."*

JOHNNY'S LAST.

WELL said, JOHNNY RUSSELL. That latest despatch
You have sent to Turin is exactly The Thing,
And again, my dear JOHN, you come up to the scratch
With a pluck that does credit to you and the Ring.

All the Despots have spoken, you justly remark,
Abusing KING VICTOR for bloodshed and guile,
So you can't suffer Europe to rest in the dark
Regarding the views of our tight little Isle.

You declare that a People has absolute right
To give irreclaimable Tyrants the sack,
And you point with Macaulayfied kind of delight,
To England's behaviour two centuries back:

Explaining that Naples is clearly as much
Entitled to ask the assistance she claims,
As England was, then, to make use of the Dutch
To help her extrusion of bigoted JAMES.

But you've got no intention of bothering about
Affairs which are Italy's business, not ours;
You're pleased that she kicks all her enemies out,
And hauls down the Bourbonite flag from her towers.

You 're glad that KING VICTOR had spirit and pluck
To set BOMBA SECUNDUS a cutting his stick:
And you wish the New Italy every good luck—
Well said, JOHNNY RUSSELL, you write like a Brick.

PUNCH.

A Very Easy One.

WHY is the New Zealander taking his long-promised sketch of St. Paul's, like a school-boy that is being flogged?
Because he's "ketching it" (*sketching it*).

A HEAVY FAN.

IN the *New York Herald's* account of "The grand ball of the solid men and splendid women of Portland to the officers of the squadron" (in waiting to take the PRINCE OF WALES home), there occurs, among sundry descriptions of the clothes and ornaments worn by the most remarkable of the ladies who figured at that entertainment, the following inventory, with appended remark:—

"MRS. E. C. WILDER, daughter of HON. MARSHAL P. WILDER, wore a very elegant and costly dress of white silk, flounced and embroidered, with a pink opera-cloak, also richly embroidered. She also wore a pearl necklace and carried a costly pearl fan, which was used with all a woman's grace and power."

The embellishments in which the above-named lady appeared, no doubt redounded to the glory of her own good taste as well as that of her milliner, and reflected no less credit on the liberality of that relative who was liable for, or paid, the milliner's bill, which must have amounted to many dollars. Even the fan which she carried is described as costly. A fan made of pearls, however, is not too costly for a dear creature, and we can imagine the affection which would allow, and the opulence which could afford, the purchase of such an instrument, composed of the prettiest globules of a valuable form of chalk. That a fan so constructed would naturally and unconsciously be used with all the grace which a woman is capable of exhibiting, one can well imagine, but does not so well understand how the bearer could use it with all the power that a woman can exert. There is, to be sure, such a thing as flirting a fan, for the purpose of attracting the admiration of the beholders; but this a Spanish, and not an American, practice.

The ladies of the United States are celebrated for standing no nonsense; and we are afraid that when the pearl fan in the hands of the lady at the Portland Ball was used with all a woman's power, it simply broke the head, thick as that was, of some solid man there, who was blockhead enough to infringe American decorum in addressing one of the splendid women, by which inadvertence he got a crack on the crown with her fan, instead of a less serious rap on the knuckles.

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MISS MINERVA SKINLINGTON. (*loq.*) "*La! my Dear—how d'e do? and so You've taken a Lesson out of my Book at last, and got a Classical Hat as well as Myself. Upon my word, We should really make a Capital Pair to Run together in a* Curricle."

DISTINGUO.

OUR histrionic contemporary, the *Era*, says that in making a brief complimentary speech to the Dorsetshire Volunteers, LORD SHAFTESBURY thought fit to introduce the most sacred of Names no fewer than seven times. "Our army swore terribly in Flanders," quoth the REVEREND MR. STERNE'S hero, "but I never heard anything like that." However,

That 's in a Bishop-maker pious talk
That in a Worldling were profanity."

A Regular Fix.

THAT mysterious gentleman, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL, is in a bad way with his project of a Volunteer's Excursion to Paris. Scouted by the Volunteers, pooh-poohed by the press, disclaimed by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF and the SECRETARY AT WAR—whose sanction to his project he has impudently and mendaciously claimed—the case of KLOTZ seems to come under the Leadenhall market heading of "Clots and Stickings."

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

(*By our Special Reporter.*)

LORD Mayor's Day was duly kept on the 9th, and none of its ridiculous features were omitted. An unusual number of pickpockets were in full occupation during the morning, plundering people who were silly enough to stand and stare at the most imbecile Show conceivable. Some Volunteers were kind enough to come, chivalrously, to the rescue of the effete old exhibition, and, by marching between the Bumbles and the Gobblefats, to try to infuse some spirit into the display. But the MAYOR is a Fishmonger, and the scaliness of the whole business showed his attachment to his Company. His Lordship has appropriately selected the Ordinary of Newgate as his Chaplain, an appointment which testifies to the LORD MAYOR'S conviction that the mummery is moribund.

Guildhall was done up in the usual flaring way, and gas was turned on regardless of expense, which extravagance the City can well afford, considering its plunder out of the Coal Duties. The Gobblefats came early to the dinner, and secured good places. The Swells, of course, came later, and some of them were shouted at, in accordance with the ordinary rudeness of Civic people. Dinner having been devoured, speechification set in with much severity. After the Loyal Toasts had been "got over," as the Citizens disrespectfully put it,

The LORD MAYOR proposed the Army, Navy, and Volunteers.

GENERAL PEEL said that he had nothing to do with any of those departments of the Service, and had been a member of the late Ministry, and was not in this one. He could not imagine what the LORD MAYOR was thinking of in calling upon him, but supposed there was some blunder. However, as he was up, he might as well return thanks for the toast, and congratulate the sleek Citizens upon having three such services to defend their bales and puncheons.

The DUKE OF SOMERSET said that perhaps GENERAL PEEL would at all events be good enough to hold his tongue about the Navy, which was his, the Duke's, business. He should like to hear anybody say the Navy was not all right, and he begged to return thanks.

The LORD MAYOR gave the EX-LORD MAYOR.

ALDERMAN CARTER said that he had tried to do his best. One of his little boys had told him that there was a fable about Hercules and the Carter, and that it meant that we were to put our shoulders to the wheel. He had put his lips to the weal at dinner, and very good weal it was, but that was not the question now. He, ALDERMAN CARTER, had pulled out of the way with his cart, and hoped the new MAYOR would go a-head.

The LORD MAYOR gave the Foreign Ministers.

COUNT PERSIGNY in reply said,

MILORD MAIRE, et Messieurs.—Il est un grand bore d'avoir de venir et manger avec vous épiciers, et d'avoir un mal de tête avec votre maudite gas, mais c'est nécessaire quand le diable est le Jehu. Mon dieu, qu'elles sont laides, les citoyennes, et leur toilettes, ah, bah, poof! Messieurs, je suis charmé de vous dire que mon auguste Souverain, L'EMPEREUR, n' a pas une seule idée d'invasion, à present, tout le contraire, et vous pouvez dormir confortablement dans vos lits. C'est vrai, Messieurs, et j'ajouterai qu'il n'est pas un sot, et sait parfaitement bien sur quel coté son pain est beurré. Eh, Messieurs, vous n' êtes pas des SOLOMONS, mais vous avez compris que mon maître et votre ami le bon COBDEN ont sous-signé une Traité (*derivatur* de Trahison), et par cette Traité, Messieurs, vous êtes vot you call him—*dun*. Bien, mes chers amis, pourquoi combatter avec ceux qui se donnent, franchement et avec humilité, d'être dépouillés. Restez tranquillement, mes braves, et croyez que nous sommes raisonables. MILORD MAIRE, agréez, &c.

The next toast was the LORD CHANCELLOR.

LORD CAMPBELL said that one didn't come to the City for wit but for wittles, and he had had a very good dinner, for which he was much obliged. He had been reviewed by GEORGE THE THIRD, and also by the *Quarterly*, but he did not see how that concerned the present audience.

The LORD MAYOR then gave LORD PALMERSTON and the QUEEN'S MINISTERS.

LORD PALMERSTON (who was loudly cheered, especially by LORD JOHN RUSSELL). My LORD MAYOR, Ladies and Gentlemen. It is an uncommonly jolly thing to come and eat these dinners sometimes, though I don't mean to say for a moment that I should like to do it often. Some great writer, TERENCE or TUPPER, I forget which, has observed that out of the conversation of the unwise the truly wise can gather wisdom, and there is something to be learned sometimes from Aldermen. We learn, for instance, what to eat, drink, and avoid; that is to say, to eat their turtle, to drink their wine, and to avoid themselves. (*Cheers and laughter.*) I was greatly pleased with M. DE PERSIGNY'S speech, as I am sure my noble friend the Foreign Secretary will be when one of his young gentlemen translates it to him. I am rejoiced that we have been and done it in China, and as citizens you will understand me when I say that it is Lombard Street to a China

orange in favour of those Armstrong guns. (*Cheers.*) As for the Volunteers, I am told they marched in a remarkably elegant manner in the Show to-day, and those who were so good-natured, ought, I think, to be called "Gog's Own," for the future. I am sorry to hear that any Volunteers are likely to be such asses as to be diddled into joining a ridiculous expedition to Paris, but I trust that the number will be small, and that they will all be expelled from their companies on their return. Well, my Lord, we are Hampshire neighbours, and though we can't quite do this sort of thing at Broadlands, I needn't say that we shall always be delighted to see you there, and in the meantime I congratulate you on getting upon a dais which has added a Cubit to your stature. (*Loud cheers.*)

MR. GLADSTONE. I have the honour of proposing the health of the LORD MAYOR. I always like three courses before me, but to-day I have had nine. When I proposed that the people should have cheap Claret, I did not exactly design to drink it myself; and I am bound to say that this last bottle is an inconceivably thin potation. When I can get a decent glass I will give the toast I am honoured with. (*Tastes.*) Yes, that's more like it. That's real stuff, and not Treaty tipple. *Quam bonum est in visceribus meis!* My Lord, you are a Conservative. I was one once, and may be again; but that's nothing. I propose your health, and, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, I thank you for having built so many hundreds of residences for persons of the class only too happy to contribute to the taxation which it is my duty to impose—builders like you are indeed bricks.

The LORD MAYOR gave the House of Lords and LORD BROUGHAM.

LORD BROUGHAM said that he was going to speak for forty years. (*Sensation.*) No, no, he meant that he had been speaking during that time, and very frequently in the City. He hoped often to do so again, and was very sorry that M. BERRYER was not in better spirits.

The LORD MAYOR gave the House of Commons and LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL said that he had perfectly understood M. DE PERSIGNY, whose French was exceedingly pure (*a bow from M. de P.*), and extremely like that which he, LORD JOHN, adopted in his despatches. He was very much indebted to M. DE PERSIGNY for the warm tribute he had paid to the administration of the Foreign Office by himself, LORD J. RUSSELL (M. DE PERSIGNY. "*Mon œil!*"), and he hoped long to deserve the praises which had been showered upon him. He had his own authority and DR. CUMMING's for stating, that so long as the Foreign Affairs of England were in his, LORD J. RUSSELL's, hands, so long would England pursue the exact path delineated for her by a favouring Destiny.

Some other toasts followed, especially some exceedingly buttery ones, which were handed round with the tea, and which the medical gentlemen present recommended, with furtive smiles. There was also a good deal of music, which prevented a certain amount of nonsense from being talked and heard. We did not hear of any particular accidents up to the time of going to press.

HELP FOR BOMBALINO.

SSISTANCE BOMBALINO wants, does he? His forces, being weaknesses, are in need of reinforcements. Well, we clearly have the means, and we are charitably disposed, so let us lend a hand to help him.

At a moderate computation there are at this present moment upwards of ten million Organmen in England. The majority of these, we need scarce say, live in London: twenty-nine are playing within earshot as we write. The rest are resident in no particular locality, but infest the highways generally throughout the entire kingdom, and are burglariously occupied in breaking into houses with their instruments of torture, and extorting from their inmates the blackest of black mail. The police, it seems, are powerless to protect us from these robbers, who steal away our brains like the enemy of *Cassius*, and if they cannot rob us of our money, rob us of our quiet, our comfort, and our rest.

Now might we not relieve both BOMBALINO and ourselves by sending him at once a contingent of these creatures, who are amply good enough to be food for powder, and to serve the falling cruel tyrant's cause? Detested as they are by all thinking persons here, the Organmen must surely lead most miserable lives, and it would be far better to be shot down at Gaeta than be hunted down in England (as they will ere long) by *Punch*. Besides, are they not Italians? And is it not *dulce et decorum pro patriâ mori?* To be sure, if they assisted the wretched Bourbon cause, it could scarcely be asserted that they died for Italy. Still they would have the satisfaction at least of dying *in* it, and England would be grateful to them if Italy were not. We gladly would engage DR. CULLEN and his priests, and get up a subscription to say masses for their souls, if we only knew for certain that their bodies had departed, and would not again molest us with their brain-distracting arts.

Persons of humane and charitable feelings, and the bumps of whose benevolence are unusually big, might earn our lasting thanks by taking up this matter; by enlisting first of all, say, the six or seven millions of Organmen in London, and supplying them with stops and so forth to depart. It would, we think, be hardly needful to furnish them with arms, for of course care would be taken that they had their organs with them, and it would be difficult to give them a more offensive weapon. An organ in full play is indeed a deadly instrument, and he must be a bold man, who would at short range dare to face it. Our chief fear, in fact, would be that, like the brave Irish Brigade, the Organmen would prove rather difficult to kill, and would come back like those martyrs to be *fêted* in the flesh, instead, as we would wish, of being henceforth heard of only in the spirit.

NO MORE SAXON FOR CELTS!

AN Irish patriot and geographer, called The O'DONOGHUE, who is said to have discovered that Ireland is not a part of Great Britain, has, in concert with several compatriots, embarked in an agitation for the Repeal of the Union which connects Great Britain with Ireland. With a view to the prosecution of their advantageous and hopeful design, they are about to expose themselves at an assembly which the *Nation* announces in the following paragraph:—

"We are happy to learn that our highly-talented and distinguished countryman, The O'DONOGHUE, M.P., and MR. GEORGE HENRY MOORE, with other gentlemen of known patriotism and abilities, have signified their intention to be present at a meeting in favour of Ireland's right to choose her own rulers which is shortly to be held in this City."

Repeal, which an O'CONNELL proved unable to carry, is evidently going to be accomplished by the O'DONOGHUE. We are fortunately in a position to be enabled to explain the means by which the success of this hitherto impracticable undertaking will be secured. The O'DONOGHUE's discovery that Ireland is not a part of Great Britain involves the equally important discovery that Irish is not English; that the language of one of these countries differs from that of the other. This being so, it is felt that a great mistake has been made by Irish patriots in going on, year after year, shouting for repeal in the language of DR. JOHNSON and LINDLEY MURRAY. A man's speech bewrayeth him all the world over, and The O'DONOGHUE and his associates find that they have been howling for Irish nationality in the Saxon tongue amid the ridicule of mankind. They have therefore determined that the rights of Ireland shall henceforth be proclaimed in Irish. It is their intention to harangue their countrymen in the original brogue, which served BRIAN BORU or BURROO—or whatever they call him—to express his ideas, such as he had, and was employed by St. Patrick in converting the natives of the Emerald Isle and bothering the varmint.

The national language will also be adopted by all the Ultramontane Press, and especially of course by the *Nation*. By this expedient great facilities will be gained for publishing treason with impunity. Religious journals will be enabled to express unbounded sympathy for Sepoys or other savages undergoing persecution for the slaughter of English heretics. Yelling with joy over the reverses of Britons in wild Irish, the faithful, intelligible only to each other, will not create that scandal of which his Holiness the POPE is now reaping some of the consequences in the influence exerted by England on his temporal affairs.

The O'DONOGHUE himself, if with the SPEAKER's permission, he shall address the House of Commons in his native language, will be quite as patiently listened to, and as implicitly credited as he would if he were to solicit the dismemberment of the Empire, abuse the Italian nationalists, and trumpet forth the wrongs of tortured Ireland, in terms which all his hearers could understand. *Erin go bragh!* Hurroo for The O'DONOGHUE—the gentleman that goes in for an *Irish* Parliament, and has the definite article for a handle to his name!

Valuations Taken.

WE fancy a very pretty Rule of Three sum might be worked out of the title of a book, which has recently been introduced to the notice of the public, under the name of the *Valley of a Hundred Fires*. If, as the advertisements tell us, it is possible to get "Four Fires for a Penny," it would not be very difficult, we imagine, to ascertain what the "valley" of a hundred fires would come to. Any school-boy, or LORD MALMESBURY, could do it.

KLOTZ-ROUSSEL.

A New Ballad to the popular French air—"Cadet Roussel."

CADET ROUSSEL is a famous man,
At *Mabille, Chaumière* and *Pré Catalan*,
But Paris and London now see the bell
Borne away from *Cadet*, by *Klotz*-ROUSSEL—
KLOTZ-ROUSSEL, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL,
Is JOHN BULL so green—HERR KLOTZ-ROUSSEL?

The Liverpool Merchants, as notable fools,
In *Punch's* sheets, sat on penance-stools;
But their foolscaps, sheets, and stools as well
May now be transferred to KLOTZ-ROUSSEL—
KLOTZ-ROUSSEL, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL,
Bare your back for the rod, HERR KLOTZ-ROUSSEL!

We all of us know what *chef d'œuvres* they are,
Those neat *billet-doux* of the honied MOCQUARD,
When there's fool to gammon, or knave to propel;
Which head do *you* come under, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL?—
KLOTZ-ROUSSEL, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL,
Take your choice of the two, HERR KLOTZ-ROUSSEL.

Our Volunteers you kindly invite,
In Paris to make themselves a sight,
In hopes that credit and cash may tell,
On the pride and the purse of a KLOTZ-ROUSSEL—
KLOTZ-ROUSSEL, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL,
What a bright conception of KLOTZ-ROUSSEL!

When the British Lion is armed to the teeth,
He's asked to put tushes and claws in their sheath,
And with bated breath and bare belts, pell-mell
To follow to Paris a KLOTZ-ROUSSEL—
KLOTZ-ROUSSEL, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL,
What a Leader of Lions is KLOTZ-ROUSSEL!

There's a being in England known as "a snob,"
And a thing in England known as "a job:"
The "snob" we can see, and the "job" we may smell,
Combined in this project of KLOTZ-ROUSSEL—
KLOTZ-ROUSSEL, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL,
You may just as well drop it, HERR KLOTZ-ROUSSEL.

If e'er our Volunteers should go
To Paris, they won't go there for a show.
Meanwhile for home-use their ranks they swell,
Not to lackey the heels of a KLOTZ-ROUSSEL—
KLOTZ-ROUSSEL, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL,
Paws off the Lion, HERR KLOTZ-ROUSSEL!

The old Greeks held there were omens in names,
Some promised successes, some augured shames;
And 'tis odds that the chance of a row and a sell
Both meet in this scheme of KLOTZ-ROUSSEL—
KLOTZ-ROUSSEL, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL,
There's a sound of ill omen in KLOTZ-ROUSSEL!

I haven't the luck to know who you are,
Accredited thus by the Great MOCQUARD:
You *may* be a tout, for some rail or hotel,
And you *may* be a tailor, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL—
KLOTZ-ROUSSEL, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL,
But your name rings doubtfully, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL.

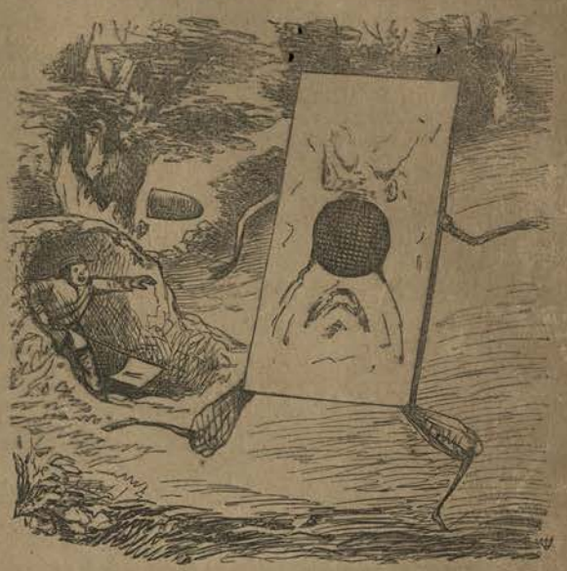
The French and English nations to bring
To *l'entente cordiale*, were an excellent thing;
But to give *us* an inch, and give *them* an ell,
Isn't quite the road to it, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL—
KLOTZ-ROUSSEL, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL,
There's two sides to a Treaty, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL.

All honour to GLADSTONE, and COBDEN, and BRIGHT,
That with weapons of peace they prefer to fight;
But there's time for the sword, and the shot and the shell—
Ask LOUIS NAPOLEON, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL—
KLOTZ-ROUSSEL, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL,
Steel *may* oust soft sawder, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL.

JOHN BULL begs leave very humbly to doubt
Whether arming his hands and then holding them out
Be the sort of logic that 's likely to tell
On logical France, spite of KLOTZ-ROUSSEL—
KLOTZ-ROUSSEL, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL,
She would call it a "*contresens*," KLOTZ-ROUSSEL.

Leave Ireland to send Volunteers to Rome;
Our Volunteers we'll keep at home,
Nor be lured to Paris by e'en the spell
Of a MOCQUARD backing a KLOTZ-ROUSSEL—
KLOTZ-ROUSSEL, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL,
Go home to the Tuileries, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL,

And say, with JOHN BULL'S best compliments there,
He 's not to be stroked the right way of the hair.
E'en British Asses will scarce don the fell
Of British Lions for KLOTZ-ROUSSEL—
KLOTZ-ROUSSEL, KLOTZ-ROUSSEL,
You had best shut up shop, HERR KLOTZ-ROUSSEL.



"WITH VERDURE CLAD."

AMONG other curiosities, we see advertised a sort of "Vegetable Leather Gaiters," of which a hundred thousand pairs are expected to be sold in London ere next spring. This announcement has, we own, sadly puzzled and perplexed us, and eleven of our hairs have prematurely been turned grey by it. By what process any vegetable can be made into a gaiter, is a problem our best powers are unable to resolve. But, supposing it accomplished, there would clearly be advantages which in certain circumstances might perhaps result from it. For instance, we have heard of shipwrecked sailors having to subsist upon their boots; and if they had been supplied with Vegetable Gaiters, they doubtless would have relished the addition to their fare. A still more painful story has moreover reached us, of how a newly-married couple went to Paris for their honeymoon, and, arriving there at 3 A.M., could get nothing served for supper, and so, to save themselves from starving, had to devour their slice of cake. Now if the husband had but worn a pair of Vegetable Gaiters, they need not have committed this almost cannibal act.

We are not informed if Vegetarians use these Gaiters, nor whether any Vegetable in particular be chosen for their manufacture. This latter is in some degree a point somewhat important. For instance, if we purchased our Gaiters of a tailor, it would never do to ask him if they were made of Cabbage!

The Bourbon and the Black Prince.

WE have the best authority for stating, that FRANCIS II., the EX-KING OF NAPLES, has declined, with thanks, the asylum which has been offered him by the QUEEN OF SPAIN and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. The dethroned monarch will reside at the Court of a Royal brother, where he will feel much more at home than he probably would even in the Imperial Palace at Vienna. His Majesty has decided on accepting the hospitality of the KING of DAHOMEY.

A PUN FOR POOR CREATURES.

THE partisans of the POPE and the other tyrants of Italy, call GARIBALDI a Filibuster. As that hero is fighting for the freedom of the Italian boot, might they not as well content themselves with calling him a Freebooter?

A CONTENTED MIND.

Old Wurzel. "WELL, MUSTER CHAWLES, SO YOU'VE BEEN A RIDING THE YOUNG UN.—HOW DOES HE GO?"
Muster Chawles. "OH, SPLENDID! NEVER CARRIED BETTER IN MY LIFE! IT WAS HIS FIRST RUN, AND WE ONLY CAME DOWN FIVE TIMES!"

THE RIGHT LEG IN THE BOOT.

THE Boot of Italy may well
Be likened to the shoe
Wherein did that old woman dwell
Who knew not what to do.
Inside that Boot the Pontiff sits
Upon his shaky throne,
And questions, racking his poor wits,
How he shall hold his own.

But other Sovereigns, in that Boot
Did live, besides the POPE;
The Hapsburg, and the Bourbon brute,
Who ruled by axe and rope:
And petty Dukes there also were,
That served those tyrants twain,
And sceptres, by their favour, bare
Each o'er his mean domain.

Small space the Pontiff now, indeed,
Doth in that Boot possess;
His subjects being mostly freed:
The Bourbon holdeth less.
The Hapsburg, much against the grain,
Hath place been forced to give;
The petty Dukes no longer reign
Where happy subjects live.

Now may your boot, Italians, get
Soon on the right leg put,
No despot in it holding yet
One portion of his foot:
Soon Hapsburg after Bourbon kick,
A boot all one and whole,
And keep—allowed his bishopric—
The POPE beneath the sole.

DOBLER OUTDONE.

WE really think the table-turners, and other conjurors and wizards, should protest against the tradesmen taking leaves out of their books, and doing strokes of necromancy on their own account. What with "Magic Strops," and other marvellous inventions, the apparatus of a conjuror seems sold at every counter, and feats of legerdemain are now in nearly everybody's hands. Here, for instance, is a specimen of the wonders which are worked by advertising tradesmen, who are constantly attracting notice to some new commercial trick:—

"By merely pouring boiling water into the inverted lid of BLANK'S Patent Coffee Pot, from a pint to a gallon of delicious tea or coffee may be procured in a few minutes."

Really, now, this beats the Mysterious Bowls of Gold-Fish, the Inexhaustible Bottle, and the Cup-producing Hat. We have often seen a conjuror make hot coffee on the stage, but then he has always had a pigeon or canary-bird to make it with—nay, has sometimes taken a leaf out of the cookery-books at railway stations, and has easily concocted it from a few handfuls of beans. In the case quoted, however, the trick is done without the aid of these accessories, the beverage being brewed by merely pouring boiling water on an inverted lid. No mention is made of either tea or coffee being put into the coffee-pot, and yet either of these drinks is producible at will by the mere means we have stated. Both of them, moreover, are declared to be "delicious," a statement of the conjuror which, not being a consumer, we cannot yet endorse. We think, however, that these coffee-pots, if they do what is asserted of them, cannot be too widely known; and to guarantee their being so, we make a note of them in *Punch*. It may influence the Government in their dealings with the Chinamen to learn that tea can now be made without the need of tea-leaves; and surely nobody will dream of paying money for "Best Mocha," when he can get a pint or gallon of the most delicious coffee by merely pouring boiling water upon a bit of tin.

THE STRONGEST ARGUMENT AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Dethroned Tyrants are not hanged.

RIGHT LEG IN THE BOOT AT LAST.

GARIBALDI. "IF IT WON'T GO ON, SIRE, TRY A LITTLE MORE POWDER."

JEWELS OF JOURNALISM.

"*To — Punch, Esq.*

"*Verbena Villa, Monday.*

YOU DEAR OLD PET,* —I am so *much* obliged to you for putting in the letter which I wrote the other day about our *darling* PRINCE OF WALES, and how before he left America he had to kiss, oh! ever such a lot of girls *by proxy*, selecting one (of course the *prettiest*) to take the kisses for the rest; two dozen I think there were, but the paper didn't say whether the Prince kissed her *four and twenty* times for them. Well, his *labours* are all over now, and I'm sure he *must* be glad of it, for only think what he's gone through, and so young as he is too, and what with all his travelling and late hours, and then having to rise early in order to *pack up*, he must have fairly been worn out, and quite glad to get *home* again.

"But after all, he must have had a most *delightful* time of it. Only fancy how delicious to have dancing every night almost, and *always with fresh partners!* I declare it's a *great* shame there were no ladies in his suite. They would *so* much have enjoyed themselves. And how nice it would have been to be mentioned in the newspapers, and publicly be complimented for one's personal appearance, as is the fashion in America, it seems in high society. At least one judges this is so from the account the *New York Herald* gives of one of the American Nights' Entertainments which were lately got up to amuse their English visitors. The *Herald* thus describes a few of the 'radiant multitude' for the purpose of 'conveying an idea of the general unanimity of the picture:'—

MISS CHARLOTTE CUMMING wore a lace dress with autumn leaves embroidered over tulle skirt. A scarf of green leaves completed an effective *tout ensemble*, and a row of pearls found a fitting resting place around a head of glossy black hair.

"MISS MARY CLAPP, a favourite of the evening, wore lace over white silk, looped up with natural flowers. Very pretty.

"MRS. JOHN SCHERMERHORN looked a sort of incarnation of the Adriatic with the Doge of Venice. [Oh, my goodness me! how nice she must have looked! How I *wish* I had her photograph!]

"MRS. STRATESTIGUI wore a beautiful lace looped up with flowers, looking every inch a bride.

"MISS ELLEN REED wore a simple pink cloud of crape, and, almost without a single ornament, was a specimen of cottage simplicity calculated to do an immense amount of damage."

"There, now! isn't that delicious! I declare I feel quite jealous! Only think how nice, after going to a ball, to find one was considered to 'look every inch a bride,' or that some reporter thought one 'very pretty!' As of *course* one would not know whether one had *really* been 'the favourite of the evening,' how delightful it would be on awakening the next morning to find oneself so famous! What a *pity* it is our papers are so stupidly reserved, and withhold such pleasant news from us. Just conceive with what delight a *débutante* at Almack's would discover that *Bell's Life* considered her a 'specimen of cottage simplicity,' and how it would charm Mamma the Countess to learn that it was stated by the *'Tiser* or the *Telegraph* that, to their idea, her ELLEN was 'calculated to do an immense amount of damage.'

"Equally delightful it would be to our *beau monde* to find their manners and demeanour criticised as freely as their personal appearance. If American reporters had access to our ball-rooms, I suppose that some such stuff as that which follows would be written of us:—

"At first a slight degree of bashfulness was apparent on the part of the young people of both sexes; but as the ball progressed this gradually wore off, and the officers to their no small satisfaction had the pleasure of dancing with any lady in the room on whom they chose to fasten an inclination. * * English formality and restraint gave way before the winsome manners of the young divinities, and the ball rolled on to the accompaniment of pleasant conversation, coquettish hallucinations, good music, plenty of room to dance in, plenty of handsome partners and every other adjunct calculated to make one in such a place contented with himself and neighbours."

"'Plenty of room to dance in!' Well, I *do* think we might copy our Yankee cousins in this respect; although we might not care to specify among the other benefits of having a big ball-room, that 'there were no crushed corns to rise like agonised *Ghosts of Banquo*' from it.

"But there was something else besides the 'winsome manners of the young divinities' which helped to dissipate the English 'formalities' and coldness:—

"An admirable feature of the evening was a coffee-room, where the thirsty and weary could retire at any time, and without inconvenience inhale the rising incense of his Java. For the accommodation of the officers a private room was set apart for them under the stage, where had been rolled in a cask of ale and several quarts of oysters, of which the English are very fond. This was called 'JOHN BULL'S Saloon.' In a word, every possible effort was made by the committee to render this portion of the entertainment especially complete, and it is needless to say, that their endeavours to 'crowd the stomach with thrifty fare' met with the most complete success."

"'*Sine Bacco friget Venus*,' cried my cousin CHARLEY to me upon reading this, and as he said it with a chuckle, of course I *tried* to laugh, although I own I don't a *bit* know what he meant by it. I suppose the smoking-room was set apart for the use of the Americans, as of course an *English* gentleman would never dream of 'inhaling the incense of his Java' when he is going to enjoy the society of *ladies*. And what does the reporter *mean* by hinting the suspicion that an Englishman can't dance without the help of beer and oysters? If I thought my cousin CHARLEY needed such inducements to make him waltz or polk with me, I declare, I really think I'd *never* dance with him again!! At least, unless he begged my pardon prettily and vowed—But never mind all that: here's something *much* more interesting to you than Cousin CHARLEY can be:—

"Whilst it is true that there were none who looked like some of the women at the New York balls as if they had just emerged from a diamond shower-bath, there was a display of jewels and jewellery that bespoke the good taste and good sense of the wearer. Portland ladies are celebrated for their beauty and refinement, however, more than for any mere display of dress, and the gathering on Wednesday in this respect was sufficient to have constituted an aurora. * * One of the principal officers, a dashing young lieutenant, made the remark that he had seen more real genuine undiluted loveliness in the space of half an acre, and during half an hour, than he had looked upon since he left the Old Country. He really thought American ladies were remarkably 'arnsome.' A few minutes after this he was up to his elbows in compliments, melting away under the delicious fascinations of a terrestrial angel in blue—a process he went through no less than a dozen times in the course of the evening."

"Fancy now the gathering in a ball-room 'constituting an aurora.' What *poets* penny-a-liners must be in America! Does that darling LONGFELLOW, I wonder, write for newspapers? And how *true to life* it is to represent a British officer as speaking of half acres of 'undiluted loveliness,' and saying of his partners that he thought them vastly 'arnsome!' Well, it certainly *is* a pity our reporters, like our dancers, are so reserved and formal; I fear that we shall have to wait a good long while before we find the *Times* announcing to the world the fascinations of MISS SMITH, or reporting the flirtations which go on in London ball-rooms.

"Yours, dear *Mr. Punch*,

"With the very *warmest* interest,

"AMELIA ANGELICA ANGELINA AGNES ANN."

"P.S. How does a man look when he is 'melting away' and 'up to his elbows in compliments?' Because, if it improves his looks, I shall get CHARLEY to practise it."

* We have no objection to be called a Pet, but we must protest against the epithet preceding. *Old*, indeed, young lady! What do you mean by "old?" A man who lives a careful life, as every one does now-a-days, has quite a right to call himself "a mere boy" until sixty.—*Punch*.

Political Ingratitude.

THE Conservatives find many kind things to say in favour of LORD PALMERSTON, but not a single flattering word do they ever say in honour of poor DISRAELI. We call this base ingratitude, though DIS is quite strong enough to dispense with their flattery. But really from the complimentary way in which the Conservatives talk, any stranger would naturally conclude that PALMERSTON was their leader, and not DISRAELI.

UNFOUNDED CALUMNY.

THERE is not the smallest truth in the rumour that MR. SHERIDAN KNOWLES has been appointed "Professor of Allocution" to the POPE. Every one, who hears it mentioned, is requested to contradict it.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—OF THE REIGN OF EDWARD THE FOURTH.

YOUNG SWELLS. TEMP. EDWARD THE FOURTH. FROM AN ELABORATE WOOD-ENGRAVING OF THE PERIOD.

How absurd were certain of the costumes of this period, the pencil of our artist will show better than our pen. By the drawing which we use as an initial to this chapter, and which is accurately copied from a very rare old manuscript,* it will be seen what pains the dandies took to make themselves ridiculous, and how eminently some of them succeeded in so doing. Swells with spindle-shanky legs appeared to take delight in exposing their deformities, and made them still more ludicrous by contrast with their upper garments, which were swollen and puffed out to a preposterous degree. Special notice also should be taken of their hats: some of which, as in this drawing, were tall sugar-loafy structures not unlike a modern foolscap, while others looked like slop-basins with a peacock's feather in them.

One would think that such absurdities were hardly worth the while of grave historians to chronicle, but MONSTRELET dilates at no slight length upon the subject, as does PARADIN likewise, in his *Histoire de Lyons*, which COX DE FINSBURY conceives to be a work of natural history, and only to bear reference to the king of all the beasts. Among other information supplied us by these writers, we learn, that doublets were cut short, as our artist has depicted them, and that the sleeves of them were slit so as to show large loose white shirts. They were padded in the shoulder with large waddings called "mahoitres:" † and were worn of silk, of satin, and of velvet, even by mere boys. The beaux, however, and perhaps the boys, were as capricious as spoilt children in their tastes and fancies; and after coming out one day in the shortest of short jackets, the next would, like great babies, go about in long clothes, "soe long in soothe att times that they dyd dangle in ye dirt."

Such of our readers as have been to public schools will have derived at least this benefit from their classic education, namely that they will not need us to translate the well-known line:—

"Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt."

Of course we would not be so cruel as to call a swell a fool; but, with a softening of the "stulti," the verse was clearly applicable to dandies at this period, and we wonder the old writers, fond as they were of Latin, should not have applied it. Besides their weathercocky ways in the fashion of their coats, the gentlemen of England who lived in EDWARD'S reign, veered about as changeably in the shaping of their shoes. On Monday you would meet a swell strutting a-down Chepe with pointed toes, which were called poulaines, a quarter of an ell long; and on Tuesday you might see him sunning himself idly in the gardens of the Temple, having his feet stuck into a sort of shoes termed duck-bills, which had a kind of beak-like projection at the toe, some five fingers in length. Before the week was out, if you chanced to come across him, you perhaps would find him sporting a new sort of pedal envelopes, and carrying his absurdity to fully as great widths as he had previously done lengths. Slippers, we are told, were made "so very broad in front as to exceed the measure of a good foot," but whether they were worn to hide the measure of a bad one, the chronicler is not so rude here as to hint.

FROM THE FRONTISPIECE TO THE FAMOUS BALLAD OF "YE CHILDE OF COCKAIGNE AND YE CORDWAINERE." DATE 1479.

If history be believed, our fourth EDWARD had not much to recommend him to posterity. One writer (does the reader recollect the name of EGERTON?) speaks of him as being—

"—— To each voluptuous vice a slave,
Cruel, intemperate, vain, suspicious, brave."

But of this long string of epithets, the only one we need to say a word on is the third. Vanity being one of the chief failings of the sovereign, it may be fancied that his courtiers followed his example, and were unchecked in their preposterous pomps and vanities of dress. It is true an Act of Parliament was passed for their prevention; and popular opinion, speaking through the mouths of the street-boys of the period, was doubtless prone to treat with levity the very heavy swells. But neither statutory laws nor the chaffing of the streets have ever much effect to mitigate the dandyism of the day; and although it was provided that "no one under a lord" should make a fool of himself by wearing a short jacket and long shoes, and that every tradesman manufacturing such articles should be fined a sovereign (and be cursed by clergy for the shoemaking offence), we will be bound to say short jackets and long shoes still were made, and that other fools than lords were found to wear them.

By this sumptuary statute, which was passed in the third year of the reign of EDWARD THE FOURTH, bachelor knights were forbidden to wear cloth of velvet upon velvet, unless they were Knights of the Garter. This is the first tax upon bachelors recorded in our History; and as the mania for finery appears to be reviving, it might not be unwise to reimpose some such a hindrance on it. There really is no saying how it might affect the Census, if single swells were now prohibited from wearing porkpie hats and pegtops, and a dozen other things which we have no space here to schedule.

Unbecomingly cropped heads, and closely-shaven chins and cheeks, had been in fashion during the three last preceding reigns; but fops now wore their hair "so long that it dyd come into their eyes, and wits dyd say they looked like members of ye hairy-stocracie." Beards, whiskers, and moustaches were, however, still discountenanced, for the ladies, it was said, did set their face against them.

But little change took place now in the military equipment. A modern writer says, that it "presents few striking novelties," and indeed the only novel weapons for striking that present themselves are the genetaire, or janetaire, a sort of Spanish lance, the voulge, which varied slightly from the old glaive or guisarme, and the halbert (now first mentioned), whose name doubtless was derived from the earliest kind of poleaxe, which the Germans, and perhaps the Poles, called alle-barde, or cleave-all. Swords and bucklers were first given to archers at this time; for although, like our Riflemen, these soldiers were intended to fight chiefly at long ranges, it was found that they were sometimes forced to battle hand to hand, and then a sword and shield were sure to come in handy.

We have said the Civil Swells were somewhat heavy at this period; but the Knights, when in full fig, were even yet more ponderous. Enormous globular breastplates were worn upon the chest, and the feet were strongly shielded by sollerets of steel, whose long points are

* This drawing is noteworthy as being one of the first specimens of the noble art of wood-cutting with which our English literature (the Book of Costumes not excepted) has been so much enriched. DR. DIBDIN says the art began to prevail about the year 1460," *i. e.*, the year before the reign of EDWARD THE FOURTH. Doubtless the drawings which illuminate this chapter, and which are all taken from the artists of the period, will remind the thoughtful reader of the lines in the *Excursion*, where WORDSWORTH speaks of these same "wooden cuts:"—

"Strange and uncouth: dire faces, figures dire,
Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ancled too,
With long and ghostly shanks: forms which once seen
Can never be forgotten."

† This luxury, however, was only for the higher classes. By the sumptuary statute which was passed during this reign, "no yeoman, or person under a yeoman," was allowed bolsters or stuffing of wool, cotton or cadis in his pourpoint or doublet, under a penalty of a six and eightpence fine and forfeiture to somebody of the offending garment.

represented curving downwards from the stirrup. Their funny-bones they guarded with immense sharp-angled elbow-plates, and neither jokes nor lances could be poked into their ribs, so well were they protected with their metal casing. That Royal wit, KING JAMES THE

ONE OF "THE MEN IN ARMOUR" IN A CHOICE OLD PICTURE OF "YE LORD MAYOR HIS SHOWE," IN 1480.

FIRST, is said to have remarked of the armour of this era, that "it canna be denied it was an ower gude inveention, as it heendered a puir body frae being hurt himsel', or hurting ither people, by reason of its clumsiness."

This in some measure explains the marvels which we read, of how knights battered one another, like *Hotspur* and *Jack Falstaff*, by the three hours together, without doing much more damage than just to make their noses bleed. This however was providing that they could keep their seats, for when once a knight came down it was literally all up with him. The mere shock of his fall was quite enough in general to knock him out of time; and as he could not anyhow get up without assistance, his conqueror could coolly choose the best chink in the armour to give the *coup de grace*. It was for this reason perhaps that the horses were now armed almost as heavily as their riders, having shields upon their chests and manefaires upon their manes, while a strong plate called the chanfron gave protection to the face. This plate had a sharp boss, or point, projecting from the forehead, and a plume by way of ornament sprouting up between the ears, in the manner of the cherry-tree upon the stag shot by MUNCHAUSEN. The saddle too was made of a peculiar construction, projecting round the thigh so as to hold bad riders firmly to their seats. A splendid specimen of this is shown in a quaint drawing in one of the Harleian manuscripts, where the steed is represented rather bigger than a dray-horse, and having a cropped mane and absurdly short bob-tail, which we presume to have been according to the fashion of the time. This presumption is supported by one of those old lyrics which antiquarians have had to thank us for unearthing, and which with the quaint pleasantry belonging to this period, relates in sixty stanzas how ye gentil knight SYR DODAH—

"Dyd go to Epsome towne,
Upon ye Derbye Daye,
And lost hys money on ye Bob-tayled nagge,
For he oughte to have bett on ye Baye!"

Quite the Reverse.

COUNT CASELLA, the Minister of FRANCIS THE SECOND, the small German potentates, and all the other minor fry of Despotism, are in horror at the audacity of VICTOR EMMANUEL, in coming to the rescue of the Two Sicilies, and denounce his conduct as a violation of what they call the "*Jus Gentium*."

They omit a syllable. What VICTOR EMMANUEL *has* trampled under foot—and all honour to him for it—is the "*Jus Regentium*," which in despotisms, so far from being identical with the "*Jus Gentium*," is precisely the reverse. In the name of "the right of nations," he overbears "the right divine of Kings to govern wrong."

GUILDHALL AS IT SHOULD BE.

A SADLY inaccurate description of the decorations at Guildhall for the LORD MAYOR'S Feast last week having crept into the papers, *Mr. Punch* has been requested for the interest of the public to furnish what on Derby-days is known as a "c'rect list":—

The Lobbies.—These being the entrance-chambers leading to the Banquet Hall, were appropriately embellished with trophies appertaining to the culinary art. Stewpans, spits, and saucepots were clustered at each corner, flanked by frying-pans and gridirons, and surmounted by a banner with the Arms (bared) of the Chief Cook. The walls, instead of being whitewashed, were delicately floured, and festooned with turnip roses and camellias cut from beet-root. In the centre of each panel was an elegant medallion, carved to represent the top of a raised pie. This formed a fitting background for the Statue of the *Chef*, moulded from a portrait drawn by COOK, R.A., and showing that great personage in his robes of office, consisting of an apron and a white cotton cap. The *Chef* is represented in a graceful classic attitude, bearing in one hand a beautiful *bouquet* of parsley, sage, and onions, and in the other brandishing a rolling-pin, after the manner of a Field-Marshal with his *bâton*. Underneath this figure was inscribed in hard-boiled whites of egg the suitable quotation, from *Comus* (slightly altered):

"Two blissful things in here are borne,
Good soup, good meat, the Cook hath sworn!"

The Great Hall.—Here, as every Alderman knows, the Feast of ST. LORD MAYOR is annually served, and the embellishments were strictly in accordance with that fact. Garlands of knives and forks, joined in happy union, were suspended from the ceiling and glittered in the gas; while all the statues in the Hall were draped with table-cloths and napkins, which served to give a chaste and classical effect. The Eastern window was adorned with a finely-painted allegory, representing the combined forces of Common Councilmen and Livery preparing to defend the Good Dinners of the City, and other ancient privileges which they and their forefathers have so copiously enjoyed. Over the chair of state were the portraits (size of life) of the LORD and LADY MAYORESS, each with a large plate of steaming turtle-soup before them, and underneath, the civic motto:—

"Happy, happy, happy MAYOR,
None but the brave deserves the Fare!"

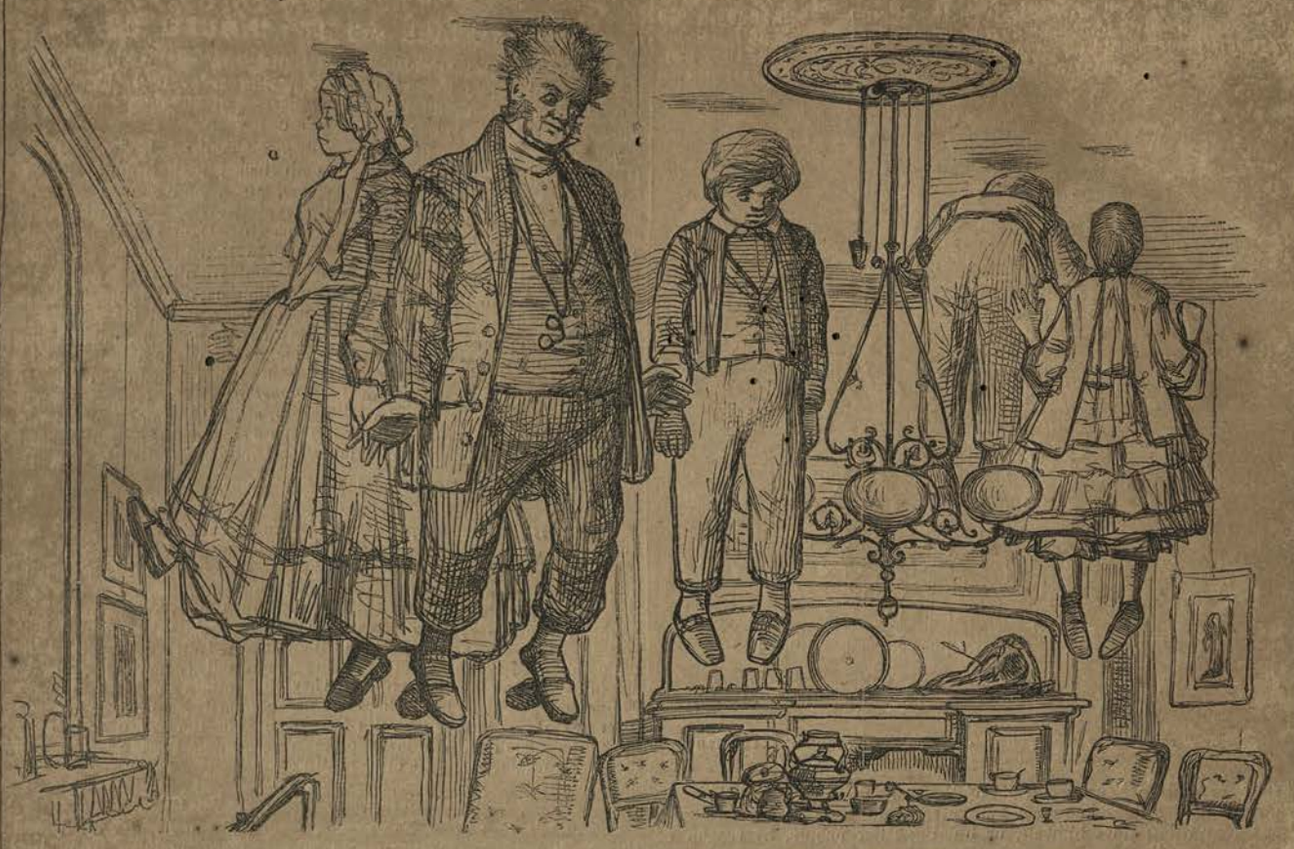
Aldermen's Committee Room.—Statues chiefly modern, embellished this apartment, and as the figures mostly were modelled from live aldermen, it is unnecessary to say that they were of great elegance. A classic group of HELIOGOBBLEUS (the first of ancient Aldermen), attired by the Graces, very naturally excited an immense deal of attention: as did a statuette representing EPICURUS in the act of carving his first haunch of venison. Appropriate mottoes were inscribed in gold letters on the walls, one being a neat paraphrase of a well-known old school couplet:—

"In guttling Turtle every day,
Let my first course be passed:
And let me hope my relish may
E'en for three platefuls last!"

Loggia of the Exchequer Court.—The decorations here were of a severer style. The walls were draped with the paid bills of all the Lord Mayors' Banquets for the last four hundred years, and on a black board in the centre of each of the four walls was inscribed the exact sum total of the money thus consumed. How many millions have been guzzled and gormandised away since the CAT of RICHARD WHITTINGTON lapped up her first ha'porth at the expense of City Coal-tax-payers, we leave Economy to groan for and Posterity to guess.

THE TWO KINGS AT TEANO. OCTOBER 25, 1860.

VICTOR and GARIBALDI, side by side—
The crowned King and the crownless,—hand in hand,
'Neath the blue sky of their regenerate land,
Silent, mid shouting thousands, Lo, they ride!
Not many royal hands so pure of guilt,
As to be laid within that stainless palm,
Horny with grasp of the familiar hilt;
Not many royal looks could brave the calm
Of those deep-seated and unwavering eyes,
Fearful or terrible, as ruth or war
Subdues or lights them. Ride on, to the cries
Of "Long live Italy!" while, near and far,
All good men's hopes bless thine investiture,
Honest King-maker, of an honest King,
And pray thy work may stand, till rooted sure,
In spite of friends that as the ivy cling,
Stifling with wintry green, that shows like spring.
Ride on, VICTOR EMMANUEL, to the throne
From which crowned wickedness hath toppled down,
While GARIBALDI, guerdonless, alone,
Takes his far higher throne, and nobler crown!



A RISE IN BREAD-STUFFS!—EFFECTS OF EATING AËRATED BREAD.

Poor Cocker having been Recommended to try the "Aërated Bread," does so, and is Discovered, along with his Family, Floating about the Ceiling of his Parlour, in an utterly Helpless Condition.

A CANON AND A BLUNDERBUSS.

THE Irish Brigade, having returned from those plains of Italy which, according to CULLEN, they miraculously purpled with a very small quantity of blood in the unsuccessful attempt to subjugate Italians to despotism, arrived the other day at Dublin, where, amid the cheers of a multitude impatient of the galling yoke of Constitutional Government, they were harangued by the REV. CANON POPE, who, according to a newspaper ironically named the *Freeman*, "came forward to address the young men of the Brigade, and to welcome them home in the name of religion and of their country." The Reverend Canon then discharged himself of a tremendous load of unspeakable bombast, but his cannonade comprised one particular bang, the report of which deserves to reverberate. Having told his hearers that they had done all manner of the finest possible things for their "Holy Father" (the Canon's namesake), their "Holy Mother the Church," and the "Great Catholic family of Christendom," he wound up a prodigious period of balderdash with the following portentous climax of bosh:—

"And in the blood of your fallen brave ones you have offered up a holocaust on the altar of religion to the Great God of battles."

This thundering explosion of pompous untruth created, according to the *Freeman*, "profound sensation." No doubt. The sublimity of solecism was likely to overwhelm the imagination of a crazy rabble. Of course CANON POPE cannot know that a holocaust is a victim burnt entire. If he had been acquainted with that fragment of etymology, he would hardly have told even an Irish Brigade that they had offered up a holocaust in the blood of their fallen brave. If those heroes had caught CIALDINI, or FANTI, and roasted their victim whole, then there would have been some sense, at least, in congratulating them on having offered up a holocaust on the altar of religion—religion of a peculiar kind—to the Great God of battles—a deity whose worship demands human sacrifices. The less a Popish priest talks about holocausts the better, even when he does not talk nonsense. A certain artist of antiquity—a villanous flunkey—wishing to curry favour with a tyrant, constructed a bull of brass, and presented it to that potentate, for the purpose of enabling him to perform holocausts in its interior, by burning people alive there, in the meanwhile enjoying the pleasure of hearing them bellow. The bull of PERILLUS was more savage than that of CANON POPE, and besides, PERILLUS's bull contained the holocaust, whereas CANON POPE's holocaust involves his bull. This bull will not make quite the same noise as what may be supposed to have proceeded from the other one; but the Irish priest, as well as the Athenian sculptor, must be admitted to have made a roaring bull. PHALARIS, as our youth are aware, rewarded the ingenuity and devotion of PERILLUS, by putting him forthwith into the toy which he had fabricated to afford his patron amusement at the expense of others, and playing, by way of experiment, in the first instance with himself. The cruel ingratitude of the Tyrant of Agrigentum will not be imitated by the Roman Pontiff, and PIO NONO at least will not command CANON POPE to be roasted for his own holocaust.

The Englishman in Prussia.

IN confirmation of a statement respecting Prussian custom-house extortion, which appeared in the *Times* under the head of "Prussian Insolence," a correspondent of the same journal, signing himself "A TRAVELLER," declares that somewhere in Prussia he was made to pay 5½*d.* duty on 1½ lb. of children's ordinary biscuits, which the official who inspected his luggage asserted to be sweetmeats. The customs of the Prussians appear to be as bad as their manners.

VERY HEAVY ORDNANCE.

ACCORDING to a calculation which has appeared in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, our Armstrong guns, of which we possess 451, have cost the country no less than £2,000 a-piece. Truly the Armstrong gun is a tremendous weapon. We ought to be able to knock *La Gloire* into atoms with our two-thousand-pounders.

MINERALOGICAL DISCOVERY BY AN IRISHMAN.

How to turn brass into *gold*:—"Marry an heiress."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, November 17, 1860.

IMPORTANT MATTER.

Augustus. "I SAY, LAURA, JUST TELL US BEFORE ANY ONE COMES, WHETHER MY BACK HAIR 'S PARTED STRAIGHT!"

THE BLACK LAUREATE.

THE last lot of Blacks, (we forget their names,) are as prompt with their minstrelsy as any of the grimy songsters who have preceded them. We are delighted to learn that on the day of the safe arrival of the future (many and many a long day off may his nomination be!) EDWARD THE SEVENTH, the Laureate to the Sable Melodists dashed off the following exquisite Poem, which was sung at night, and rapturously applauded, and encored forty-seven times, by an intelligent British audience:—

I.

Home de Prince hab come,
He am not a lubber,
We hab got de PRINCE OB WHALES,
So we need not blubber.
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo,
Lobby dobby beer O,
Home de PRINCE OB WHALES hab come,
Sailing in de *Hero*.
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo, &c.

II.

Him want to wash him hands, boys,
Dirty wid de rope,
So him gone to Windsor,
'Cos dere him get de soap.
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo,
Dance and kick up antic,
'Cos de PRINCE OB WHALES hab come,
Crossing de Atlantic.
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo, &c.

III.

PRINCE ALFRED tumble off de Cape,
So him had a bad knee,
Don't him wish he 'd been instead
In de *Ariadne*.
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo,
Time for going bed-ward,
But one cheer before we go,
Hooray, ALBUM-EDWARD!
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo, &c.

AN INFALLIBLE SPECIFIC AGAINST SEA-SICKNESS.—Never go to Sea.

LECTURE OF A NEW LORD MAYOR.

AT the Court of Aldermen held on the 14th instant at Guildhall, when the LORD MAYOR presided for the first time in his official capacity, according to the newspapers:—

"His Lordship at the commencement of the proceedings rose and said, 'In taking my place in this Court for the first time as Lord Mayor of the City of London, I cannot fail to feel that I am entering on a post of great honour and dignity, and that I shall often have occasion to entreat the kind consideration of my brethren of the Court of Aldermen. I feel, however, great confidence in being able to perform the duties that will devolve upon me, because I know that I may at all times appeal to my brother Aldermen for the assistance of their experience and wisdom, and I have no doubt that with such assistance I shall be able to go through my duties in a manner that will be satisfactory to my brother-citizens, and at the same time fully support the dignity and privileges of the Court."

Evidently the above is an incorrect report of the LORD MAYOR'S observations. The speech which his Lordship really did make was most probably one of this sort:—In making my appearance in this Court for the first time as Lord Mayor of the City of London, I painfully feel that I am exhibiting myself in a character which will be too generally deemed ridiculous. So many of my predecessors in office have principally distinguished themselves by their folly, that in attiring myself in these robes, and putting on this chain, and taking my seat in this chair, I know that I am exposing myself to inevitable derision. Hoping, however, to contribute as little as possible to the public amusement, I trust that my brethren of the Court of Aldermen will excuse me if I occasionally deviate from a precedent which would require me to make a fool of myself. I entertain some hope that I may manage to perform the duties which will devolve upon me without incurring very much ridicule, because I have determined to pay no attention to any nonsense which may be uttered by my brother Aldermen, and not to allow their advice or opinions to influence me at all contrarily to my own judgment, in the discharge of my office. As a member of the Legislature, accustomed to participate in the deliberations of an orderly and decorous assembly, I trust I shall be enabled to preside over you with that propriety of which the Speaker of the House of Commons has afforded me an example, and thus, whilst supporting the privileges, very considerably elevate the dignity, of this Court. Now then, Gentlemen, silence if you please; let us proceed to business, and let me entreat all of you to keep your tempers.

AN UNDUTIFUL PAPA.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI has given CARDINAL WISEMAN the office to collect Peter's Pence for the POPE, and CARDINAL WISEMAN has ordered his clergy to levy the desired contribution. Among the purposes for which his Holiness solicits a "whip" are "the requirements of his army." Now, that the Pope's hat should go round among his faithful disciples simply to collect the means of paying the expenses of their faith, is all very well; and to that end they may reasonably be invited to drop their coppers into the tiara; but do they believe in the Papal Army? That is a new dogma indeed, and transcends all conceivable conception.

The truth is, that PIUS Papa is a very fast old gentleman; an extravagant papa: a regular *père prodigue*. He has been outrunning the constable in keeping a standing army, if that army can be called standing which has particularly distinguished itself by running away. Papa should in all conscience have put down his expensive military establishment before he proceeded to ask for pecuniary assistance at the hands of his children.

An Unexpected Return.

WE thought that the principle of "No Money Returned" applied to Royal, just the same as to Theatrical houses. However, we have stumbled over an exception. The KING OF SAXONY has returned to the Chambers the extraordinary sums which they voted last year, not having any occasion for them. We wonder when we shall see anything of so pleasing and acceptable a nature ever figure amongst our "Government Returns?"

WHO STARTED THE FIRST RIFLE CORPS?

OT to use a stronger adjective, a most unseemly squabble has been going on in print as to who first set on foot the Volunteer Movement. At least a score of individuals, not to use a stronger substantive, have severally claimed the sole right to be called the Benefactor to their country, in so far as the originating of Rifle practice is concerned. Now, without wishing to make rows, or in any way detract from any one's pretensions, CAPTAIN PUNCH begs leave to hint in the mildest manner possible, that everybody living (including MR. SMITH and the EMPEROR OF CHINA) is very well aware that it was CAPTAIN PUNCH who got up the first Rifle Corps ever formed in England, and thereby gave the start to this world-exciting movement. Any stupid sceptic who dares to doubt this fact, is advised hereby to purchase CAPTAIN PUNCH's fourteenth volume; where, at page 85, in the Number which was published for March 5, 1848, is an article addressed to "Spirited Young Men," who were desired to join forthwith an "Invincible Rifle Corps, to be known as the Punch Rifles." This Corps was gazetted at CAPTAIN PUNCH's private Horse Guards in the ensuing week, and was by several years the first of all the corps which have been started, and may be viewed as being the mainspring from which the movement sprung.

CAPTAIN PUNCH, whose modesty is as well known as his valour, would not have adverted to these historic facts, but for his anxiety to end the squabbling aforementioned, which is setting by the ears men who ought to be good friends, as they are good fellows, and who should know better than engage in an uncivil war, even although happily it be merely a verbal one.

GIANT POPE BITES HIS NAILS.

TRANSLATION (VERIFIED) OF A HOLOGRAPH LETTER FROM CARDINAL ANTONELLI, THE POPE'S MINISTER, TO A BROTHER CARDINAL ON HIS INVOLUNTARY TRAVELS.

"ALAS, MY BROTHER, the Church suffers great discouragement in these evil days, her hands are fettered and her enemies compass her round about. The dungeons in which she was wont to immure the wicked for the good of their souls, are emptied of their human tenants and thrown open to the gaze of the profane and to the glasses of the photographer; her instruments of chastisement are hung up in museums, and the machinery of her miracles is sold to the exhibitor of the Fantoccini. We have fallen upon bad days, and I see no silver lining to the clouds that frown around the chair of St. Peter. *Ora pro nobis!*

"Yet, O my brother, the Church of Rome is not wholly abandoned. Persecuted as she is in the Old World, she can yet vindicate in the New her right to be the directress and governess of mankind. There she is still permitted to show what she would do everywhere if she could, there her missionary zeal is unchecked, there is nobly realised the beatific vision of the divine MONTALEMBERT, 'a free church in a free state,' that is to say, a state which desires no freedom but that of religion. With humble but hearty joy I subduct from one of the accursed journals of England (one bearing the name of the blasphemous wire that seeks to annihilate the distances fixed by Providence between man and man), the following gracious and glorious news from Mexico.

"I alter not the ribald words of the writer, for they do but show his profane rage at Ecclesia's triumphs:—

"At a representation which took place at one of the theatres of this city, MIRAMON, the elected of the Church faction, and his wife being present, an appeal was made in the piece to a monarch to grant his subjects the blessings of peace. A poor mechanic, thinking the occasion a favourable one, arose, and, in a most pathetic appeal, addressed MIRAMON and his wife, and requested them to put a term to the miseries of his starving countrymen by according to Mexico a like favour. The unfortunate supplicant was, by order of the President, dragged out of the theatre, conveyed to prison, and sentenced to receive 500 lashes at daybreak the following morning. When 350 had been administered, MIRAMON was informed that the man was dying. 'Let the remainder,' he said, 'be given on the dead body; my orders must be carried out.'"

"Blessed be noble MIRAMON, and blessed be his wife, a true and devoted Catholic, who—

"On no single occasion has been known to intercede on behalf of any unfortunate victim, but, on the contrary, has ever hounded her husband on."

"Good and devout woman! For her the prayers of Rome shall not be wanting. But here is another of the vigorous deeds of the LAMORICIÈRE of Mexico, the Champion of the Church:—

"An unlucky peasant having been taken by the pressgang to serve as a soldier, and conveyed to some barracks within the precincts of the palace, his wife went to see him, and, with the view of enabling him to escape, took with her female attire with which to disguise him. The man and his wife were both seized, and three hundred lashes administered to each. The former survived, but the poor woman, after giving birth to a still-born child, was conveyed to the hospital, where she shortly after died in the most excruciating agonies."

"May these tortures be beneficial to the soul of the wicked creature, who sought to take away her husband from the duties which he owed to the army of the Church. But these punishments are instances of the devotion with which her lay children in Mexico serve her, now let us read, O my brother, and read with pious sorrow, that our lot is so different, how the clerical servants of Ecclesia serve her in the happy land of Mexico in which the spirits of its first noble Spanish conquerors seem again warring for the faith:—

"The above cases bear but an infinitely small proportion to the atrocities that are being daily committed by the Clerical Assassins. The murders of prisoners, sick and wounded, cease to attract attention, so common are they. It was only the other day that VICARIO, one of the sons of the Church, killed in cold blood 400 'plutos,' or southern men, who surrendered to him. LOSADO, another son of the Church, skinned the soles of his prisoners' feet and made them dance upon sharp stones. MIRAMON's brother is said to have burnt two of his prisoners alive, and certain it is that he assassinated a father for endeavouring to save his own daughter * * * * * *. In fact, volumes would not suffice to recount the deeds of horror that have been committed by the Holy Church faction since they came to power, and every one shudders to think that these deeds are done at the instigation of the ministers of religion."

"So write these blinded heretics, my brother, of that which they understand not, but we will take their evidence, though we repudiate their profane reasoning. Let us, my brother, join in petitions to S. S. Moloch and Herod, that the hands of our brethren in Mexico, lay and clerical, may be strengthened for the good work. We have done what we could, as Perugia and Naples, and a hundred other places can testify, but the sons of Zeruiah have been too strong for us, and the demon Liberty rides rampant through the temples of Zion. But our hearts are with our Mexican brethren, what they do *in majorem Dei gloriam* we would do if we could, and though now Revolution rejoiceth that she hath tied our hands, they may yet be loosed, when, O Mexico, thy divine example shall be remembered.

"Till when, O my brother, your prayers.

"Thine, in the above named Saints,

"*Rome, Nov.* 5. (*St. Guido.*)" "ANTONELLI."

A HANSOM FARE.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH in a "common street cab"! What a shock to Snobbesses who think it "not genteel" to ride in one! What a lifting up of hands must there have been among fine ladies when their husbands called their notice to this startling Court intelligence! What shrieks of "Did you *ever?*" from their feminine acquaintances who think it vulgar to read newspapers, on being made acquainted with the appalling fact!

Well, after this we hope that we shall hear of no more nonsense being talked to struggling husbands who can't afford a carriage, about ladies losing caste by being seen in common cabs. At any rate, when ANGELINA hints at her reluctance to enter such a vehicle, EDWIN may without fear of SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL make reply, "My pet! The EMPRESS EUGÉNIE once rode in a street-cab, and what an Empress, love, has done, surely, sweetest, *you* may do!" Indeed, seeing how the EMPRESS has always led the ladies' fashions, it would not much surprise us if soon it became vulgar to ride in private carriages, and if our fine ladies paid their calls and did their shopping in a "common cab."

Is it known, we wonder, whether the street vehicle in which the EMPRESS rode was a Hansom, or four-wheeler? As the fact is now historical, that EUGÉNIE *did* take a cab, it ought to be recorded what sort of one she took. We half incline ourselves to guess it was a Hansom, and we think whoever drove her certainly had never a more handsome fare. Clearly he, in future, ought to charge a double mileage, for his vehicle has now obtained a place in history, and something extra surely should be charged for riding in it. Indeed, we think it would pay well to make a public exhibition of it. We are confident that thousands would pay a willing shilling for the privilege of seeing where an Empress once has sat, and a shilling more to be allowed themselves to sit there. Yes; *Punch* gives all honour to his pet, the EMPRESS; and of all his Court acquaintances, proclaims her *la plus vaillante*, as well as *la plus belle*. The Triumphal Car of CÆSAR will henceforth stand in the same rank as EUGÉNIE's Triumphal Cab; the Cab wherein she rode over the shams of false gentility, and bravely triumphed over the mock rules of etiquette.

Dundonald in Westminster Abbey.

NOVEMBER 13, 1860.

ASHES to Ashes! Lay the hero down
Within the grey old Abbey's glorious shade.
In our Walhalla ne'er was worthier laid,
Since Martyr first won palm, or Victor crown.

'Tis well the State he served no farthing pays
To grace with pomp and honour all too late
His grave, whom, living, Statesmen dogged with hate,
Denying justice, and withholding praise.

Let England hide her face above his tomb,
As much for shame as sorrow. Let her think
Upon the bitter cup he had to drink—
Heroic soul, branded with felon's doom.

A Sea-King, whose fit place had been by BLAKE,
Or our own NELSON, had he been but free
To follow glory's quest upon the sea,
Leading the conquered navies in his wake—

A Captain, whom it had been ours to cheer
From conquest on to conquest, had our land
But set its wisest, worthiest in command,
Not such as hated all the good revere.

We let them cage the Lion while the fire
In his high heart burnt clear and unsubdued;
We let them stir that frank and forward mood
From greatness to the self-consuming ire,

The fret and chafe that wait on service scorned,
Justice denied, and truth to silence driven;
From men we left him to appeal to Heaven,
'Gainst fraud set high, and evidence suborned—

We left him, with bound arms, to mark the sword,
Given to weak hands: left him, with working brain,
To see rogues traffic, and fools rashly reign,
Where Strength should have been guide, and Honour lord—

Left him to cry aloud, without support,
Against the creeping things that eat away
Our wooden walls, and boast as they betray,
The base supporters of a baser Court,

The crawling worms that in corruption breed,
And on corruption batten, till at last
Mistaken honour the proud victim cast
Out to their spite, to writhe and pant and bleed

Under their stings and slime; and bleed he did
For years, till hope into heart-sickness grew,
And he sought other seas and service new,
And his bright sword in alien laurels hid.

Nor even so found gratitude, but came
Back to his England, bankrupt, save of praise,
To eat his heart, through weary wishful days,
And shape his strength to bearing of his shame.

Till, slow but sure, drew on a better time,
And statesmen owned the check of public will;
And, at the last, light pierced the shadow chill
That fouled his honour with the taint of crime.

And then they gave him back the Knightly spurs
Which he had never forfeited—the rank
From which he ne'er by ill-deserving sank,
More than the Lion sinks for yelp of curs.

Justice had lingered on its road too long:
The Lion was grown old; the time gone by,
When for his aid we vainly raised a cry,
To save our flag from shame, our decks from wrong.

The infamy is *theirs*, whose evil deed
Is past undoing; yet not guiltless we,
Who, penniless that brave old man could see,
Restored to honour, but denied its meed.

A Belisarius, old and sad and poor,
To *our* shame not to *his*—so he lived on,
Till man's allotted four-score years were gone,
And scarcely then had leave to 'stablish sure

Proofs of *his* innocence, and of *their* shame,
That had so wronged him; and, this done, came death,
To seal the assurance of his dying breath,
And wipe the last faint tarnish from his name.

At last his fame stands fair, and full of years
He seeks that judgment which his wrongers all
Have sought before him—and above his pall
His flag, replaced at length, waves with his peers'.

He did not live to see it, but he knew
His country with one voice had set it high;
And knowing this he was content to die,
And leave to gracious Heaven what might ensue.

Ashes to ashes! Lay the hero down,
No nobler heart e'er knew the bitter lot,
To be misjudged, maligned, accused, forgot—
Twine martyr's palm among his victor's crown.

MODESTY AND MUSIC.

THE modesty of *Mr. Punch* is as world-known as his genius, but it clearly must not hinder him from calling public notice to whatever may enhance his exalted reputation. Now that ZADKIELS and Table-turners and other impudent impostors have taken up the calling, *Mr. Punch* but seldom condescends to prophesy; but to prove that he is competent to do so when he chooses, he occasionally inserts a prediction in his print. The last with which the world was favoured and astonished was published in his number for the sixth of last October, and predicted that the clear-voiced CLARA NOVELLO, whose "farewell performance" had taken place the previous week, would be heard again in London ere the ending of November. This marvellous prediction created great sensation in the musical world, and heavy bets were laid that it would fail to be fulfilled; for that a "farewell performance" should prove *not* to be a farewell, was a thing of course unheard-of in the annals of the art. Nevertheless, the day which sees these words before the world will see another laurel added to the prophet *Punch's* crown, and his last wonderful prediction faithfully borne out. On the evening of Wednesday, November 21st, while every club and coffee-room, every street and dwelling-house, is ringing with his praise, in St. James's Hall will issue the last notes that our CLARA will bring out for us Londoners before she takes her well-won rest. All ye who music love and would its pleasures prove had better change your gold and silver for these notes, for they are the last with which your ears by her will ever be enriched.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

TO THE CLERGY.—Respectable middle-aged Clergymen, with low views, and without too intimate an acquaintance with the Heathen Poets and the Christian Fathers, will do well forthwith to send their addresses to the EARL OF S., Lydian Chambers, Exeter Hall, W.C., as one of them may hear of something to his advantage in the neighbourhood of Worcester. Testimonials from serious families, (especially ladies,) are desirable. N.B. It is particularly requested that applications may not be made at the PREMIER'S private residence.

CHAMBER PRACTICE.

Messenger (from Studious Party in the floor below). "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER'S COMPLIMENTS, AND HE SAYS HE'D BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU'D LET HIM KNOW WHEN THE REPAIRS WILL BE FINISHED, FOR THE KNOCKING DO DISTURB HIM SO!"

A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

From our Idle Contributor.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I HAVE been to hear the *Night Dancers*, a delightful opera by MR. LODER, which has just been capitally revived at Covent Garden, by MISS PYNE and MR. HARRISON. If LODER were not an Englishman, I would say that his opera is replete with grace, melody, tenderness, harmony, colour, sparkle, *chic*, *élan*, *ensemble*, and *verve*, but of course all those pretty words (and whatever they mean) must be reserved for Frenchmen and Italians. I will only say, just you take *Mrs. Punch*, and *Judina*, and *Tobina*, and see if they are not delighted. MR. LODER has, of course, been kept in his proper place, that is to say, entirely neglected, by managers, for many years, but that is no reason why, if an Englishman has somehow contrived to knock out a fine work, we should not go and enjoy it, meaning, I am sure, no disrespect to M. M. VERDI, FLOTOW, HALÉVY, ALARY, and the rest of the deities of music.

"But my principal object in writing to you is to say that those Fatal Fairies, the *Wilis*, are the agents in the drama of this opera, and that a capital notion came into my head. We have not had the *Night-Dancers* for several years, and it has been a loss to the stage. Could not a good parody be written on one of those black songs, and be called

"O *Wilis*, we have missed you!"

If so, hadn't you better tell one of your young men to write it. You can't expect me to find the notion and the poetry too.

"I am, dear *Punch*,

"Yours affectionately,

"*To Mr. Punch.*" "SALLUST LAZYTONGS."

THE WAY OF FOOLS.—When an argument gets into such a dreadful fog, that it is impossfole to see one's way through it, it may be owing to the absence of the necessary Links.

SOUTHWARK ELECTION.

WE are happy to learn that Southwark has no intention of yielding to the base dictation of those who invite her to neglect her own inhabitants, and seek to be represented by some mere statesman. Mud is thicker than water, and we have no idea of setting aside local men for the sake of giving a seat to somebody who is nothing to us, and probably never waded through the Borough in all his life. We are gratified to state that if MR. RHYND, our eminent Cheesemonger, should find it incompatible with his duties to take our representation upon him, and the health of MR. YOUNG CODLINGS, our distinguished Fishmonger, should induce his indefatigable medical attendant DR. SMITH to forbid his standing, MR. TRYVETTS, our celebrated Ironmonger, has nobly declared that he will not abandon old Southwark at her need. Each of these gentlemen has ample pecuniary means, and though it is a base libel on Southwark to write, as has been written, that it costs £10,000 to keep her publicans in good humour, and to seat a candidate (for we know, from vouchers, that it does not cost nine-tenths of that sum), we are proud to believe that the neighbourly claims of our enlightened constituency will not be forgotten by any of the gentlemen we have named. We need neither MR. LAYARD, MR. HELPS, MR. WENTWORTH DILKE, nor MR. MIALL, while we have citizens like those we have mentioned, and we beg to assure the scoffing critics and the sneering press that the "Southwark snobs" know on which side their bread is buttered.
—*Southwark Sentinel.*

A Maiden Effort.

"I SUPPOSE," inquired the courteous Duke, "that amongst the Coast Defences, Plymouth will be included?"

"Of course," replied the young Prince, who, we are glad to state, reads his *Punch* regularly, "it is a wise policy that makes Plymouth Safe as well as Sound."

"COMPANIONS OF THE BATH."—Soap and Towels.

NEW ELGIN MARBLES.

ELGIN TO EMPEROR. "COME, KNUCKLE DOWN! NO CHEATING THIS TIME!"

FROM OUR CHINESE CORRESPONDENT.

(A Letter written from the Seat of War to the Pekin Penny Trumpet.)

ING a song of triumph! Again our arms are victorious! Again have the Barbarians (may their grandfathers eat dirt!) fled, routed and dismayed, before the gingals of our braves! Again will his Serene Effulgency, the Offspring of the Sun (may his pigtail never grow less!) clap his hands, and grow his finger-nails in safety and in peace, and offer votive victims to our battle-god!

"My last letter informed you how the enemy had effected a landing from their war-ships, which, as I remarked, are clumsy ill-constructed vessels, and not to be compared for speed or power with our junks. By advice of our commanders, the landing was permitted to be made without attack; for the old spider knows better than to frighten away the blue-bottle that is fluttering to his web. Having let them disembark their handful or so of men (at the most, it is computed that they number but five millions), GENERAL SANG-KO-LIN-SIN calmly waited their arrival at the Taku forts, which to lure the silly infidels safe into our jaws, it had been resolved that they should carry by assault. To achieve this clever stratagem, a masterly backward movement was effected by our braves; and with the exception of some six thousand or so, who to keep up the pretence, were suffered to be killed, all our troops retired without hindrance or confusion, and in as perfectly good plight as when they left Pekin. The enemy it is true attempted to annoy us by letting off his cannon at us on our march; but the only damage done to us was that our sides grew rather sore, with our agonies of laughter at his absurd attempts.

"Their warfare is still waged upon the ancientest of methods, such as WANKI-FUM, or SEE-DI-JIM, or any other of our Generals would deem only fit for babies, and, if they prize their peacock's feather, would not dare to use. Plain, straightforward fighting is all these fools have yet been trained for, and they apparently know nothing of trickeries and stratagems, and all those finer arts of warfare, in which our officers and ministers are so surpassingly well versed. The well-known maxim of FUN-KI (the great authority upon Celestial military tactics) that—

> "He who fights and runs away,
> May live to fight another day,"

they either foolishly ignore, or else have never heard of; and so far does their brute courage carry them away, that they often fall a sacrifice to its stupid sway.

"To make sure of the Barbarians, and prevent their running away, an order has been issued to destroy their fleet; and as a couple of our junks have been commissioned for the purpose, there will be the utmost ease in effecting its accomplishment. As far as all our spies have yet been able to discover, the Barbarians (may the bones of their great-grandfathers be grilled!) are perfectly unconscious of the fate that is in store for them, and unsuspecting of the snare which has so cleverly entrapped them. At their present rate of marching, you may expect them at Pekin in the course of the next week, so bid the executioners to have their saws in readiness. GENERAL SANG-KO-LIN-SIN, with his victorious army, still heads them on the march, and, to avoid the chance of contact, keeps his rear six miles in front of the Barbarian boots."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

(Private and Confidential, and not meant for Public Print.)

"O, my JI-MI-NI CRI-KI, we are all as dead as tea-leaves! The Barbarians have landed from their world-conquering fleet. Such ships, O JI-MI-NI CRI-KI!—Monsters made of iron, with fiery dragons chained inside them, tamed by the barbarians to do their bloody work! These dragons, it is said, are fed on coals and boiling water, so you may conceive they have no bowels of compassion in their bodies, and are, even in their slavery, the most hot-tempered of brutes. Their breath steams up like smoke from their long stiff black proboscis, their every snort is like a thunder-clap, and when they scream, they make one faint.

"The arms, too, of the enemy are as fearful as their fleets. They have giant guns that roar as though it were a whirlwind, and that shake the mountains like a mighty earthquake. The balls they carry weigh a quarter of a ton, and these monster shot are fired with such power and precision, as to hit the smallest humming-bird at a dozen score of miles!

"What mortal might can stand against such murder-bringing monsters? In five minutes and three seconds they took the Taku Forts, defended though they were by the bravest of our braves. Our gingals were no more to them than baby-guns and pea-shooters. Unharmed by our fire (for they bear a charm about them which renders them ball-proof), they slaughtered, hand to hand, three millions of our men. HUMP-TI is no more; DUMP-TI sleeps in peace; even the brave FUN-KI lies numbered with the slain! SANG-KO-LIN-SIN is indeed the only warrior who has escaped. Thanks to his lucky star (as well as his long legs), he hath lost his peacock's feather, but hath saved his life.

"What need I tell you more? Be warned in time, O friend! Pack up your tea at once, and prepare your toes to stretch. If you value your existence, leave your valuables behind you. They will terribly impede you, and if I survive, you may rely I will take care of them. Moreover, I would recommend you to cut off your long finger-nails. The less you have to carry, the quicker you will travel.

"I remain, expecting every moment to be roasted,

"THE WRETCHED ONE WHO USED TO SIGN HIMSELF YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."

"P.S. Before you go, dig a hole beneath the China rose-tree in your garden, and hide me the cash due for my last quarter's salary. On second thoughts I hope to keep my head on by shaving off my pig-tail, and by becoming a Barbarian perhaps to save my life."

BADAHUNG TO BOMBINO.

(The KING OF DAHOMEY'S original offer of an asylum to the EX-KING OF NAPLES.)

GORRAWARRA BOMBALILLY, gosh, gurroo,
Butchee-wutchee, blockchop, hang!
Ching! tamarambo, tonga, boo;
Marrabonee bosco bang!

Yolly-olly, gogo, yah! fo-fum!
BADAHUNG hab den for tudder:
Debble long a debble, hi, chum-chum,
BOMBALILLY buckra brudder!

THE IMMENSITY OF THE LORD MAYOR.

A MOST imposing idea of the greatness of the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON will be given to any Frenchman into whose hands may fall a number of the *City Press*, wherein is quoted a description of the jewels of the Civic Sovereign, derived from the interesting and instructive pen of MR. TIMBS:—

"The collar (date 1534), is of pure gold, composed of a series of links, each formed of a letter S; a united York and Lancaster (or HENRY THE SEVENTH) rose, and a massive knot. The ends of the chain are joined by the portcullis, from the points of which, suspended by a ring of diamonds, hangs the jewel. The entire collar contains 28 S's, 14 roses, 13 knots, and measures 64 inches. The jewel contains in the centre the City arms, cut in cameo of a delicate blue, on an olive ground. Surrounding this, a garter of bright blue, edged with white and gold, bearing the City motto, '*Domine Dirige Nos*,' in gold letters. The whole is encircled with a costly border of gold S's, alternating with rosettes of diamonds, set in silver. The jewel is suspended from the collar by a portcullis, but when worn without the collar is suspended by a broad blue ribbon. The investiture is by a massive gold chain, and when the Mayor is re-elected, by two chains."

The ends of the LORD MAYOR'S chain are joined by a portcullis. *Ex pede Herculem!* What must be the size of that chain which has a portcullis for its clasp! The great LORD MAYOR OF LONDON is surely distinguished by a physical greatness nearly proportionate to his dignity. Fancy a man walking about with a portcullis on his breast! Are not the Aldermen of London sons of ANAK? These will be the natural exclamations of intelligent foreigners, on learning that a portcullis is one of the jewels of the Civic regalia. Our neighbours across the Channel have heard of the City Giants. They will suppose that there are many more than two of these; and they will conclude that the LORD MAYOR is a big brother of Gog and Magog. What sort of a castle must the Mansion House be to contain an inhabitant who wears a portcullis, as a common man would wear a hook-and-eye; and besides this portcullis, an enormous jewel set in gold hanging at it, suspended from his collar? Would the LORD MAYOR'S portcullis serve to close Temple Bar? Would an army marching on London by the Strand be arrested by the LORD MAYOR'S portcullis? Such are the questions which France will propose to Europe for solution; and she will further demand to know, whether the 250 tureens of real turtle, and all the many kilogrammes and hectolitres of food and drink of every description, consumed at Guildhall annually on the ninth of November, are principally consumed by the great LORD MAYOR for his own dinner?

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE REIGNS OF EDWARD THE FIFTH AND RICHARD THE THIRD.

RICHARD THE THIRD, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY RICHARDSON, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE BARTLEMY FAIR, ESQ.

AS the first of these two sovereigns only reigned three months, it is not very surprising that we find but little change of costume in his reign. Nor were the two years and a quarter which saw the "sly and bloody" RICHARD on the throne, prolific in new fashions, either military or civil. But with the reign of HENRY THE SEVENTH, we enter a new period in the history of costume; and we have something more to say about the fashionable marvels of the Yorkists and Lancastrians before we turn our pen to the wonders of the Tudors.

That KING RICHARD was a dandy is an historic fact, although our playgoers may not have seen much cause to credit it. The "crook-backed tyrant" is in general dressed somewhat dowdily upon the stage, and has more of the heavy villain than of the heavy swell about him. Yet, we learn, when Duke of Gloucester he was the most fashionable dresser of his day; and that his love of finery survived his coming to the throne, is pretty evident from a mandate to the keeper of his wardrobe which is extant among the Harleian MSS., and which they who can decipher it are welcome to peruse. This letter he dispatched from York on the 31st of August, 1483, and it contains a curious list of the dresses he wished sent to him, and in which he was desirous of exhibiting himself to his subjects in the north. As his favourite, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, was equally notorious for his gorgeous apparel, we may presume that fops were mostly in favour at his court; and we can fancy how the Yorkshiremen rubbed their eyes, and "danged their breeches," to see "t' foine fwoak" who came to them from "Lunnun."

RICHARD THE THIRD, WITH ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Familiar as we are with the *Richard* of the stage, it is difficult to credit that the RICHARD of reality could have looked other than a ruffian. Yet that there was more of beauty than of an ugly beast about him, is proved by no less an authority than the COUNTESS OF DESMOND, who danced with him when young, and described him to her friends as "the handsomest man in the room, except his brother, the King." This exception seems to us in some measure to account for the Countess' opinion; and we incline rather to fancy, that if RICHARD had not had a title to his back, she would not have shut her eyes to its deformity.* As the poet says, or might have said:—

"If to his lot some ugly features fall,
Look at his rank and you forget them all."

* Wags have tried to make out for the purpose of a joke that KING RICHARD was a hunchback, and that the street boys of the period, when the King happened to pass them, used to take delight in giving him a military salute, significantly shouting as they did so, "Shoulder *humps!*" But it is wrong to imagine that RICHARD had a hump. ROUS, who knew him personally, says of him in his history: "He was of low stature, had small compressed features, and his left shoulder higher than his right." For thus setting us right respecting his left shoulder, the *Ghost of Richard* clearly ought to cry out, "Bravo, Rous!"

Some slight notion may be formed of what sort of a figure the King cut in his State robes, when we mention, that the day before his coronation he rode in a procession from the Tower down to Westminster, in a doublet and stomacher of blue cloth of gold, wrought with nets and pine-apples (a pattern often seen in drawings of this epoch), a long gown of purple velvet furred with ermine, and a pair of short gilt spurs. Still more gorgeous was his get-up on the day of coronation, when he came out *coram populo* (no, COX, we don't mean in Great Coram Street) in a couple of State suits; one of crimson velvet furred with miniver, and having an extremely rich embroidery of gold, and the other of purple velvet fringed with ermine fur. His *sabatons*, or shoes, were covered with crimson tissue cloth of gold: his hose were of crimson satin, as also were the shirt, coat, surcoat, hood, and mantle in which he was anointed. Fine feathers these; but surely all this crimson plumage must have rather given RICHARD the look of a flamingo, if it did not make him look more like *Sam Weller's* swell friend, "*Blazes.*" Perhaps the King, however, wished to symbolise his bashfulness by wearing a red suit, which might have served to show how he blushed all over at the honour that was done him. This may seem a foolish fancy, but history in some measure bears us out in entertaining it. For instance, GOLDSMITH tells us, that when the Mayor and Aldermen waited upon the Protector with an offer of the crown, "he accepted it with seeming reluctance," as though he wished them to imagine he was too modest to take it. A pretty subject this for a fresco in St. Stephens, and we almost wonder that our artists have not thought of it. RICHARD, nine feet high, with one hand hiding a smile and with the other grabbing the crown, represented with a sort of "Oh-no-I-couldn't-think-of-it-Pray-don't-ask-me" air about him, would form an interesting addition to the series of subjects which have been taken lately from the lives of English Kings.

Whether the dandies of this period were gifted with good legs, is a question which we have not leisure to debate, but which naturally suggests itself at sight of the exceedingly short jackets that were worn, whereby the lower limbs were left completely unconcealed. The only things that covered them were long stockings or hose, which, in fact, were the same garments as the ancient Norman *chaussés*. These extended up the thigh like the thread tights of an acrobat, and were tied by points or laces to the doublet, much in the same manner as our roley-poley suits. The short jackets we have mentioned were worn over the doublet, and were made plain at the sides, but full of plaits upon the chest as well as in the back. Sometimes they were edged with fur, and at the waist were tightly belted with a narrow girdle, from which a dagger generally depended in the front. Their sleeves were large and full, padded at the shoulder to give broadness to the chest, and slashed to show the doublet, or even shirt, beneath. For this purpose, apparently, they were often slit entirely from the shoulder to the wrist, and the edges laced together about three inches apart. This slitting, combined with the swollen appearance of the shoulder, must have made the wearers look as though they had their arms broken, and were obliged to walk about with a poultice in each sleeve.

YOUNG GENT IN THE HEIGHT OF THE FASHION. TEMP. RICHARD THE THIRD.

Coming fashions, like events, sometimes cast their shadows on before them: and we find that these short jackets were somewhat giving way in RICHARD'S time to the long and sober gowns which came in with his successor. But for several years previous, long dresses had been worn at times as commonly as short ones. In fact, variety was as charming in these days as in ours, and persons of distinction were as frequently distinguished for their oddities of dress. The modern pork-pie hat, with a slightly higher crown and with a single feather leaning forward from the back, was a common form of head-cover throughout the fifteenth century, and Jews, for aught we know, may have seen nothing wrong in wearing it. Other eccentricities were equally conspicuous: and among them we may mention a gentleman depicted in an old illumination, who wears a shoulder-belt or baldrick slung to reach down to his knee, having a peal of little bells looped all along its length.

THE MIRACULOUS CABINET.

UNDER the above head an extraordinary work of art has been exhibited by a Pole at the Egyptian Hall. It was only five feet high, three wide, and eighteen inches deep, and yet it seems to have contained a whole Pantechnicon-full of furniture. No carpet-bag of the most caoutchouc capabilities ever held so much. It accommodated inside its rapacious interior no less than 150 pieces of domestic apparel, and of the same size as those that are generally found in the miscellaneous wardrobe of a house. There was a bedstead with hangings, big enough for PAUL BEDFORD to have slept in—there were chairs whose legs would not have given way under the weight of DANIEL LAMBERT, in his offallest days. There was a dining-table that LORD COWLEY might have invited all his friends to dine round two or three times a week, besides a chandelier that he could hang over it, to dazzle them with the light (for we are perfectly aware that expense is no object to his Lordship) of twelve of the very best *étoile* candles. It would require one of DEBENHAM'S catalogues to enumerate the multitudinous articles stowed away as close as cabinet secrets in this miraculous cabinet.

Two young persons about to marry would find everything in it to make their turtle-dovery that snug nest of comfort that they have so long been dreaming about. They would discover something fitting to the taste of each. There would be (that is to say, if turtle-doves ever think of such things) a smoking-table for the gentleman, and a baby's swing-cot for the lady. This enchanted cupboard is a house complete in itself, and has the further advantage of being about the only house in which there is no skeleton, for the simple reason, that there is no room for the smallest skeleton to hang out in it. Were he as small as LORD JOHN even, the skeleton would not be able to procure standing-room even, much less a seat. This miniature mansion is replete with plate, linen, crockery, even down to toys for the little ones, and footstool for Grandmamma. What a beautiful present to make a bride on her wedding-day, only perhaps the twenty-eight covers and plates might teach her to be extravagant! What a convenient portmanteau to give to an emigrant! He could move about with his domicile on his back as easily as a snail; and if sleep overtook him in the desert or the backwoods, he would only have to pull out his bed and tuck himself in for as many comfortable forty winks as the wild beasts or the gold-diggers would allow him. When next we remove, we shall certainly send to MR. NADOLSKY to ask him if he can pack up all our furniture in about the same portable size. Ladies should take lessons of him in the art of packing, and then they would be able to travel with at least one-half their present quantity of luggage.

THE COMFORTS OF CONVICTS.

"PUNCH, "*on Her Madesty's Servitude giblerhalter novemb* 1860

"r and w Imp is my hentry in the Prisin cattalog rede and rite impurfecly witch You must Scus misteaks. don't you be gamon'd by them acounts like that as peared tuther day in The *times* About the good Livin they alows Huss conwix. Caufy?—wot is caufy and So much meet conclusive of Boan Wot Then? oo's to Heat boan bshud like to No like a Dogg. i ashure you its werry ard lines for we pore coaves no hegg for brekfast no bloter no Tung nor Nothink. No bear wind nor sperits. Has to backy 'tis hall comon Shagg no cavendish nor never a Bit of latterkeer, and Nott wun Siggar ave I add hall the blessed time as ive Bin in Quodd. Nare a foul nor a mossel of gewse nor duck no poltry wotsomedever no fish nor hysters, and no soup of any flaviour—nuthink but sollid substanshall bredd and mete befe beaf beefe and muton mutton muton day arter day. We dont starve yule say—no hif we did ow cud we wurk? —hif you wants to starv a coave and wurk im too put the begar into the Workus and kepe im hon skilligolea and se ow much work yule get out on im on that Diett. I'me thankfull, has the Chapling says, that I ain't yet redooced to the Degradid state of a Porper.

"We aint a got no comfits for the tilet no sented sope no odicalone nor ile for our croped eds.

"i Take the horportunity of ritin this by prigin a pen an Hink and sheet of the Chapling's paper, witch avin soped im well oaver i expex my ticket of Leaf in no long time but meenwile i doo ope yule yuse yure inflence not for hus conwicks for to be Cutt down to sitch short alowance as is the Fair of them misrabel creturs as gose crorlin and cryin to the Parish Hunion for Relief In sted of tryin to elp their-selves or be Lag'd in the Atempt and gett Cumfortably quodded like yure afectionit Bruther in bonds "OBADIA."

"P.S. Hitt's galus Ard Work. i doo sincearly Wish i adn't Bin cort Hout. A Repentant siner. O!"

EARLY RISING.—Hungary is trying to get itself into the habit of early rising. It is only to be feared, if Hungary does succeed in rising early, that it may have the effect of disturbing the rest of the Austrian dominions.

JOHNSON FOR EVER.

"HONOUR" or "Honor?" That is the question which has lately been raised by a stupid inscription on an ugly monument. "Honour," certainly, and not "Honor." Why should we not write "Honor" as well as "Error" and "Terror?" Because "Honour" is not only the older spelling, but also the more customary. We may as well prevent any further degeneration of the English language, and as the line of limitation must be drawn somewhere, let us draw it under the standard orthography of the present day. Any lower descent to the gulf of phonetic writing than that which has been already accomplished will thus be arrested.

Another very good reason for eschewing "Honor" and "Favor" is, not only that those words, like "Defense," and "Offense," are pedantic Yankeeisms, but also that they are especially employed by puffing tradesmen and other quacks, and are commonly adopted by snobs who affect to talk fine, and who are accustomed to pronounce their last syllable "or" just as they write it, or as rhyming with "for." Let us hear no more of leaving the *u* out of "Honour" and "Favour," and concede neither "Honor" or "Favor" to these pompous gents.

VENETIA AT THE HAMMER.

A WORD to the wise is sufficient, and the following words ought to be enough for even the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. They occur in GARIBALDI'S parting address to his comrades:—

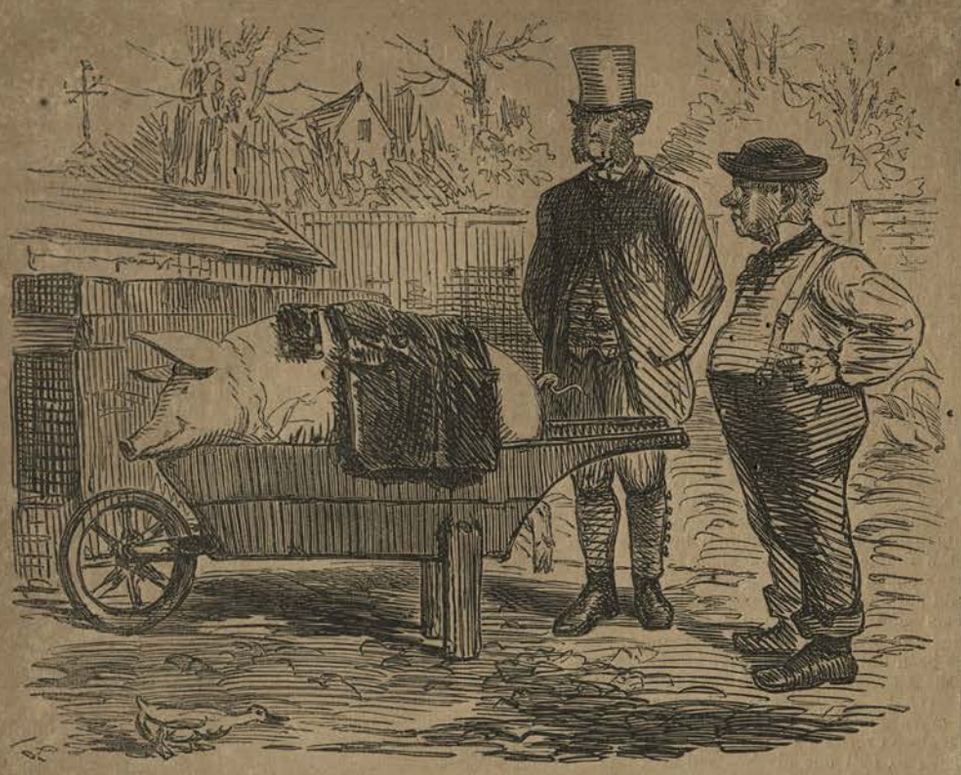
"By the side of King Honest Man, every feeling of rancour must disappear. Yet, again, I repeat to you my cry—'To arms! all, all!' If in the March of 1861, I do not find a million of Italians in arms, alas for poor Italian liberty—alas for poor Italian life! Oh, no! I cast from me a thought hateful as poison. The March of 1861, if required, even the February, will find us all at our posts."

NOW, then, FRANCIS JOSEPH; now's your time for a bargain. Sell Venetia if you can. Sell Venetia in time. Next March it will be too late, if you then have to deal with GARIBALDI and a million of Italians in arms. You can't put Venetia up to auction; but she is going, going, going—and if you don't look out, in less than six months she will be—gone!

Mr. Punch's New Contributor.

As the *Hero* was short of fuel, the Duke inquired of the Prince whether he should signal to the *Ariadne* for any?

"I should advise you not," was the princely reply; "for they will never be such fools as to send coals to NEWCASTLE."



THE INVALID.

Master. "WELL, SAUNDERS, I SEE YOU ARE NOT ABLE TO DO MUCH WITH THE OLD SOW, AFTER ALL?"

Saunders. "WHY, YOU SEE, MAISTER RICHARD, SHE WARENT TAKEN IN TIME, THE POWER THING, SHE WARENT—SHE'S STRUV HARD TO GET ROUND, BUT THE WEATHER'S AGIN HER, YE SEE. TO-DAY IT SHONE A BIT, AND I THOUGHT IT 'D DO HER GOOD TO GET OUT, SO IN THE WARM OF THE ARTERNOON I PUT HER IN THE BARROW, AND TOOK HER FOR A LITTLE RIDE IN THE SUN!"

ELEGANT MARTIAL EPITAPHS.

IN a letter to the *Times*, "A VETERAN," quotes, as a specimen of unadorned composition, an inscription on a tablet which has been placed in Waterloo Church, in honour of all ranks who fell in that neighbourhood in June, 1815. Certainly, as far as mere recital of fact goes, it is simple enough; but then comes the following aphorism:—

"Glory encircles with the same noble diadem the humble as the exalted."

This bit of sentiment is the only attempt at ornament which the inscription exhibits; and that attempt is surely not a success. Glory neither encircles the humble nor exalted with any diadem at all. It encircles, or causes to be encircled, the heads indeed of the exalted very frequently; in some cases with royal diadems, in others with ducal coronets, or caps of lesser nobility. But Glory does not encircle the head of the humble with anything better than bandages, sometimes, when it has got those heads broken in battle. Even then it is Surgery which applies those bandages; Glory only creates the necessity for them; and lucky are all humble sufferers, maimed in quest of Glory, whose country has the gratitude to bind their wounds. The only diadem with which Glory can be said to encircle the head of the humble, who fight for Glory's sake, is the figurative one of an ideal foolscap.

A WORD FOR OUR STATUES.

"MR. PUNCH,

"LET us not be ashamed of our public statues. They are, no doubt, queer. The best of them are bronze and marble Guys. Our sculptors do contrive somehow to give a wonderfully wooden character to their works in metal and stone. They are, in fact, little better than stone-masons. But then they are free masons. Those whose designs are successful in a competition for a job, are free and accepted masons, and the other masons are free, though rejected; the masons, rejected as well as accepted, are all free. In this freemasonry lies the secret of our inferior sculpture. Our funny statues are among the fruits of our free institutions. We have no tyrant princes in this country to squander upon their artists the revenues wrung out of their slaves. There is no recognised idolatry, creating a demand for images. Our cleverest men have their way to make in commerce and politics; speeches to make, laws to make; above all, fortunes to make—better things to make than statues. The Englishmen who try to make statues, and make them ill, are those who have little ability to make anything else.

"But it is not likely that even our money-makers and speech-makers and law-makers would have succeeded very highly in making statues, if they had turned their hands to that employment. Britons are too robust, both morally and physically, for such fancy-work. Our individual and our national constitutions are much alike. British liberty produces and consumes beef and beer. Hence results a strong but clumsy habit of body and mind. A diet principally consisting of poor soup, vegetables, and sour wine, with frequent restriction to fish, or nothing at all, appears, from the example of unhappy foreigners, to be the necessary nutriment of what is called plastic genius.

"Sir, they tell us that we have no genius. Considering what they mean by genius, we may complacently agree with them. England has produced some men of genius in the large way, but certainly few in the small. We are excelled by our neighbours in every speciality of genius. They surpass us in sculpture, and also in singing and playing music. But this kind of partial genius is very commonly accompanied with general weakness of mind. In most cases, I believe that it is simply the effect of nearly total idiocy, which has occasioned the exclusive cultivation of the only capable faculty of an otherwise deficient intellect. An Englishman cannot put his whole soul into his fiddle, or even into his picture, or his statue. Our statues are monuments of bad taste. Very well. They are also monuments of constitutional government. Our neighbours might be proud of the City Giants, if the PREFECT OF THE SEINE were as independent as the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. Proud indeed, too, they would doubtless be to possess those celebrated colossal works of civic art and exhibit them in their national museum. But, Sir, I trust they will never have Gog and Magog at the Tuileries. No, Sir; but let us be liberal. We cannot make statues properly; let us employ those who can. We hire foreigners to sing, and fiddle, and dance for our amusement; why not also to decorate our streets and buildings with images?

"I am not a prejudiced or bigoted man, Sir, but

"Your obedient Servant,

"A COSMOPOLITAN."

"P.S. Though foreigners should be engaged to make statues in honour of illustrious persons, there would still be room for native talent. GUY FAWKES should not stand alone. What if a monument were erected in dishonour of JUDGE JEFFERIES? A similar memorial might perpetuate the infamy of that successor of his who sentenced LORD DUNDONALD to the pillory."

Final Floorer for Polly.

"After this, the EMPEROR thinks it will be better not to pursue any further an idea," &c. &c.

THAT ingenious Buffer, MR. ROWSELL,
Whose name M. MOCQUARD can't manage to spell,
Has received a note from the said M. MOCQUARD,
Which must make Mr. R. feel uncommonly orkard:
And the Volunteer Visit, so nasty and cheap,
And foolish and worse, is smashed up in a heap;
Whereat all sensible folks will say,
Hooray, M. MOCQUARD; old ROWSELL, hooray!

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"A PRETTY PROSPECT!"

NATIVE (to our Landscape Painter who has come down to sketch). *"Why, Sir, in this 'ere Valley that you're a goin' to, you may see—ah—Three splendid Viaducts all at once, and one o' the largest Cloth Factories in the West of England!"*

ORATORICAL OPIUM.

PUNCTUAL Church and Chapel goers will derive hopes from the subjoined announcement, which appeared among the news of the week:—

"A deputation from the Anti-Opium Association had an interview with MR. SAMUEL LAING at the Treasury on Saturday."

No doubt the objection of the Anti-Opium Association applies to narcotics generally; and it is to be hoped that their efforts will induce the Government to take some steps for the prevention of those drowsy discourses by which Reverend Gentlemen so frequently induce on their mesmerised hearers a state of coma.

You Know a Man by his Company.

AT the Salters' dinner, a week or so ago, LORD PALMERSTON alluded to his being "the chief of his company," meaning the Cabinet. Now, in every French company—a dramatic company at least—there is always, what is called, a "*jeune premier*;" but of all the *jeunes premiers* within our recollection the youngest is decidedly the Premier of England, LORD PAM himself. Don't talk of his advanced age! With him years count as little as they do in a field of corn. After working all day, our *jeune* Premier can play up to any hour of the night you like, and be ready the first thing the next morning to study some fresh part, such as shall take all Europe by storm.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"IN these Præ-Raphaelite days of Art, a man must be pretty accurate about the accessories of his picture. Suppose, for example, I am depicting a scene from the history of the thirteenth century (which epoch you must know I particularly affect) and suppose from inadvertence I paint my hero in trunk hose—what an outcry there will be among the learned critics, directly! Perhaps the style of my knight's armour is a quarter of a century too early, or the 'clocks' on CLARISSA'S stockings a half an hour too late,—*instanter* that eminent *savant* BOREWELL drops down upon me in the *Propylæum*, with 'This absurd anachronism is worthy of—' &c. &c., or 'when will MR. EASEL learn that it is a painter's duty to—' &c. &c.

"Well, it was precisely the dread of such remarks as these which led me the other day into Westminster Abbey with my sketch-book under my arm. I wanted to make a study for a boot 'of the period,' which I was sure I could find on one of the tombs in EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S Chapel. Admission to this portion of the edifice is charged sixpence per head, in return for which little fee the Dean and Chapter kindly provide a staff of semi-ecclesiastically robed gentlemen who take it in turn to play the cicerone to those country cousins and distinguished foreigners who bestow upon our metropolitan lions their simple admiration. And so well are these faithful laymen trained to their calling that I verily believe any one of them could go through his description blindfold if you only gave him his cue and kept his head clear of the pillars.

"The rapid strides which Civilisation is daily making must have an influence, among the rest of mankind, on Vergers, who I make no doubt are by this time an exceedingly agreeable and well-informed community, but years ago when time was young, and I sat sketching at fair PHILLIPPA'S feet, there was one eccentric member of the fraternity who used to intone his description in a manner which was not pleasant, and as I had to listen to it about five times a day, you may suppose I have not forgotten it yet. His brief, but pithy remarks were as far as I recollect:—

"'This 'ere 's the Chappul of EDWED THE CONFESSUR. The pavement scomposed of various sorts of marvels. And thats the Shrine of EDWED THE CONFESSUR you mussen touch the mosakes; and thats the Toom of EDWED THE FUST there never was no monnyment this way please. That theers the Corrynation Cheer same as QUEEN VICTOYER was crowned in and under its the stone as was brought from Scone Palace by EDWED THE FUST and all the Kings and Queens of England 'sbin crowned on that stone ever sence. And thats the Screen on which is carved out all the istry of EDWED THE CONFESSUR and deserves a minoot inspection number one's the prellits and nobility a swearing feelty to EDWARD he wasn't born at the time so they sworo at his mother instead and number two's his Buth and number three's his Corrynation and number five you see he's blowing up a thief and seven feet long that sword is mum and eighteen puns in weight was carried before EDWED THE THUD into France and thats the Toom of ENNERY THE FIFTH the body was cased in silver and the 'ead was solid silver but its bin all took away down the steps to the leff please for the way hout."

"Ah, my dark robed guide! Ah my voluble and veracious verger! little did you think that your artless words would be reproduced on these pages. I wonder do you still ply your gentle calling on the 'mosake' pavement? Does that solemn fat forefinger of yours still indicate the remains of JOHN DE WALTHAM? Perhaps you have retired from that line of business. Perhaps ere this your sixpences have enabled you to exchange your cloister life for one more befitting an active mind for something, let us say, in the licensed victualling way—who knows?

"Occupied with these speculations, and having finished my sketch, I wandered listlessly among the tombs and monuments. What a queer old fashion-book of exploded tastes and bygone conceits one reads in in them! Just as this terrestrial sphere spins round on its own axis, so the World of Art revolves on its own æsthetical pivot, and we find this and that style turning up in its appointed place as surely as the recurring decimals in MR. COLENSO'S interesting little treatise. Good heavens! was there ever a time when yon grinning sheeted skeleton emerging from a marble tomb amidst clouds of the same material inspired the spectator with any feelings but those of ridicule and horror? Is it possible that MR. JOSEPH ADDISON, as he calmly sauntered over this ground in a Ramillies wig could have seen anything to admire in those plethoric cherubims who hover over the DUKE OF SOMERSET'S sarcophagus? And yet no doubt His Grace's monument was considered a masterpiece in its day! That was a time for urns and cenotaphs, and reversed torches, and slobbering cupids. The Olympian deities had their reign, but it is past, and the symbols of their dynasty are out of fashion; English Art is taking another direction. We have long laughed at those quaint old stiff-legged mediævalists, with their black-letter scrolls, forgetting that they might have been as active and written as good a hand as ourselves if Fate had but clothed them in

modern pegtops, and allotted them Bath post at sixpence a quire. May we not learn something from that Præ-Raphaelite, that præ-riff-raffaelite age? They were fine fellows after all, those Early English Heroes. Take RICHARD CŒUR DE LION—I am influenced by no private prejudice, but I ask any one—I ask TOM SAYERS what his opinion is of a man who could cut a sheep through at a single blow, and made no more of cleaving a bar of iron in twain than my grandmother would of breaking a knitting needle? There's a man for you! and haven't we MR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH's direct testimony that RICHARD generously forgave the wretch who caused his death at Chalus? There's a hero for you, and where is his monument I should like to know?

"Just as I reach this point in my soliloquy, a sharp shrill sound uncommonly like a railway whistle, strikes on my ear. What can it be? There it is again, louder and nearer, accompanied by the short energetic puffs of a locomotive. I look inquiringly at my friends the vergers who glance interrogatively at each other, and then we all run out of Poet's Corner together, and look down towards Parliament Street, where a crowd of people have assembled. Lo! whose is this giant form which stands out dark against the London sky and makes the Hansom cabs seem very pigmies? Who is this mail-clad warrior with haughty mien and outstretched arm, riding like a god above the crowd? Volumes of steam surround his charger's head, and we seem to hear the noble beast snorting as he prances by. We all stand still and wonder. Street boys throw up their caps and cheer. Even the cabmen for a brief moment forget their fares and pull up to have a look. Can I be mistaken? Those handsome bronzed features—that steed of mettle yielding to an iron sway. No! It is RICHARD of the Lion Heart riding triumphant into Palace Yard.

* * * * *

"By this time you will doubtless perceive that I have been describing in my romantic style, the arrival of MAROCHETTI's equestrian statue of the great Crusader which has just been set up at Westminster. The wondrous snorts and steam emanated I admit not from the warrior's horse but from one of BRAY's traction engines which dragged the statue to the spot. Now was not this a sight to see! The twelfth and nineteenth centuries thus linked together. To see CŒUR DE LION preceded by a locomotive! Bravo, MAROCHETTI! Bravo, JAMES WATT! Science and Art go hand in hand. Slowly and majestically they approach. A great scaffold has been prepared for hoisting the Warrior King, and presently a stout mechanic leaps upon his shoulder. Another is astride the horse's head, and a dozen more are at work below. For a few minutes the Lion heart has to submit to a little indignity, and is bound with ropes and chains; at last the mass begins to move; rises gently; swings in mid air; ah! if I had designed that noble group what would have been my feelings at that moment? an unsteady hand, an unseen flaw—one slight defect in that ingenious machinery, might have sent the whole seven tons of metal thundering to the earth, and the labour of years would have been lost. *Dii avertite casum!* We hold our breaths while RICHARD sways to and fro. A little pull that way towards the pedestal, and the danger is past.

"Unwind the ignoble hemp—strike off his chains—RICHARD's himself again. Yours faithfully,

"JACK EASEL."

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A SECOND SIGHT (WITHOUT CLAIRVOYANCE) AT THE LADIES OF THE 15TH CENTURY.

FROM A BEAUTIFUL WOOD-ENGRAVING OF THE TIME OF EDWARD THE FOURTH. (VERY SCARCE.)

QUEERLY quaint as were the fashions in the first half of this century, those which followed them perhaps were even more preposterous. This, although of course it is distressing to reflect upon, no doubt the philosophic mind will be prepared to hear. The highest height of folly is not quickly to be reached, any more than is the lowest depth of baseness. The trite maxim that "*nemo repentè fuit turpissimus*" is no less true in millineries than it is in morals; and when once an era of bad taste begins, it is not in a hurry that the worst may be expected. Other parts of their costume appear ridiculous enough, but in looking at a portrait of a lady of the period which we have now to write about, extending from the reign of EDWARD THE FOURTH to that of RICHARD THE THIRD, we cannot help first smiling at the head-dress that she wears, which, if not the height of folly, certainly goes far to reach it. Gigantic and absurd as were the horned and heart-shaped head-dresses which we saw in our first look at the ladies of this century, they were not half so large and ludicrous as the high-crowned steeple-caps, that came in fashion just before the death of HENRY THE SIXTH. These erections were constructed of cloth or other fabric, and were built about as high as three of our men's hats. They, however, had no brims, and fitted closely to the head, gradually diminishing in width towards the top. These sugarloafy structures (which the ladies very likely regarded as "sweet things") were worn at a slight angle inclining to the back, and were ornamented sometimes with a couple of gauze flaps, which projected like the wings of a gigantic butterfly. Either covering the cap or else fastened to its top, was a scarf or veil of lawn that hung down to the heels, and for comfort's sake in walking was tucked under the arm. This scarf was somewhat similar to the lirripipe or tippet, which still continued to be worn among the middle classes; who, as they could not afford to make themselves ridiculous by wearing the high steeple-caps, did the best they could by coming out in hoods made somewhat flattened to the head, and at the sides adorned with projections like apes' ears. The monks of course objected to these monkeyish appendages; and one may fairly think that women had more on their heads than in them when one finds them aping the appearance of an ape.

Tourists who in quest of finer weather than we have had in England have taken a week's scamper into Normandy this summer, may have seen caps approaching to the size of these huge head-dresses; and there is little doubt, we think, that the fashion was originally taken from the French, for English ladies then were just as imitative creatures, it would seem, as they are now. We have ample proof indeed that the mania for these monstrosities raged with even greater fury in France than it did here. Among other clinching evidence, MONSTRELET relates a highly edifying story of a "perambulating friar" by name THOMAS CONECTE, who must have been the terror of the women of his time. This perambulating preacher (who, for aught we know, may have preached from a perambulator) started so determined a crusade against high head-dresses in France that the ladies did not dare to wear them in his presence.* Besides other brutalities, "he dyd excite ye smalle boyes to pulle downe these monstrous headificies, so that ye maides were forced to sheltere in some place of safetye, untyl their loveres or their lacqueys did come to their assisttance." The sensitive mind shrinks from picturing the scrimmages and scuffles that took place, and gallantry compels us to entertain a hope that the beadles now and then had the whiphand of the boys. We however find that for a while the holy father triumphed and made a bonfire of big head-dresses in front of his *al fresco* pulpit. But, proceeds the chronicler:—

"This reform lastedde not long; for like as snails when any one passeth by them do drawe in their hornis, and when daunger seems ouer do put them forth againe,† so these ladies, shortly after the preacher had quitted their countrye, forgetful of his doctrine and abuse, began to resume their former head-dresses, and wore them even higher than ever."

It is difficult to decide whether the ladies of this era were great church-goers or not, and whether if they were, they wore these steeple caps to signify the fact. If they did, it would have been but yet another proof of the weakness of the sex.

"A daw's not reckoned a religious bird,
Because he keeps a cawing from a steeple:"

nor, we apprehend, could a lady well establish a character for church-going, on the ground that she persisted in wearing steeple-caps. How they possibly contrived, in such Brobdingnaglike bonnets, to creep

* ADDISON, in the *Spectator*, speaks of the steeple head-dress as a "Gothic building," and gives it as his opinion that the ladies would most probably have carried it much higher but for the attacks of the friar CONECTE. "This holy man," he says, "travelled from place to place to preach down these monstrous structures; and succeeded so well in it that, as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of his pulpit. He was so renowned that he had often a congregation of 20,000 people: the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the women on the other, that appeared like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds."

† It is not much of a compliment to compare ladies to snails; but when they wore horned head-dresses, the simile was made so often that they must have grown quite used to it. Endless was the playing by the punsters on these horns. One can hardly read a line in the satires of the period without coming across such phrases as "they deem their horns a hornament," or "their horns they have exalted."

under the low-arched doorways of the period, is more than we at present are able to conceive. Nor can we comprehend how, when they had their Sunday caps on, which were doubtless taller than those worn during the week, they managed to get into the street, cabs of the period, which no doubt were not much roomier and higher than ours now. Perhaps, indeed, for their express accommodation, the cab-roofs were constructed so as to lift up; but we doubt not sundry squabbles occasionally occurred. A cabby must have frequently demanded "'somethin' hextry" for carrying "that 'ere luggage," as in his anger and irreverence he may perhaps have called a couple of these caps.

FROM A MS. IN THE FAMOUS SMITH COLLECTION. TEMP. RICHARD THE THIRD. HOSSE OF THE PERIOD.

In the score of years succeeding the death of HENRY THE SIXTH, the shape of ladies' dresses was but very slightly varied, being as ugly at the outset as well could be imagined. The form that was most fashionable was to have the front left open from the neck down to the waist, with a turnover roll collar, made of a dark colour, bordering the aperture. A stomacher of cloth or linen covered the breast beneath, and occasionally the gown was laced together over it in the mode of the Swiss bodice. A fringe of fur was often added to the dress; and the sleeves, which fitted pretty closely to the arm, were furnished with deep cuffs of either fur or velvet, reaching not unfrequently to the finger roots. The gowns were so capacious both in their length and width, that as they hung limp round the legs (for crinoline, we should remember, had not been invented), the ladies were obliged to bear them slung over their arms, as Dianas do their riding-habits at the present day. A broad silken band was worn about the waist, the wives of persons of less income than forty pounds a year being forbidden to wear girdles of foreign manufacture, or adorned with any broidery of silver or of gold. Figured satins, furs of sable, and the richer cloths of velvet were also prohibited to ordinary women, such as the "wives of esquires and gentlemen, and of the knights bachelors," though how in the name of wonder knights bachelors could have wives, the writer whom we quote does not condescend to state.

The following quaint lyric, which has obviously been parodied in one of our most popular songs, suggests a pretty picture of a gallant of the period casting sheepseyes at his sweetheart, and affords some indication that the finery of the women did not find much favour in the eyesight of the men:—

"When first I sáw sweete Meggie,
'Twas on a Sonne hys dáye,
At Church shee satt in a steeple hatte,
Ye gayest of ye gaye;
Shee wore a gowne ye furredde,
More gaudy far than nete,
And ye skirte as longe as a woman's tongue,
In ye dirte trailed at her fete,
And she wore a grete steple hatt,
Which ye little boys poke fun att,
Crying 'Crikie! my eye! Lookee 'ere at ye Guye
In ye belltoppere Steple Hatte!'"

A Jesuit's Bark.

THE Superior of the Jesuits (though any honest man is entitled to that name) has published a furious protest against the Order being expelled from Italy. He tells KING VICTOR EMMANUEL that in the event of the Jesuit petition being rejected on earth, the Superior will address it to a Higher Tribunal. We are inclined, considering the wickedness of the sect and the insolence of the man, to wish that he may get into the hands of the King, and that the latter may give him an early opportunity of presenting his appeal in person.

A CLASSICAL COMMUNICATION.

"MI CARISSIMA PHILLI, "*Collis Viæ, Sancti Johannis Silvæ.*

"Hoc venit sperans vos esse bene ut linquit me ad hoc presens. Habeo eventum narrare vobis, quem referam in nostrâ caninâ Latinâ, ut siquidem meæ literæ cadant in manus quorumlibet humanorum non possint intelligere eas. Mei dominus et domina iverunt altera die pro quod appellant diei delectationi; et sumpserunt me cum eis. Delectationem cum vindictâ! Ego nunquam fueram in vehiculo ante, licet sæpe cupivi; sed sum certus nunquam habebo istiusmodi votum posthac. Simulatque porta fuit clausa abivimus cum maxime horribili crepitanti strepitu, et succutiebar in terribili modo. Valde timescui, et ascendi super sellam circumspicere e fenestrâ. Vidi diversos felices canes discurrentes solute in vicis, et optavi maxime sociare cum eis; sed semper delapsus sum ad imum vehiculi rursus. Post tempus exivimus e vehiculo, Anglice, *a cab*, et ascendimus in alterum; hoc fuit pejus priori, ad minimum pro strepitu. Fecit me omnino ægrotum. Cùm successi nunc et tunc prospicere de fenestrâ, arbores et domi apparuerunt esse prætervolantes in maxime extraordinario modo. Ad ultimum venimus ad nostri itineris finem; habui bonum cursum super gramen et speravi meas turbas fuisse præteritas. Sed eheu! longe ab eo. Descendimus ad fluori ripam, et nos omnes tres unâ cum rudi viro, quem allatravi, conscendimus in longam angustam speciem planæ cistæ cum duabus sellis in eâ; super quas mei dominus et domina sederunt. Vir impulit nos a littore in medium fluminis; et ibi mei dominus et domina delectaverunt se pro horis, tenentes longa virgulta in manibus cum funiculis ad alterum terminum, cum quibus evellebant pisciculos ex aquâ. Ad primum putabam id esse rarum jocum et incipiebam ludere cum piscibus ut saltabant in imo cistæ, quam vocabant *pontonem*, sed reprehensus fui pro faciendo sic, et rudis vir abstulit eos a me et posuit eos per foramen in pontone, ubi arbitror eos secessos esse in fluvium iterum.

"Sed reditus domi fuit pessimum omnium; nam fuit tunc tenebrosum. Ivimus ad locum ubi descensi sumus ante; (vocant id rapaguliviam) et scena erat vere consternans. Ibi erat talis stridor, et sibilus, et sufflatio, et fistulatio (si ita dicam) et omne hoc in tenebris; et immensa monstra rerum circumruentia cum luminibus viridibus, rubeis et flavis; et pallidæ figuræ hominum que circumcurrebant in omni directione. Reverâ timui ut adveneram ad locum ubi mali canes eunt. Post hoc habui ire rursus per omnia tormenta itineris. Attamen rediimus domum tuti ultimo; sed nunquam, credite mihi, ibo delectaus rursus.

"Remaneo,
"Vester amantissime,
"*Dominiculæ Phillidi*, "DAN."
"*Casulæ Viæ.*"

ARE UMBRELLAS PUBLIC PROPERTY?

THE second column of the *Times* grows daily more and more surprising. It really sometimes is as much as we can do to eat our breakfast, so strongly are we tempted to keep gaping with astonishment. Just by way of sample, here is one of the last wonders which so greatly have astonished us:—

FOUND, on the 13th instant, a SILK UMBRELLA. The owner may have it on describing it and paying the expense of this advertisement. Apply by letter only to F. W., &c.

Honour among thieves may be perhaps of rare occurrence, but what is it compared to honesty among the finders of umbrellas! Umbrella-stealing generally is accounted as no theft, although we should not advise people rashly to commit it, for it may not so be viewed in British Courts of Justice. Notwithstanding this, however, we should scarce have thought it possible that the finder of an umbrella should actually pay money to advertise the fact. Most people would rest satisfied with finding the umbrella, without making an attempt to find its rightful owner. Indeed, so lax is the morality of men in this respect, that when they spy a stray umbrella, they pounce on it as readily as though it were a mushroom, or any other thing that any finder may pick up. Whether umbrellas can in law be viewed as private property, seeing how the public continually lay hands on them, is a point which we reserve for counsel to decide; and while they are about it, we would moot the further point, as to whether, if proceedings at common law were taken to recover an umbrella, (say, one which has been borrowed for five minutes and not returned within a twelvemonth) the proper plan would be to bring an action of trover, or an action on the case.

The Luxury of Liberty.

Bosom Friend. Well, dear, now that you are a widow, tell me are you any the happier for it?

Interesting Widow. Oh! no. But I have my freedom, and that's a great comfort. Do you know, my dear, I had an onion yesterday for the first time these fourteen years?

DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

CAPTAIN OF VOLUNTEERS. "*Dress back, No. 3, do dress back. Comp'ny! Fours! As y' were! No. 3, Mr. Buffles, how often am I to speak to you, Sir? Will you dress back, Sir; further still, Sir. You are not dressed exactly yet, Sir, by a* ——"

BUFFLES (goaded to madness). "*Bet yer Five Pounds I am—There!*"

THE TWO OLD LADIES.

Quoth Madame la Banque, "*De l'or que je manque!*
And my rates for discounting I mustn't screw high,
By way of restraining the gold that keeps draining
From strong-room and till, till I'm nearly run dry?

"I've francs here in plenty, but can't issue twenty,
Against a Napoleon; so ere I get shorter,
Perforce to my aid I must call the Old Lady
Who lives in Threadneedle Street, over the water.

"Although we're near neighbours, and link'd in our labours,
Our relations have not been so close, I'm aware,
As relations should be, spite of ten leagues of sea—
Even *if* they involve *cet atroce mal-de-mer!*"

So Madame La Banque called a cab off the rank,
And tipping the driver a handsome *pour-boire*
Took the train, and to Dover from Boulogne steamed over,
In spite of sea-sickness, and other *bêtes noires*.

Her carpet-bag stowed with a cumbersome load
Of new five-franc pieces, to change for *de l'or*,
In the street of Threadneedle, she bowed to the beadle,
Who sports his red cloak at the Old Lady's door.

He ushered her in to the *sanctum* within,
Where sat the Old Lady, sedate and serene;
With Parisian ease, Dame La Banque made a cheese,
That expanded the skirts of her vast Crinoline.

"*Chère Madame*, if you would—be so kind—so ver' good,
A neighbour to help at a pinch, if you please,"
(Here her silver she tugged from the bag which she lugged,)
"*Donnez-moi, chère Madame*, English sovereigns for dese."

Quoth the Old Lady, "Well—I *have* bullion to *sell*—
But as for *exchanges*, they can't well be fair,
With VICTORIA and porter, on *our* side the water,
On *yours* L. NAPOLEON and *Vin ordinaire*.

"Excuse me for hinting—whatever the minting,
Were the one head on silver, the other on browns—
There's no money-changer, be't native or stranger,
Swops *one* British Sov'reign, for *fifty* French crowns.

"And you'll pardon my saying, this game you've been playing
Of buying up gold at a loss scarce can pay—
If your discounts you'll heighten the market you'll tighten,
And not have to beg for help over the way.

"Still, though I won't swop, I agree to a 'pop;'
Take my gold, and in pledge leave your silver instead;
And still may we settle our scores in such metal,
Instead of your Emperor's coin—steel and lead."

Appalling Attempt.

DISTRESSING symptoms of insanity were shown the other evening in the course of a quadrille by a Young Lady who attempted to take her partner's breath away and destroy his peace of mind by asking him this riddle.

Q. Why are the New York girls who have been talking so much lately of H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES like more than half the members of nearly all our Rifle Corps?

A. Because you see they almost always have a young heir apparent on their lips.

"REJECTED ADDRESSES."—The Dead Letter Office.

MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION.

Madame La Banque and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

A JOKE AT ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

ONE day last week some very good fun occurred at a meeting of the vestry of that ecclesiastical bear garden, St. George's-in-the-East. MR. HOWELL, the Vestry Clerk, having related the particulars of an interview with the BISHOP of LONDON—

"MR. BARRETT said he could not help thinking that the Bishop was acting courteously; but what he might be doing spiritually was a very different thing. He tried to please the people, but so would a mountebank. (*Oh, oh, and uproar.*)"

MR. BARRETT had never perhaps had occasion to transcribe, in his early days, the aphorism which declares that "comparisons are odious." A gentleman capable of comparing the BISHOP OF LONDON to a mountebank, would be likely not to have been very highly educated; indeed, to be an offender against decorum of the class "R. & W. Imp." The similitude insinuated by MR. BARRETT was, if rather objectionable, still highly comical, as anybody will acknowledge who recollects the bishop's photograph, and endeavours, by its aid, to imagine him grimacing in motley, or even making a fool of himself at a Puseyite altar. Scandalised, however, rather than diverted by the irreverent absurdity which his colleague had just perpetrated—

"MR. LITTLEJOHN protested against the Bishop being likened to a mountebank, and moved that the statement of MR. HOWELL be entered upon the minutes of the vestry.

"The motion was agreed to."

Very well; but MR. BARRETT's comparison ought to have been recorded, as well as the statement of MR. HOWELL. Oh, that somebody had been there to write down the Bishop a mountebank, according to MR. BARRETT, and to write MR. BARRETT down a British Vestryman! The convocation of parochial authorities in which that worthy distinguished himself by the above quoted sally of broad but disrespectful humour, is called, in the report of it, an "Extraordinary Vestry Meeting." In point of intelligence, wisdom, and refinement, however, it seems to have been characterised by just the ordinary features of that species of assembly.

TURNING-POINTS?

WE read that an action for damages has been brought for some "turn-tables." It turned out that they had been supplied to a railway company, but at first we thought that these "turn-tables" had been ordered by our friends, the Spirit-rappers, and were some of the rotary instruments by which they help to turn the heads of the credulous fools who place their faith and bank-notes in them. By the bye, will any Spiritualist, whose sight is deeper than most of his far-seeing fraternity, have the kindness to inform us whether KING ARTHUR and his knights, as they sat round their circular table, were in the habit of turning it? It might be a handy practice for sending the bottle round. We should, also, like to be informed by the same obliging gentleman, whose sight, we are sure, is not deeper than his sagacity, whether we should be justified in calling, and whether he would take any offence if we did call, this old trick of turning the tables a round game. The game of Spirit-rapping, the rapacious sums that are rapped out of fools, we should think went by the name of cribbage.

A Fatal Sentence.

"LIBERTY is fatal to the Bourbons." So said the father of the present, or rather the ex-KING OF NAPLES. But supposing the son is caught, ought he not, as tried by the sentence above, to be locked up for life. If "Liberty is fatal" to a Bourbon, the most generous, the most charitable thing would be to deprive him of it. The Castle of St. Elmo, we suggest, wouldn't be a bad residence for him. He couldn't object to try what he had so often recommended to others.

LONG LIVE THE LORDS!

"EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY OF THE PEERS" was the heading of a newspaper paragraph which lately appeared, containing a statement of the advanced ages to which several members of the House of Lords have attained. The longevity of their Lordships, however, is not extraordinary. They are almost all of them born with the peculiar advantage of having in their mouths, at birth, a wonderful instrument, ensuring the best possible nutrition. This is that bountiful provision, which, in the vulgar tongue, is denominated the Silver Spoon. By means thereof the very best of food and drink that may be desired can be introduced into the system, and when that is out of order, also the best of physic. Change of air and scene, recreation of all kinds, and all manner of enjoyment are at the command of their Lordships generally, and they are exempt from cares which kill other people, either by directly wearing them out, or by inducing them to drink gin, and smoke inferior tobacco. Good wine and first-rate cigars, in which they are seldom driven by depression and misery to indulge too freely, tend much to prolong their noble lives.

The old Law-Lords, who were not provided with a congenital silver spoon, have contrived, however, to butter their bread well early in life on one side, and afterwards to get it thickly buttered for them on the other. None of the Peers are obliged to live in the constant practice of self-denial, and also in the fear of ruin, and a destitute old age. They are exempt from dread of bailiffs, and have no bills to meet, except those which tradesmen send in at Christmas, which they can afford to pay, or which come up from the Lower House, which they are free to reject. In legislation, moreover, they carefully observe the truly constitutional rule which prescribes early hours. No marvel they live so long as they do. The only wonder is that most of them do not outlive OLD PARR, and that many of the Peers do not reach the years of the Patriarchs.

A TRIFLE FROM THE HAYMARKET:

IN the which are a pretty little theatre, with a pretty little name, (the *Bijou*) and a neat little company, and everything to help out a pleasant evening, except one thing. And as *Mr. Punch* has no idea either of being deprived of the French Play or of being suffocated while at it, he begs to apprise Mr. E. T. SMITH, or M. TALEXY, or the responsible party, that he, *Mr. Punch*, took a little gherkin in his pocket, the last time he went to see MADAME DOCHE, and that the fearful heat so operated upon the vegetable, in a forcing point of view, that it grew into a cucumber big enough to supply supper to his party of five, on their reaching Eaton Square, besides leaving two large knobs to shy at the cabmen as they drove away with his guests three hours later. *Mr. Punch* trusts that this appalling anecdote (for the truth of which he vouches) will induce the management to supply the one thing wanting at the little *Bijou*, namely, ventilation. As *Iachimo* says:—

"I beg but leave to *air* this Jewel."

"Another Victim to Crinoline."

So many are these victims, that we think every newspaper establishment must keep the above heading standing to meet the demand. Another poor girl has been burnt at Warwick. The Hindoo widow used to sacrifice herself on the funereal pile out of love for her husband. The fanaticism of the English maiden is not less sad, for doesn't she sacrifice herself to the flames out of love towards an absurd fashion? The authorities have nearly suppressed the first wicked absurdity; why doesn't the Government interfere with the second one, and try to put it down? If it were only on account of these frequent accidents, we think we should be warranted in denouncing Crinoline as A BURNING SHAME.

A VERY HANDSOME PRESENT.

"There, Thomas, be very careful not to injure the creature, as it's a very fine specimen of a full-grown lively Viper."

Justice not at Home.

So Government proposes to erect, between Carey Street and the Strand, a grand new building, comprehending all the chief legal tribunals, under the name of Palace of Justice. Let it not be called by this new-fangled title. Palace of Justice is a Frenchified phrase, and, moreover, the so-called Palace will be one in which a very different inmate from Justice will reside. To denote the distinctive character, as well as the nationality of the edifice, style it not Palace of Justice, but Court of Law.

A Fair Return.

EVERY effort is being made at the present day by the men to enlarge the sphere of woman's employment. If woman is only commonly grateful, the very least she ought to do in return would be to diminish the sphere of her dress!

THE MONEY MARKET AND THE FUNNY MARKET.

CONSIDERABLE agitation has been of late prevailing in the monetary world by reason of a little squabble between those highly influential and respected personages, Madame la Banque of France and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. So far as we can gather, the row arose in consequence of the behaviour of Madame, who, on finding her long purse was getting short of gold, created what is called an artificial run for it. This she partially achieved by buying up as many bills on London as she could lay her hands on, and sending them over here to be prematurely discounted; an operation that occasioned the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street considerable annoyance, and made her more than usually tetchy when applied to. Matters were at length indeed brought to such a pass that she tied up her old stocking in which she keeps her gold, and declared that she'd be "dratted" if she'd send out any more of it: adding, that if her neighbour wanted gold, she ought to raise her rate of discount, and not come bothering over here and running off with all the gold that she could grab from us. For *her* part the Old Lady said she wouldn't have demeaned herself by stooping to such practices, and if Madame did not know the proper way to go to work, it was high time that she were taught, and while she was about it, the Old Lady was determined to give her a good lesson.

Madame la Banque of course felt some uneasiness at this, which she tried her best to hide by affecting indignation. She knew too well, however, that it would not suit her interest to quarrel with the Old Lady, and so she compromised the matter by begging for a loan of two millions of gold to be secured by a deposit of an equal sum in silver, of which it seems that she has plenty stored away in two or three old china teapots in her safe. This request, as is well known, was graciously acceded to; but those behind the scenes are aware there was some trouble in getting it accepted, for although upon the whole of a kindly disposition, and ready to do all within her power to accommodate, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street is rather apt to grow cantankerous, especially when her old stocking is threatened to be touched. It is not generally known, but we conceive there is no harm in our publishing the fact, that her gracious acquiescence to the French lady's request was mainly owing to the ready tact of *Mr. Punch*. Being by far the most considerable capitalist in Europe, that gentleman felt naturally some slight feeling of anxiety to see the symptoms of a monetary panic put a stop to, and he therefore did his best to make the old ladies shake hands upon the bargain which, it seems, had been suggested by his wisdom, and of which the ablest of financiers had approved. As an inducement, then, to part with her two millions of gold, he generously offered to place at the disposal of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street the same number of copies of his, *Mr. Punch's Pocket-Book*: a work which all his readers tell him, is "as good as gold," and which has been stamped as sterling by the public press. This *Mr. Punch*, who is all goodness, volunteered to do, without receiving further recompense than two million half-crowns, at which absurdly low quotation he allows his book to issue; and he was liberal enough to add, that he was willing to send over on precisely the same terms two millions of his *Pocket-Book* to his friend Madame la Banque. By these means the old ladies will be abundantly supplied with a new circulating medium, which if not gold itself, is allowed to be as good as it. When it is remembered that the *Pocket-Book* is valued at some hundreds of puns, and that of the precious gems of poetry it abundantly contains nearly every other line will be found to be a golden one, some notion may be formed of how enormously by *Mr. Punch's* operation the Banks of France and England will be mutually enriched.

"MOOSICK!"—A CRY FROM THE GALLERY.

WE read in our favourite publication, *The Musical World*, that the municipal authorities of Baden-Baden, have been christening, out of compliment to the illustrious composer, one of their new promenades *L'Avenue Meyerbeer*. We suppose that all the trees are covered with nothing but leaves of music, which the wind, as it runs its weather-eye through them, plays at sight, the result being a most delightful series of glees, ballads, cantatas, and songs without words. What a glorious *Jubilate* they would all strike up as their worthy godpapa walked musingly through them! We wish some obliging correspondent would oblige us with a stave or two out of this harmonious avenue. We would have them made into flutes, or *bâtons* rather, and present one to each of the most renowned *Maréchaux* of the orchestra. By the way, when shall we be christening any of our public thoroughfares after our favourite composers or singers? In our dull imagination, it will be a rare long time before we shall ever have a Balfe Square, or a Wallace Crescent, or a Macfarren Avenue, or a Webster Lane, or a Punch *Arc de Triomphe*, or a Clara Novello Park. How the nightingales, Swedish as well as those of other countries, would cluster in the latter! It would be one immense bird-cage, and Night, as it threw its black mantle over it, would alone have the power of putting a stop to the singing. You would see the whole atmosphere shaking like ALBONI, with gushing melody—every breath of air, we can fancy, would bring with it an air of music.

A CONSERVATIVE AGENT.

RAIL! Who is MR. FRAIL? Come, nonsense. Everybody knows MR. FRAIL, and if anybody knows him a little better than anybody else, it is LORD DERBY, inasmuch as MR. FRAIL is one of the men of all work for the Tory Opposition; an agent for the Carlton Club. MR. FRAIL'S services to his party have been extraordinary, and for fear that the last service he has done his party should be insufficiently recognised, *Mr. Punch* extracts the following charming and graphic record thereof from the *Montgomeryshire Mercury*.

MR. FRAIL was charged, before the trembling Magistrates of Shrewsbury, with having come up to a gentleman named SOUTHAM (who was conversing with a friend in a street of the said town), and having used unto the said gentleman language of an exceedingly potent description, so potent indeed, that like very high game, it could not be brought under the noses of ordinary persons. In four lines of the language sworn to, there are seven words which are only heard (except in Shrewsbury and from the Carlton agent) from persons in that condition of drunken violence which justifies their immediate incarceration. Well, it is further sworn that MR. FRAIL, not unnaturally astonished that he did not receive instant chastisement, proceeded to intimate his ideas to MR. SOUTHAM as follows, omitting oaths:—

"FRAIL. I'll give you a —— good lick in the mouth; you are a —— coward, or you would knock my head off; but you know it's all true.
"SOUTHAM. I don't choose to make a blackguard of myself in the streets.
"FRAIL. I will knock yours off.
"SOUTHAM. If you touch me it will be the most expensive job you ever did.
"FRAIL. I will give you a good licking before the Mayor yet."

MR. SOUTHAM kept his head on, and also kept his temper, and invited the Conservative gentleman to meet him, as proposed, before the Mayor. There the foregoing scene was proved, and then the agent of the Carlton proceeded to cross-examine his accuser:—

"FRAIL. Did I say it was not the first lie you had told, and had to apologise for?
"SOUTHAM. You did not. I never had to apologise.
"FRAIL. Not to MR. KEATE, when you told a lie about him.
"SOUTHAM. I never told a lie about MR. KEATE, and never apologised to MR. KEATE.
"FRAIL. Did I call you a vendor of squirt and British brandy?
"SOUTHAM. You did not.
"FRAIL. Did I call you a bandy-legged baboon?
"SOUTHAM. You said nothing of the sort.
"FRAIL. Did I say your breath was worse than poison?
"SOUTHAM. No.
"FRAIL. Did I call you a punter? (*A laugh.*)
"SOUTHAM. I suppose all this is part of the mud you said you would throw at me if the case came into court?
"FRAIL. Now, open your ears and shut your mouth, and listen unto me."

It is to be supposed that the worthy Magistrates of Shrewsbury desired that the case should be established out of MR. FRAIL'S own mouth, and therefore permitted him to insult the witness, as it is not to be imagined that a Mayor of Shrewsbury and his friends stand in any awe and terror of the eminent Conservative. Their clerk certainly interfered, but was in his turn insulted by MR. FRAIL, and was not supported by his more subtle and far-seeing chiefs. Their wisdom was rewarded, and they had some fun into the bargain, for MR. FRAIL, after justifying the use of the potent language, proceeded pathetically to narrate the following anecdote:—

"MR. SOUTHAM would have everybody look up to him, and when he stands up, as I often see him in the council, he wants everybody to look up to him as a mighty man—a second DISRAELI. Why did he not tell you what happened in the summer months; he prepared his speech upon the new market, walked out of his drawing-room with his two children, took them into a field occupied by MR. ROCKE, and addressed them as babes in the wood.
"MR. SOUTHAM. I distinctly say that is untrue.
"MR. FRAIL (continued). Addressing his children as babes in the wood, he commenced his speech by saying, 'Mr. Mayor and gentlemen,' and when he concluded he said, 'Come along, my little dears; your father has often told you he was the DISRAELI of the Town Council.' I appeal to him if he did not take the two children with a large telescope, and a cow in the distance, and say, 'What a splendid creature.'"

This story MR. FRAIL supposed would be a plea in arrest of judgment, and he was not entirely wrong; for after a good deal more of what a harsh judgment might term vulgar buffoonery, by MR. FRAIL,

"The Magistrates retired, and after an absence of about a quarter of an hour returned, when the Mayor said, 'We fine MR. FRAIL £3, and require him to be bound in his own recognizances for £50 for three months.'"

They doubtless felt that MR. FRAIL'S own conscience would tell him whether he had done anything out of the way. They never hinted at such a thing, but merely complied with the letter of the law, and without remonstrance or rebuke, inflicted a nominal sentence on the eminent Conservative. Their meekness was too much even for MR. FRAIL himself:—

"MR. FRAIL to MR. SMALLWOOD (with a look of assumed surprise)—Is that all? I thought it would have been more!

One would have thought so, even if the more had only been a severe rebuke to a self-convicted blackguard. But the Shrewsbury Magistrates doubtless know their own business best. *Mr. Punch* has merely to point out MR. FRAIL'S last service to the Conservative party in showing of what kind of stuff a Carlton agent may be made.

DON'T LOOK ALIVE.

WHAT a dreadful hurry the victors of Delhi and Lucknow are in for the reward of their valour. Why, such of them as are still alive have not waited much more than three years! Is that a time to make a fuss about? If they think so, let them be ashamed of their impatience, and read the following advertisement, which is official. It appeared in the *Times* newspaper in June last:—

"NAVAL PRIZE MONEY.

"Department of the Accountant-General of the Navy,
"Admiralty, Somerset House, June 16.

"Notice is hereby given to the officers, seamen and marines, and to all persons interested therein, that the distribution of a moiety of the proceeds of certain piratical junks, captured on the 11th of May, 1853, by HER MAJESTY'S Ship *Rattler*, will commence on Monday, the 25th of June, 1860, in the prize branch of the department of the Accountant-General of the Navy, Admiralty, Somerset House."

There! a heroic deed is done in May, 1853, and nobody thinks of rewarding the heroes until 1860, seven whole years later. As the man says in the *Antiquary*, "Oh, it's a beautiful thing to think how long and how carefully justice is considered of in this country!"

But, mind! where there are reasons for being rapid, our admirable authorities can be as fast as steam or even telegraphs. It is only the lower order of heroes who have to wait for what is due to them. Their betters are served the instant they have done their work. For instance, though the Rattlers have waited seven years, and the Indian warriors have waited three years, the return mail took out (and very properly) the guerdon to SIR HOPE GRANT for his services the other day at Taku. So let us have no sneers, or allegations that the authorities can't be rapid—the fact simply being that they won't.

A Trifle from Oxford Street.

COMING out of the Princess's Theatre, after *Ruy Blas*, a friend who had the honour of attending *Mr. Punch* remarked (as everybody who really understands acting must remark after witnessing that play), "M. FECHTER is an artist of exquisite finish." "You are right, my dear friend," said PROFESSOR PUNCH, "in FECHTER'S performance, there is no case of *re infectâ*." They then adjourned to the American Stores and liquored.

QUESTION FOR SPIRIT-RAPPERS.—Are spirits smuggled under the table, and can they be removed without a permit?

MONKEY UNCOMMON UP, MASSA!

IN consequence of the election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN as President of the United States (bravo, hooray, O my brothers!), it is announced that South Carolina, in an ecstacy of slave-owner's rage, has ordered a solemn day of humiliation, on which all the slaves in the State are to be flogged, and all the copies of the Scriptures burned. Moreover, she calls a Convention, and declares that she is going to separate from the Union, and be an independent State, and have representatives of her own at the Courts of Europe. We hear that her first demands on England are, that to show our sympathy in her hate of the President, Lincoln Cathedral be pulled down, the County of Lincoln be re-christened and called Breckenridge County, that all Lincoln and Bennett hats be immediately smashed in, that LORD LINCOLN be transported, and that when *Falstaff* in the play speaks of "*thieves* in Lincoln green," he be ordered to say "PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S black thieves." Anything to please the lovely Carolina.

OFF WITH HIS HEAD!

HOORAY! we have not had a good sight lately, and the execution of a Lord, on Tower Hill, will be a refreshing stimulant. We hope that the streets will be laid down again by the time the fatal scene comes on, and we suggest to the Trinity House to do something useful for once, and have the Hill nicely gravelled. We bespeak front places in the best red cloth gallery for all our young men, and as criminals from the lower class are finished off at a time which suits their friends, we really trust that similar courtesy will be extended to the aristocracy, and that justice will be done, in this case, about two o'clock, so that one will have time to breakfast and get to the execution comfortably.

The nobleman whose head—such as it is—now totters upon his noble shoulders, is GEORGE HENRY ROPER CURZON, 16th Baron Teynham, who was born we don't know when, but created in 1616. He will have to bring his block-head to the block for the following High Treason.

He has objections to the present system of taxation, (and so have we for that matter), and thus the unfortunate TEYNHAM addresses the Northern Reform Union:—

"A House of Commons that cannot carry the people's measures needs that the people should carry it. Are the people as weak as their representatives? Do we dwell in Lilliput? If not, let them arise upon their feet, stretch themselves to the full stature of men, and have a solemn proclamation read, ere they march to fight for freedom once again. Look, Britons! to the kinsmen of your fathers, who were colonists in North America, taxed, or attempted to be taxed' being unrepresented. They petitioned Parliament that it might not be so, and the prayer of their petitions was rejected. Under these circumstances they asked their hearts what should freemen do, and the reply was, *ask your swords*. These gave them freedom."

That is to say, that if the Government does not take off the taxes, we are to proclaim a Republic, with TEYNHAM for our WASHINGTON. That will not pay, and we very much prefer the other alternative, namely, TEYNHAM's having his head taken off as aforesaid, in the presence of a brilliant and distinguished circle of spectators, and by the express desire of several persons of distinction. Therefore, GEORGE CURZON, make your arrangements for taking a chop on Tower Hill, at an early date. You need not bother about your will, because, even if the above insane address did not show that no will made by you could be valid, you may remember, GEORGE, that all your property is forfeit to the Crown. We have ordered a new opera-glass, of double power, to see how you behave yourself, and we cannot think that you will have much to grumble about, for the ceremonial will leave you much as you are, seeing that you can have got no Head at present. So,

> "Sharp be the blade, and sure the blow,
> And short the pang to undergo."

and if you have got any watches, jewels, or anything in that line, don't keep them for the BISHOP OF OXFORD or any other prelate who may attend your last moments, but send them by Parcels' Delivery Company to 85, Fleet Street, and mind and pay the carriage.

POPE NAPOLEON.

REMEMBER, remember, the MAN OF DECEMBER,
Coup d'état, stratagem, plot;
There 's very good reason why, just at this season,
He never should be forgot.

With Red men outrageous, and growing contagious,
He seized on the sceptre, to cope:
'Tis said that, to quiet the Priests running riot,
Now the EMPEROR means to be POPE.

That point our EIGHTH HARRY was able to carry,
When need and occasion concurred;
He knocked the Priests under, in spite of Rome's thunder,
And so may NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

Proud clergy to trample KING HARRY's example
May lead him, so far as to chop
Off their alien head, just to reign in its stead,
But there let us hope he will stop.

HOORAY FOR NINEVEH!

MR. LAYARD stands for Southwark. That is well. Now, opposed as *Mr. Punch* is both to Bribery and Intimidation, he intends to practise both upon the present occasion in the most unblushing manner. And first in regard to bribery, he hereby gives the Southwarkians notice that if they nobly lift their borough out of local mud by returning MR. LAYARD, *Mr. Punch* will take the borough under his care, and make it his pet. He will send a special correspondent over in two Hansoms, and have the place explored and praised, will show that Horsemonger Lane Gaol is superior to the Hanging Gardens of Nineveh, that High Street is far more elegant than the same street at Oxford, and that strangers ought to come from all parts to examine the dirty old inns with the galleries whence the guests used to look down on bear-baits and private theatricals. In fact, *Mr. Punch* will invent Southwark, as GEORGE THE FOURTH invented the now evil-scented Brighton. But, on the other hand, for Intimidation. Let MR. LAYARD find, on canvassing, that Southwark offers him no chance, or let him be second on the poll, and *Mr. Punch* solemnly pledges himself to take care of Southwark in another sense. He will say no more—except that twelve months from the day on which he declares war, a decent Christian shall sooner admit that he lives in Holywell Street, Strand, than in the Doomed Borough. Now, Southwark, *utrum horum mavis accipe*, which it may be convenient to you to have translated—Return MR. AUSTEN LAYARD, or what Nineveh is now, you shall be at Christmas 1861.

A WRAP-BASCAL.—A Spirit-Rapper.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, December 1, 1860.

HOW HE OUGHT "NOT" TO LOOK.

EXCITED PROMPTER (*to the Ghost of Hamlet's Father, who is working himself up to the most funereal aspect he can assume*). "*Now then, Walker, LOOK ALIVE!*"

JOLLY OLD FELLOWS.

AMONGST things not generally known, is the existence of anything in common between the British Peerage and the Society of Friends, except two legs, two arms, and the other particulars which constitute a common humanity. Longevity, however, is a peculiarity in which the Lords partake with the Quakers, and wherein the plain Quakers even hold a rank above that of the noble Lords. Whereas the average life of the Peers is seventy years, that of the Friends is thus stated in a letter to the *Times* signed JOSEPH ALLEN:—

"Permit me to enclose you the following ages of some deceased members of the Society of Friends during the present year, taken from the obituary of the *Friend*, a Monthly journal, published by that body. They are as follows:—84, 84, 85, 85, 85, 86, 86, 87, 87, 88, 88, 89, 89, 89, 91, 91, 91, 91, 91, 91, 92, 92, 93, 93, making a total of 2,128 years, with an average for each life of rather more than 88½ years.

"Fifty lives in the same period give 4,258 years, with an average of 85 per life."

The Quakers are said to be dying out; but if their average duration of life is as great as that above given, they are likely to take some time in decaying. The decline of Quakerism will operate to the disadvantage of Life Assurance Offices, if it is the custom of the Friends to insure their lives, as feelings of friendship might prompt them to do, even those who have no relations. The various Provident Societies should endeavour to provide for the dissemination of the doctrines of the Society of Friends.

As a general rule, the Quakers bear a high character; but in some cases, as regards pecuniary transactions, this assertion must perhaps be discounted. Their characteristic morality may in some measure account for their long life, but that seems to be in a greater degree due to the good living, for the practice of which they are equally celebrated. They cultivate a cheerful equanimity together with the main chance; and being for the most part rich, or in easy pecuniary circumstances, take all other things easy, as we all ought to do, and probably should do, if we could afford it. Care may have killed a cat, but it does not kill Quakers, who appear to quake very little with anxiety and mental perturbations.

The affluence and comfort to which the longevity of the Lords and that of the Quakers may perhaps be ascribed cannot be readily supposed to account for that of paupers, which another correspondent of the *Times* proves to be extraordinary. Paupers are not certainly affluent, and they can hardly well be imagined as being comfortable. But in a workhouse wherein a proper warmth is maintained, and the diet is sufficient, a pauper who is no epicure, has no pride, and no affections, might manage to lead a contemplative life of considerable ease and enjoyment. He would be better off in every respect than a monk; and the discipline of the Union would not involve the occasional flogging to which he might be liable in a monastery. On the whole, therefore, it is conceivable that the rich Quaker and the noble Peer may be sometimes equalled or even exceeded in happiness and consequent longevity by the philosophical pauper. The man, therefore, who is ushered into the world with a silver spoon in his mouth, may, in some cases, not have much the advantage of the one who enters it with a wooden one.

THE BEGINNING OF SLAVERY'S END.

THUS far shall Slavery go, no farther:
That tide must ebb from this time forth.
So many righteous Yankees are there,
Who Good and Truth hold something worth,
That they outnumber the immoral
Throughout the States, on that old quarrel
That stands between the South and North.

The great Republic is not rotten
So much as half; the rest is sound.
Most of her sons have not forgotten
Her own foundation; holy ground!
The better party is the stronger,
And by the worse will now no longer
Bear to be bullied, ruled, and bound.

The nobler people of the nation
The baser sort no more will stand,
Nor cringe to truculent dictation
Enforced, with strength of murderous hand,
By ruffians, for example, brawling
In Congress, who knock statesmen sprawling,
To back slave-soil against free land.

Their higher-minded fellow creatures
Of all these brutes are tired, and sick
Of slavery's blaspheming preachers,
That snuffle texts with nasal trick,
To justify the abomination
That 's cherished by their congregation,
Whose feet these canting parsons lick.

Enough of frantic stump-haranguing,
Invectives of a rabid Press,
Tarring and feathering, flogging, hanging,
To stop free mouths; the mad excess
Of human-fleshmongers tyrannic,
Who rant and revel in Satanic
Enthusiasm of wickedness!

This is America's decision.
Awakening, she begins to see
How justly she incurs derision
Of tyrants, whilst she shames us free;
Republican, yet more slaves owning
Than any under Empire groaning,
Or ground beneath the Papacy.

Come, South, accept the situation;
The change will grow by safe degrees.
If any talk of separation,
Hang all such traitors if you please.
Break up the Union? Brothers, never!
No; the United States for ever,
Pure Freedom's home beyond the seas!

The Portraiture of the Times.

WE expect to see very shortly houses opened all over the country, at which will be held out the following refreshing announcement:—"A GLASS OF ALE AND A SANDWICH, AND YOUR PHOTOGRAPH, FOR FOURPENCE!"

A DESIGNING CHARACTER.—An Architect.

AN IMPOSING CHARACTER.—A Magistrate, when he fines you.

A BOON TO BRITISH TOURISTS.

HERE has been a project started for providing English tourists with the means of being worried, fleeced, insulted, mobbed, douaned, and done while travelling, in the most approved and common Continental manner, without their having to cross the Channel and incur the pangs of sickness for it. A company of millionnaires, who are so much at a loss to employ their surplus cash, that they have actually consented to lay it out in charity, have conceived the happy notion of purchasing a tract of land not many miles from London, and of converting it forthwith into as close a copy of a Continental country (say, for instance, Prussia) as it is possible to fancy. The frontiers of the district will be guarded by a custom-house, which will be officered by persons of most aggravating insolence, and made extremely difficult and time-wasting to pass. Every box marked "fragile" will be knocked about and stamped upon, and, if the words "with care" be added, will most probably be smashed. The searchers will pry into the most private books and writing-cases, and unless they are well bribed will blab forth to the public whatever they spy out. A sovereign duty will be charged upon a pennyworth of biscuits, and on lollipops there will be levied a five-pound-note apiece. Moreover, to make things even more unpleasant, the tariff of forbidden articles will extend to all such articles as tooth-brushes and hair-combs, which no one but an Englishman would look upon as necessaries; and any one attempting to introduce into the district such un-Continental luxuries as good tobacco and good soap, will at once be handed over to the Staats Procurator, to be dealt with as the law (as he may twist it) may direct.

To further the resemblance to a Continental country, and increase the torment and annoyance of the tourist, touters and commissioners will dog him at each step, and tread upon his heels until he either kicks them round or else engages one of them to defend him from the rest. In the former case, however, he of course must run the risk of being dragged before some functionary of what is mis-called Justice, and being blackguarded from the bench as well as fined for the assault. In the same way he will always have the law dealt out to him, if he refuses to submit to an exorbitant extortion, or gets into a row in any public room or vehicle, where any impudent intruder may tread upon his toes or coolly oust him from his seat. He will be told such incivilities are the customs of the country, and instead of as a foreigner, being treated with some courtesy, he will be jeered at for the grossness of his ignorance in not knowing them.

In order to make tourists feel as wretchedly uncomfortable as they generally do when they first get away from home, and have not grown reconciled to foreign ways of living, the district will be furnished with hotel accommodation of the fifth-rate German class, such as Englishmen when travelling have too often to put up with after vainly seeking entrance at every decent house. Here the tourist will be tortured with every inn-convenience, and will get the worst of everything by paying the best price for it. His days will be made wretched by bad cookery and glazed floors, such as British boots unvaryingly and inevitably skate upon; and his nights will be made hideous by every kind of torment, from sweltering quilts of eider-down to tribes of creeping things. To keep up the resemblance, he will find his bed-room furnished with those copious and extensive arrangements for lavation, consisting of a slop-basin and cream-jug full of water, for which Continental places have been long and justly celebrated: and if he express himself in any way dissatisfied he will grandly be informed that His (olfactorily) Highness the DUKE OF DIRTISHIRTZENBERG has his bath-room fitted up on precisely the same scale, and of course no common tourist can expect to be supplied with greater luxuries than Dukes.

It having been observed that, as a rule, an English gentleman never seems so ill at ease as at a *table d'hôte*, of course this form of taking meals will be the only one obtainable. Persons who object to eat and drink in public, where they are liable to be annoyed by every kind of travelling bore, will be allowed no opportunity of having quiet dinners served in private rooms. Care too will be taken to make the *table d'hôte* as long and tedious as possible by having too few waiters and too many ill-served *plats*. For this purpose the cooks will be selected from the worst of those on board the Rhenish steamboats, and among their other blunders, special pains will daily in particular be taken to send round the *poulet* a considerable time after the stewed plums have been consumed. Cheap home-made wines turned sour will be supplied in foreign bottles, and be charged for as Johannisberg, Rudesheim, and Asmanhausen; while to complete the misery of the unfledged British tourist, the reckonings will be made in foreign dialect and money, and the waiters will speak nothing but their own peculiar polyglot, which we will defy the most accomplished linguist to understand.

Besides fleecing them with every possible extortion, proper means will be provided to ease tourists of their money by having gambling tables opened at every stage and stopping-place, say for instance, on the average at every half mile. Ball-rooms will be attached, after the manner of the Continent; and the luxury of dancing will nightly be permitted in an atmosphere of bad tobacco, blazing gas, and blaring brass. Masters of the Ceremonies will be ready in attendance to introduce the stranger to the doubtfullest of partners. In fine, no pains will be spared to make the Tourists' District equal to the Continent in every respect; and as it must assuredly be better for Great Britain that Englishmen should lay out their spare five-pound notes at home, instead of going abroad to do so, it appears to us that every lover of his country of course must wish the project every possible success.

SPIRITUAL LUXURY AND DESTITUTION.

IN an account given by the *Post* of what we may take the liberty to call a mass-meeting of Puseyites belonging to the Propaganda of St. George's-in-the-East, held in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square, Regent's Park, on the 27th ult., appears the following statement:—

"At a few moments past eleven, a procession of priests and choristers, all habited in surplices, emerged from the vestry, at the east end of the south aisle, then moved along the south aisle, and down the middle aisle to the altar, on which two large burning candles were placed, and a golden cross."

The BISHOP OF LONDON the other day made some judicious remarks about existing spiritual destitution. In the presence of that, his Lordship's attention is respectfully invited to the above case of spiritual luxury. Burning candles in the middle of the day! What spiritual extravagance! They were not dips, either, or even composition; wax no doubt. It is deemed unbecoming of clergymen to smoke cigars in public; and what could they have wanted with lighted candles of a morning in church? If to fumigate the place with incense, they were guilty of indulging in the most heterodox form of smoking. Perhaps they smoked the golden cross which they put upon the altar, that is, incensed it, in which case they will incense the Bishop if he smokes their cross and them. Let them go to the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, if they want to smoke, or to some other respectable public-house, and take their lights there, or if they want to amuse themselves with fireworks, let off their Roman Candles on the Fifth of November, the Feast of St. Guy Fawkes, in some more suitable place than church.

Times Change, and so do Fashions.

WE think it was SWIFT who said that "young ladies troubled themselves a great deal more about making nets to catch men than cages to hold them." However, the Dean would have changed his mind, if he had lived at the present day, for we think the Crinoline is much more of a cage than a trap; or might it be looked upon as a combination of the two—both trap and cage rolled into one. There may be some truth in this, for there is no doubt that many a man has been hooked by a woman's Crinoline strongly against his will, and detained there much longer than was agreeable to him.

Chinese Poetry.

It took a three hours' fight,
It cost four hundred men,
To change the Forts Taku
Into the Forts Taken.

THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT PARIS.—There was no addition to the Ambassadorial dinner-party to-day. His Lordship dined alone.

PUPPY PLAYGROUNDS.

E saw it proposed not long ago by some ladies, whose benevolence exceeded their good sense, to found a refuge for poor dogs who were seen about the streets in a destitute condition, and either had no home to go to, or did not know their way to it. Care for the canine species almost seemed in this proposal to be carried to extremes; but it really falls far short of what is being done for the comfort of the hounds which have the happiness to be hunted by the Honourable MARK ROLLE, a young gentleman who has not long since come into his—and man's—estate. Among other highly valuable and interesting particulars, the *Western Times* informs us that—

"The kennels stand on an acre and half of ground, and are built in the Elizabethan style of architecture. There are three lodging-rooms in each compartment for the dogs, which at present number a hundred, and there are also an enclosed yard, a boiling house, feeding ditto, a whelping room, an hospital, granaries; cottages for the huntsman, first whip and kennel's man, and an abundant supply of fresh-water at every point. Last, though not least, there is a puppies' play-ground, a hundred feet square, which is enclosed with iron palisading, and where the young dogs can disport themselves on the green sward, to the delight of their canine hearts, without fear of molestation from envious dogs of larger growth. MR. MCKENZIE, the clever landscape gardener, arranged the ground, and he has converted an almost barren spot into a fertile piece of play-ground, in which hundreds of children in towns and cities would be glad to recreate themselves after school-hours. The dogs are very much better lodged and cared for than many of our agricultural labourers; for the hounds' dwellings are clean, warm, and well ventilated, and they have plenty of fresh air, pure water, and good food. It is a great reflection on some landlords—both in this and other counties—that labourers on their estates are certainly worse housed, and perhaps not anything like so well fed as the Stevenstone fox hounds. We should like to see the same attention bestowed on the Agricultural Labourer in those districts—where his comfort is so obviously overlooked—as is bestowed on the Nobleman's Hounds."

"Happy dogs!" will be the exclamation of the reader when he has perused this interesting paragraph. The notion of providing Playgrounds for his Puppies surely does great credit to the person who first thought of it, and if the Honourable MARK ROLLE be that person, let him have the credit which, surely, he deserves. We mean nothing offensive when we speak of credit; nor would we hint that in this instance there may haply be some need of it. The Honourable MARK ROLLE is doubtless rolling in riches, or he would surely not have thought of squandering his money upon Playgrounds for his Puppies. So, we repeat, let him by all means have the credit he deserves, for doing what no other man that we have ever heard of has ever done, or wished to do.

But surely the Honourable MARK will not stop here. After carefully providing for the comforts of his dogs, he will surely throw a crumb or two of comfort to his labourers. If we believe the *Western Times*, and we don't see why we shouldn't, their condition is not quite such as their friends would wish to see it, and something might be possibly suggested to improve it. If the Honourable MARK ROLLE would but treat his pack of labourers as he treats his pack of hounds, there really would be nothing left for them to ask of him. Clean kennels—that is, cottages—commodious and warm, a hospital, and plenty of pure water and good food, what more could the heart of labourer desire? and when to this is added a Playground for his Puppies—we mean to say his children—the list of his requirements is more than well complete.

Very Obliging.

WHEN a man wants money, or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging, and indulgent, and—lets him want it.

THE PRIZE OF FOLLY.

FIELD-MARSHAL MR. PUNCH has for some time cherished the idea of originating a Great Fool Exhibition, with prizes for the most distinguished and remarkable folly. But he has been almost turned from his purpose, by observing that there would be little or no fair play in the competition. There is one person who, as far as *Mr. Punch* can perceive, would infallibly sack all the prizes. And that person is the Gaol Chaplain. The F.M. never takes up a paper without reading some evidence that the Gaol Chaplains would make the chances of other candidates quite infinitesimal. For instance, here is a bit from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"JAMES MILES, a ticket-of-leave man, was placed at the bar at Lambeth, charged with carrying on a regular system of plunder on children, a species of offence for which he has been already subjected to three terms of imprisonment of three months each, in addition to three years' penal servitude. He was caught putting his hand into the pocket of a boy named STEWART, and taking a shilling. When taken to the station-house a number of children attended and identified him as the person who had robbed them of various small sums of money and other property; and amongst them was a little child nine years of age, and off whose ears he tore a pair of earrings of the value of 5*s.*, and at the time the poor little thing's ears were bleeding from the torn wounds in the flesh."

Well, for this MR. MILES, all things considered, F.M. *Mr. Punch* would have prescribed, first, an opportunity of becoming very intimately acquainted with that interesting object of natural history, the Nine-Tailed Cat, and then, when medical attentions should have overcome any little excitement that interview might have occasioned, MR. MILES should have been requested to devote the next ten years of his valuable life to some such work as the cleansing old sewers, and old cesspools (like those which poison Brighton), always under such superintendence as should ensure his not neglecting the interests committed to him. But *Punch* and Chaplains do on this divide, for see here:—

"When searched there were found on the prisoner his ticket-of-leave *and a letter written by the Chaplain of Dartmoor Prison to a gentleman in town, recommending the prisoner as a proper subject to be sent abroad.*"

"Sent abroad." His ticket of leave exchanged for a passport duly *visé*, and this interesting MILES remitted to plunder little French children, we suppose, or little Australian children, or little American children, or to tear earrings out of the bleeding ears of little Dutch children, who are rather famous for such ornaments. This is the Gaol Chaplain's notion. He may well reply to *Mr. Punch's* proposal for the Great Fool Prizes, by quoting *Achilles*:—

"Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,
Should our immortal coursers take the plain."

CALLING NAMES.

WHERE are the old familiar names?
JOHN and JANE and MARY and JAMES?
We never hear of a SUSAN now,
And it's not BILL, but FREDERIC, who follows the plough.

You'll not travel far by Second Class rail,
But you are sure to encounter some FLORENCE pale,
With much aspiration towards fashion in dress,
But with never a trace of loveliness!

Our laundress's infants have no great charms,
Yet they have an EUGÉNIE in arms;
While VICTOR ALBERT swings on a gate,
And munches his bacon in village state.

'Twould be hard to say there is any blame,
There is no monopoly in a name;
But it strikes one sometimes as rather absurd
That contrast between the child and the word.

And what will it be when years have flown?
And these finely-named damsels are women grown?
When EVELYN ADA must polish the grates,
While EDITH AMELIA is washing the plates!

Think of it then, ye sensible mothers,
Before you arrange fine names for the others;
For though not to-day, nor perhaps next Sunday,
It will happen as sure as my name's MRS. GRUNDY.

PROMOTION.

YOUNG SKYMPEY (*the greatest Swell and laziest Muff in our Corps*). "*Oh! then, Timmins, you've not heard of my luck; by Jove, Sir, I've been promoted to*——"

CORPORAL TIMMINS (*horribly jealous; for a clever Drill and an ambitious is Timmins*). "*What!*"

SKYMPEY. "*Fact—Thought you'd be pleased, Timmins; I was surprised myself, for I've never thrust myself forward, I'm sure. Modest merit, you see, 's seldom overlooked in the long run. Yes, I got a letter from the Adjutant this morning, informing me I was appointed*——"

TIMMINS. "*Well, all I can say is*——"

SKYMPEY. "*An HONORARY MEMBAR!*"

PUNCH TO SOUTHWARK.

NOW, Southwark, look alive. You have had one awful warning from *Mr. Punch*, and this second is given in pure charity and kindness. *Make* LAYARD *safe*. That's all. As for the other candidates, the fact that they did not instantly withdraw, with apologies, the moment *Mr. Punch* pronounced for Nineveh, fatally proves them to be utterly unfit for any employment whatever, except perhaps carrying about sandwich placards with "LAYARD for Ever" on them. MR. FAWCETT is the best, but as the gentleman is unfortunately disqualified from examining the pictures in *Punch*, it is clear that he can never be in a condition exactly to appreciate the position of important questions. As for the Conservative, he is simply and absurdly in the way. And as for a MR. SCOVELL, the third party, who seems to rest his claim upon having done something to bring more barges to the wharves of his friends on the Southwark side, he may be a very good Bargee, but has no claim to be a Senator. We observed that one of his most strenuous supporters cried out that "they didn't want none of LAYARD's Roman stones there," and the intellectual observation shows the calibre of the Scovellian set. Come, Southwark, throw over the trio of incapables, and exalt yourself among boroughs by electing a Scholar, a Gentleman, and a Statesman, who moreover has been a Minister, and (mark) will be a Minister again.

By the way, some folly has been uttered about the "refutation" of MR. LAYARD's statements as to the wicked system by which our soldiers were destroyed in the Crimea. So they were refuted, and thus: A man says "I saw twelve black men on the pavement." It turns out that one of the twelve was on the kerb stone, and one was a sweep. Thus he has been refuted. That was what the military pettifoggers did when they tried to refute MR. LAYARD. And the Reforms he demanded were subsequently effected. That is another refutation. Once more, Southwark, do your duty, or _____.

THE SPREAD OF FASHION.

(*An Extract from a beautiful and fashionable Young Lady's Letter.*)

"I MUST tell you, dear, that I have got such a capital Crinoline. I wish I could send you the pattern. It is a perfect love—the most angelic thing I ever saw—so light, and graceful, and easy, and so comfortable that one feels as though one was swimming through the air with it. Of course, it is thoroughly French. I got mine at Boulogne in the Grande Rue. It is beautifully made, and with an extra case, which unbuttons down the front, and allows the steels to slip out, as easily as you would pull a pair of scissors out of their leather sheath. There is no stitching to the steels, I need not tell you. This is a very great convenience, as it enables a lady to send her Crinoline to the wash with the same ease as she would an ordinary petticoat. The body is deeply gored all the way down on both sides, &c., &c."

[*And so the letter runs on for twenty lines more, but we think we have printed quite enough to warn the gentlemen to prepare themselves for a very Severe Winter.*

A Current Conundrum for Universal Circulation.

WHY can the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH never be POPE?

Because by the simple fact, it is impossible three crowns can ever make one Napoleon.

THE ELDEST SON OF THE CHURCH.

THE BABY IN THE HOUSE.

By POVENTRY CATMORE, *Author of the "Angel in the House," &c.*

I.

The Doctor.

"A FINER than your newborn child,"
The Doctor said, "I never saw,"
And I, but half believing, smiled
To think he thought me jolly raw.
And then I viewed the crimson thing,
And listened to its doleful squeal,
And rather wished the nurse would bring
The pap-boat with its earliest meal.
My wife remarked, "I fear, a snub,"
The Doctor, "Madam, never fear,"
"'Tis hard, Ma'am, in so young a cub
To say." Then Nurse, "A cub! a Dear!"

II.

The Glove.

"'Twere meet you tied the knocker up,"
The Doctor laughed, and said, "Good-bye,
And till you drown that yelping pup
Your lady will not close an eye."
Then round I sauntered to the mews,
And Ponto heard his fate was near,—
How few of coachmen will refuse
A crown to spend in beastly beer!
And then I bought a white kid glove,
LUCINA'S last and favourite sign,
Wound it the knocker's brass above,
And tied it with a piece of twine.

III.

The Advertisement.

"But, Love," she said, in gentle voice,
('T was ever delicate and low,)
"The fact which makes our hearts rejoice
So many folks would like to know.
My Scottish cousins, on the Clyde,
Your uncle at Northavering Gap,
The ADAMS'S at Morningside,
And JANE, who sent me up the cap.
So do." The new commencing life
The *Times* announced, "May 31,
At 16, Blackstone Place, the wife
Of SAMUEL BOBCHICK, of a son."

IV.

The Godfathers.

"Of course your father must be one,"
JEMIMA said, in thoughtful tones;
"But what's the use of needy GUNN,
And I detest that miser JONES."
I hinted BROWN. "Well, BROWN would do,
But then his wife's a horrid Guy."
DE BLOBBINS? "Herds with such a crew."
Well, love, whom have you in your eye?
"Dear MR. BURBOT." Yes, he'd stand,
And as you say, he's seventy-three,
Rich, childless, hates that red-nosed band
Of nephews—BURBOT let it be.

V.

The Godmother.

"We ought to ask your sister KATE,"
"Indeed, I shan't," JEMIMA cried,
"She's given herself such airs of late,
I'm out of patience with her pride.
Proud that her squinting husband (SAM,
You know I hate that little sneak)
Has got a post at Amsterdam,
Where luckily he goes next week.
No, never ask of kin and kith,
We'll have that wife of GEORGE BETHUNE'S,
Her husband is a silver-smith,
And she'll be sure to give some spoons."

VI.

The Christening.

"I sign him," said the Curate, HOWE,
O'er SAMUEL BURBOT GEORGE BETHUNE,
Then baby kicked up such a row,
As terrified that Reverend coon.
The breakfast was a stunning spread,
As e'er confectioner sent in,
And playfully my darling said,
"SAM costs papa no end of tin."
We laughed, made speeches, drank for joy:
Champagne hath stereoscopic charms;
For when Nurse brought our little boy,
I saw two Babies in her arms.

PUNCH'S PLAN FOR PREVENTING WAR.

(Registered Prospectus.)

EVERYBODY knows why there is now no Duelling. People may sometimes talk nonsense about the world having grown more sensible and humane, or they may talk other nonsense about its having been time for gentlemen to discard duelling when it descended to the lower orders, *e. g.* the celebrated case where the barber fought the linendraper on a question of honour, and the shaver of beards winged the shaver of ladies. The law may have had a little to do with it, but the law is not always regarded with the reverence due to it, ladies smuggle lace, peasants occasionally poach, and gentlemen gamble behind iron-doors. There was something more than civilisation, pride, or respect for the law required to put an end to private war.

Life Assurance did it.

Every decent man's life is assured, and policies are declared forfeit if the decent man is put out of the way by a duel. So nobody challenges anybody, or if any wild Irishman, vicious Frenchman, or any other valueless life were to invite an assured life to the combat, the assured life would knock the other life down, and then assign him to the police.

Why not try this excellent remedy on a large scale.

Let a Company be formed to be called the THRONE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

But as kings never die, the object of the Society must be to make a king comfortable in his circumstances by paying him a *bonus* at specific times, and by advancing him money on the usual conditions of assurance offices. His reign would then be always happy and comfortable.

But, if he goes to war, the Policy shall be void, and the Throne Company is to have a right to confiscate his taxes, and send the other kings, who have been his securities, to quod.

The speculation would answer uncommonly well, for subjects would be too happy to see that the premiums, which preserve them from the miseries of war, were regularly paid up.

The Office would not be liable if a King were kicked out by his own subjects, as a Sovereign with the command of money ought to be able to make his people perfectly content.

Sovereigns would of course have to submit to the usual examination. A King proposing to assure might be asked:—

1. How about your Constitution?
2. Have you ever been afflicted with Divine Right, or any other insanity?
3. Have any of your ancestors died violent deaths, as by the block, guillotine, private strangulation, &c.
4. Are you subject to Priests, or any similar affliction?
5. Give the name of your political adviser, and say how long he has known you.
6. Are you assured in the Holy Alliance, or any other old office?

Further details will be published in due course. In the meantime, *Mr. Punch*, Provisional Director and Manager, invites the consideration of Capitalists to his scheme. It appears to him to be a noble idea, entirely in conformity with the spirit of the age, and highly calculated to bring about the Millennium.

N.B. The valuable service of MR. JOHN BRIGHT will, if possible, be retained for the Actuary's Department.

A STINGING HEAD-DRESS.

WE read in one of the Magazines of Fashion as follows:—

"Pretty little caps are worn of a round form encircled with a *ruche*."

Now, from what we recollect of our French, a *ruche* is a hive, and we can hardly imagine that as being about the most becoming straw bonnet that a lady could wear. We know that many of the beautiful sex carry their love of the fashions to a degree of madness, but still to encircle one's face with a hive, would be decidedly so certain a method of getting "a bee in one's bonnet" that we cannot believe any woman in her senses would think of lending her countenance to it. It is true that bees delight to live in the neighbourhood of flowers, such as gallantry delights in poetically supposing bloom perennially on lovely woman's features; nevertheless, it is doubtful whether the most floricultural beauty would like to expose the roses and tulips of her countenance to the risk of being stung, even if she could be sure that from the honied result there would be distilled for her the very "sweetest of bonnets."

Attempt by a Negro.

THERE were two learned negroes in Kentucky, of whom one was named after the great founder of the Roman Empire, and the other bore the name of his assassin. BRUTUS, smoking a cigar, was accosted by JULIUS CÆSAR. "What—you smoke?" asked the latter nigger. "I do," said BRUTUS, offering his friend a whiff. "*Et chew*, BRUTE?" was the exclamation of CÆSAR.

The Sheddon Case.

ASK you what's the case of SHEDDON?
"Was a certain pair a wed one
Seventy years, or more, ago?"
Fourteen days the brave MISS SHEDDON
And the lawyers talked and read on:
Then SIR CRESSWELL answered, "No."

TO "MAKE ASSURANCE DOUBLY SURE."—Don't take advantage of the days of grace.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—CONCERNING THE CIVILIANS IN THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SEVENTH.

FASHIONABLE GENT IN THE MOST APPROVED "DUCK-BILLS" OF THE PERIOD. 1485.

SEVERELY accurate as our descriptions hitherto have been, they will henceforth be immeasurably surpassed in that particular. For our knowledge of Costume we have no longer to rely on broken-nosed old effigies, and half-illegible black-letter chronicles. The paint brushes of HOLBEIN, of RUBENS and VANDYKE will henceforth, says a writer, "speak volumes to the eye:" and as these volumes will be further enriched by the descriptive pencil of our artist, they will surpass all that has hitherto been added to the history of costume by our pen.

According to the chroniclers, the clothes worn at the close of the fifteenth century were so foolish and fantastical that, with persons of distinction, it was difficult to distinguish one sex from the other. This indeed might have been said with almost equal truth of other eras in our history, but in the time of HENRY THE SEVENTH it was specially made applicable, not merely by the fashions, but by the very names of the garments which were worn, and which were called, as well as cut, the same for male and female use. Thus in a curious old manuscript called *Ye Boke of Curtasye*, the chamberlain is ordered to provide against his master's uprising "a clene sherte and breche, a pettycote, a doublette, a long cotte, a stomachere, hys hozen, hys socks, and hys schoen." The order in which these articles were usually put on is indicated in another writing called "ye Boke of Kervynge," which, in language somewhat culinary, gives the following quaint recipe, whereof the title might be written *How to Dress a Dandy*.

"Warme your soverayne hys petticotte, his doublett, and his stomacher, and then putt on hys hozen, and then hys schone or slippers, then stryten up hys hozen mannerly, and tye them up, and then lace hys doublett hole by hole."

It may not be unfairly questioned whether *en revanche* for the betaking of their husbands to wear stomachers and petticoats, the ladies now and then were tempted to try putting on the breeches; in which practice there perhaps may not have been such peril, when there was no such refuge extant as SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL'S Court.

A curious cargo of descriptions of the dresses then in fashion is conveyed to us in BARCLAY'S famous *Ship of Fooles*, which was launched in print by PYNSON in the year 1508. Among other particulars concerning the nobility we hear of "gorgeous parties" (as they would now be called)—

> "Whose necks were charged with collars and with chaines,
> In golden withes, their fingers full of rings:
> Their necks naked almost unto the raines,
> Their sleeves blazing like unto a crane's wings."

Besides their almost feminine passion for fine jewellery, the gentlemen of this age were vastly proud of their fine linen, and to show their shirt sleeves used to slash their coats. Another way in which they effected this display was by severing their coat-sleeves into two or more divisions, which were tied together by means of "points," or laces, between which the shirt sleeve, being made quite loose and full, was suffered to peep out. The hosen too were sometimes slashed and puffed above the knee, or differently coloured there to the portion underneath: a fashion that foreboded the severance of the hosen into stockings and trunk hose, which division in the course of the next century took place.

Instead of the long shoes of the last preceding reigns, the feet were now encased in enormously broad beetlecrushers, the toes whereof says PARADIN, "did oftentimes exceed the ye measure of a good foote," so that men who had good feet could hardly have walked with comfort in them. Clumsy as they were, however, they must at least have been more comfortable than the long-toed shoes, which sometimes for convenience were chained up to the knees, so that dancers must have jangled like the men at minor theatres who do hornpipes in stage fetters. Indeed, for aught we know, the dandies may have danced to their own music, for we have said that peals of bells were sometimes worn upon the baldrick; and when their jingling was added to the jangling of the knee-chains, we can fancy what a promenade concert was produced. One of the old balladists draws notice to this fashion, in lines which have been parodied by some more modern poet, but which were originally printed in black-letter, thus:—

> "Ride a coach-horse to Charinge its Crosse,
> And see Lord Tom Noddie figged out in fulle force:
> With bells on hys baldricke and chaines to his tors,
> Yee shal have musick wherever he gors."

We should add that as a sort of stepping place between the long shoes, and the wide ones, a shoe had been in fashion about five fingers in length, and at the toe extending to nearly a hand's breadth. In some of the old manuscripts this shoe is termed a slipper, and in winter doubtless the name was not inapplicable. From their shape these shoes or slippers were denominated duck-bills; but as far as we can learn, there is no proof extant that volunteers made use of them in practising the goose-step.

NOBLE SWELL DRESSED FOR THE PROMENADE. TEMP. HENRY THE SEVENTH.

To jump from toe to top, it must be mentioned that the nobles wore their hair so long that it fell below their shoulders, thus reviving the fashion of the time of HENRY THE FIRST. Faces, we are told expressly, "were shaved clean," and it is just possible that they were sometimes washed so: of which fact, however, in the absence of good proof that the nobility in general were then well off for soap, we must entreat their spirits to suffer us a doubt.

Apparently the hood had almost disappeared, though in outlandish country places it doubtless was still visible; just as now-a-days one sees in the ball-room at Old Fogyborough, the blue coats and brass buttons which were once the go at Almacks. For head-cover the dandies wore broad felt hats and caps, and things which were called bonnets, made of velvet, cloth, and fur. These bonnets were scarcely more commendable for elegance than are their spoon-shaped namesakes of the present day. They chiefly were conspicuous for the absence of good taste, and the presence of a monstrous plume or bunch of feathers, which made a dandy's head look almost like a peacock's tail. That these plumed head-dresses were purchased quite as much for ornament as they were for use, may be inferred from the fact that they are very frequently shown slung behind the back, covering it completely from the shoulder to the knee. In these cases the wearer, or we should more rightly say the bearer, perched on his head a little cap about as large as a muffin, or else covered his crown with a few inches of gold net.

Peculiar also to this period was a peculiarly shaped cap, which card-players will hardly need us to describe, for a drawing of it is shown on each of the four knaves. Other queer-shaped hats and caps were likewise then in fashion, some of which our artist, with the help of his old manuscripts, has been able to depict. From these glimpses at the truth we think our readers will be quite as much prepared as we ourselves are to credit the old chronicler, who informs us that "ye small boys did make fun of ye grete folke, and when a dandy passed them, dyd crie out 'Who's youre hattere?'"

Positive and Comparative.

"I DECLARE," said CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN, losing for once his good temper, "that woman is more stubborn than a mule," alluding to a certain lady's maid, who is always bringing actions against everybody, and who is the terror and *bête noire*, in consequence, of both Bench and Bar; "Yes, I repeat that that poor misguided woman is more stubborn than a mule." Glad of the opportunity, BARON BRAMWELL immediately remarked, "Exactly so, Brother COCKBURN—the comparative of Mule is of course *Mulier*."

ORGANS AND ORGAN-PLAYERS.

THE art of (street) organ-playing, dear *Mr. Punch*, has attained to such a degree of popularity at the present day, especially in the suburbs of London, that, knowing as I do from a constant perusal of your pages the great interest you take in the subject, I venture to offer a few suggestions for your consideration; and my remarks will perhaps have greater weight if I mention, with all due modesty, that I am myself a performer of some experience on that noble instrument, as I have frequently in my younger days, by the offer of small coins, induced the gentleman who attended our house to allow me to turn the handle of his organ.

"I would suggest that, with regard to the performance of the most favourite airs,—as, for example, *Il Balen*, or the *Power of Love*,—it should not be considered necessary to play them oftener than about twenty-five times each in any one place, as a more frequent repetition occasionally produces a feeling of monotony; and if the organ should happen to be revoltingly out of tune, as might sometimes be the case, the performer should consider himself limited to a fifteenth repetition of those ever-fresh and beautiful melodies. In cases where the player accompanies the organ with his voice,—where a pedal passage is introduced,—where there is a monkey *obbligato*,—in short, where any gesticulation is required from either performer,—the duration of the entertainment should be limited to half an hour before each house, as a longer performance is an unreasonable tax on the physical powers of the executants. In case of sickness in any house which he might visit, I think it should certainly be left to the judgment and good taste of the performer to determine how long he should play; and no remonstrances ought, under any circumstances, to be offered by the inhabitants. I trust that these few suggestions will be received in the spirit in which they are offered by those whose arduous business it is to perambulate the streets for our gratification, and I hope that they will meet with due consideration from all admirers of the Italian school of organ-playing.

"I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*, very truly yours,

"A LOVER OF THE 'DIVINE ART.'"

KILT, NOT KILTED.

THE *Tralee Chronicle* has a remarkable conclusion to its record of a recent interment. We have simply altered the names of the place where it took place, and of the deceased:—

"The remains were deposited in the family tomb at Blunderbuss Castle, which, of the many warm hearts we have known in life, now slumbering in its time-honoured cemetery, holds not one which beats with a warmer or a kinder pulse than that of TIMOTHY THADY MULLIGAN."

How the *Tralee Chronicle* justifies the interment of a gentleman whose heart is still beating with a warm and kind pulse, or indeed what the above elegantly complicated sentence means at all at all, *Mr. Punch* knows not, and merely submits the scrap as a Curiosity of Irish Literature.

THE THREE TAILORS—TO WIT.

WE are three Tailors of Tooley Street, and trusty men are we,
And of the people of England we claim the mouthpiece to be—
Of the people of England in general, and of Southwark in partic'lar,
And we do hereby of our principles make this confession auric'lar.

As touching this here election, that's just about coming off here,
We don't want never no FAWCETTS, and no LAYARDS to come and scoff here
At our eminent local wharfingers, and westry respectabilities,
Which to us, the Three Tailors of Tooley Street, has showed the utmost civilities.

We thinks as how APSLEY PELLATT was the likeliest man for our money,
Wich the bloated aristocrats in the 'Ouse they may have considered him funny,
'Cos his righteous indignation at times to such lengths bore him,
He's been knowed to bonnet the hon'rable gent upon the bench before him.

But since we can't have PELLATT, why as next best we'll have SCOVELL,
Wich the rights and wrongs of the borough in course he's sure to know vell,
And if he han't dug up bulls with wings and uniform 'scriptions Ninnyvite,
He's a tradesman against whom nobody hasn't nothing to insinivite.

He ain't like to trouble the 'Ouse oratorically or vocally,
But what's the odds of that, if he does the right thing, locally?
We don't want a flighty Member, to talk about Milan or Moussul,
But a party as can say ditto to LORDS PALMERSTON and JOHN RUSSELL,

And the more he says ditto to them, why the better they're sure to like him,
And the less inclined to say no if any chance should strike him
In the way of a nice little job for Tooley Street or the Borough—
(Wich we 're all independent westrymen and likes to see things done thorough).

Then this here LAYARD 's as poor as a mouse, and SCOVELL he is rich,
And in course at an election time he 's safe to behave as sich,
And to open the public 'ouses and pay canvassers, agents, and runners—
(Wich *we* 're independent westrymen, and scorns to be any man's dunners).

Then this here LAYARD 's always a gettin' hisself in hot water,
And a goin' in at the big-wigs, and, in course, mostly catching a Tartar,
But SCOVELL will mind his own business—wich that 's Southwark, and nothin' but it,
And where there 's a shindy he 'll behave like a sensible man and cut it.

For our part we haven't no confidence in your learned men and writers:
There was old CHARLEY NAPIER was all very well,—though he was one of your fighters,—
But still he was pleasant and affable, and hadn't no pride about him,
But as for this here LAYARD,—we don't know, but somehow we doubt him.

He 's been a sort of a rolling stone; and we haven't a great opinion
Of a man that spends his time digging rubbish, not worth an 'inion,
Instead of sticking to business, like SCOVELL, and making a fortin',
And spending it on his Constituents—a thing this here LAYARD falls short in.

So altogether, as leaders of opinion in the Borough,
We recommend the Electors to give SCOVELL their confidence thorough,
And the motter we put on our banners, and the ticket on which we start is,
"Here 's SCOVELL the Local Candidate, and no *Extraneous* parties."

Their First Introduction.

THERE is a respectful distance between the DUKE OF YORK, as he stands on the top of his brazen column, and the Victory that is distributing plaster of Paris crowns from the top of the Guards' Memorial half a cab-stand behind him. As was his wont, the Duke is turning his back upon Victory. They might have pulled him round, just to have allowed him to see what Victory was like.

REACTION.

GENTLEMAN (*to great Swell*). "*Why, Sid, what the dooce makes you carry such a Thing as that?*"

GREAT SWELL. "*Aw, the fact is, you know, every Snob, you know, has a Little Umbrella now, you know; so I cawwy this to show I'm not a Snob, you know.*"

AUSTRIA IN RAGS.

HERE 's a pretty mess the thrones are in upon the Continent! Nearly all the Royal treasuries have stuck over their doors the words "Suspension of cash payments!" The POPE has scarcely a crazia, the SULTAN hardly a piastre, and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA scarce a kreutzer at his banker's. What's to be done, and who? that is the momentous question. Well. Here, let us see. The POPE sends round his old tiara to beg for a few pence; the Turk borrows a few millions at doubled interest from the French: and the Austrian, yes, this is how he hopes to raise the wind: readers of the *Daily News* had the account last week thus stated:—

"A decree dated Schönbrun, Nov. 17, and signed 'FRANCIS-JOSEPH,' authorises the issue of notes of the value of fourpence. These bits of paper are to have the character of a new Austrian money, and their falsification or forgery is to be punishable according to the laws of the currency of higher denominations."

Well, these little bits of paper will serve, at all events, to show how the wind blows, although they mayn't much help to raise it. Fancy, what would people say if the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street were reduced to such a state that the Government had to issue fourpenny bank notes for her! Imagine the disgust of a Brompton 'buss conductor on receiving a small scrap of rather dirty paper, and being told it was a legal equivalent for fourpence! (By the way, the slang for this sum is a "Joey." So the notes are not unaptly signed by FRANCIS-JOSEPH: only FRANK is short for FRANCIS, and a note which passes current for a Joey and a Franc, should be worth fourteenpence we think instead of fourpence.) Certainly, the Austrians must be on the brink of bankruptcy, or they would not be driven to such desperate expedients to keep their heads above water. Their credit must indeed be a tottering concern if they have nothing but such flimsy props as fourpenny bank-notes for it. In spite of all their careful cooking of the national accounts, it cannot be denied, that they are done to rags when we find the State is issuing fourpenny bank-notes.

WOOD DEMON.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I HEAR a great deal of Spirit-Rapping Mediums and 'Table-Turning'; in fact, I hear of little else; for up our way—that is, Islington—we have several societies more or less devoted to the mysteries of a *séance*. Now of the rapping I know nothing, nor of the Mediums either, except that my boy GEORGE, who learns Latin, tells me the word means 'a go between,' which information quite reconciles me to my want of acquaintance with such folks. But of tables you may—when I tell you I am an auctioneer and broker—believe I know something. Lor, bless me! what lots of tables I have had under my hands: tables of all sorts—and there 's a tolerable variety. There 's the universal round, the economic Pembroke, the family dining, the frequent loo, and others that are only occasional. How often have I seen a bevy of brokers standing round, say, a 'rosewood loo,' leaning more or less heavily on it as they considered its value or tested its workmanship, each doubtless thinking of turning it over to some customer; and yet all this so frequently have I seen without one eccentric attempt on the part of any table to turn or move!

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, to speak in a brokerly way, I am a 'man in possession' of my senses, and I want to know why a committee of brokers should not be called to give evidence as to their belief in the disposition of tables to turn, so that their convictions on the subject may throw some light on the seeming choice that spirits have to affect tables above all other articles. In the meantime the Spiritualists might refer to their Mediums for information on the same point; and really if they don't give some satisfactory reason, the sooner the tables are turned upon them and their nonsense the better, for with us brokers the matter is getting to be serious. One old lady, last week, refused a splendid mahogany square because it 'ran' easily on its castors, being, as she affirmed, afraid it had been in a 'turning family.' Now, *Mr. Punch*, you can easily see this is likely to affect our business materially, so I do hope you will do all you can for us, and

"I am, *Mr. Punch*, yours to command,

"A. PRASER."

PAYMASTERS OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

ONE day last week a respectable looking man named ROWLAND MUCKLESTONE was indicted at the Central Criminal Court for having "applied to his own use a cheque that had been intrusted to him for a specific purpose." He was found guilty—guilty of felony!

Many people will be astonished to find that the appropriation by one person of money given him with a commission to administer it to others is so serious a crime as that which felony amounts to.

Not but what everybody who is any better than a rogue feels embezzlement to be a peculiarly bad sort of theft, because it is not merely dishonest, but also dishonourable. But then it is sometimes practised by gentlemen who hold so decent a position!

There are certain persons notorious for being bad paymasters, of whom it is commonly said that the money which passes through their hands sticks to their fingers. In other words, they commit a temporary embezzlement. Yet many of them shuffle on without being even shunned and avoided. Some even fill very high situations.

The Delhi prize money remains unpaid. It is in the hands of parties who, like MR. MUCKLESTONE, though not convicted of felony, have been intrusted with that money for a specific purpose—the purpose of distributing it among the soldiers who won it three years ago. Who are the official rogues that are at present embezzling the Delhi prize money? Who are the swindlers in Government situations of whom it may be affirmed, to their infamy, that the money due to brave men, who won it with wounds and blood, by unexampled heroism, is sticking to their fingers?

Spirituel, and Spiritual.

WHO is the most extraordinary "Medium" in England? MR. GLADSTONE; because he has *raised spirits* all over the country.

A REGULAR "OLD DOG" *Trait.*—Fidelity.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13 Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, December 8, 1860.

QUITE IN LUCK'S WAY.

"An uncommonly likely place, that, for a Jack, underneath the Willows there; and what's more, I don't think any one has been here this morning to Disturb the Water."

A Rare Pack to give Tongue.

MR. MARSH informs us that out of the vocabulary of the English language, which now consists of nearly a hundred thousand words, the generality of intelligent people contrive to get along with not more than three or four thousand. If that is the usual consumption of an ordinarily intelligent person, we should like to know how many words does the verbal appetite of an average-minded M. P. prompt him to devour before his voracity is satisfied? We should think that a Member with pretensions to anything like wealth of garrulity, was well worth his thirty or forty thousand, at the very least. With MR. AYRTON and others, who are regular Rothschildren of words, it would be absurdly impossible to compute what they were worth.

OBSERVATION OF A UNIVERSITY TAILOR.—It is not always the gent who takes the highest honours that gets the most credit.

SUICIDE AND MANSLAUGHTER.

YESTERDAY, at an extraordinary meeting of the Society for the Amendment of the Law, a paper was read by *Mr. Punch, Q.C.*, on the subject of "Crowner's Quest Law." The learned gentleman began by directing the attention of the Society to the subjoined verdict of a Coroner's Jury touching the death of an unfortunate man who had died by his own act. The deceased, THOMAS BATES, aged sixty-one years, a cabinet-maker, disabled, out of work, and destitute, had applied at the Shoreditch Workhouse for admission as an in-door pauper. He had been turned away with an order of 1*s.* 6*d.* per week and a four-pound loaf. This was all he had to live upon. He hanged himself.

"The jury found—'That the deceased committed suicide by hanging: and the jurors do further say that the act was committed while he was in a state of unsound mind, through his feelings being operated upon by being refused admission into the workhouse of Shoreditch.'"

Mr. Punch then reminded the Society that only the week before, in the case of JOHN WATSON, sixty-three years old, starved to death in the streets, another Jury had agreed to a special verdict to the effect—

"That the deceased died from the effects of exhaustion and the want of the common necessaries of life, produced by exposure in the public streets, death having been accelerated by the great neglect of the parochial authorities of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, when the deceased was in a state of utter destitution and without a home."

With these cases before them, the Society would be prepared for a proposition that an enactment should be framed for the better regulation of the verdicts of Coroners' Juries. If the driver of a locomotive engine, or a railway guard, happened, by the smallest oversight or least want of precaution, to cause the loss of human life, a verdict of manslaughter was returned against him. A surgeon who had the misfortune to kill his patient by an error in judgment, incurred, in the event of an inquest, the same impeachment. This was, it should be, on the principle which some gentlemen avowed, that punishment should regard acts, and not motives. At least this was as it should be, so far as it went. But it did not go far enough—on that principle, everybody who had the misfortune to kill another ought to be hanged. Hang misfortune. There ought to be no such thing as homicide by misadventure. Hang unlucky individuals for the protection of the mass; hang consideration; hang justice and all that twaddle! However, a new law would be required for this purpose: a law which would declare the accidental killing of anybody wilful murder.

There was this difficulty in the way of such a law; that it would put and an end to the railways and abolish the medical profession. The anxiety of gentlemen to enforce responsibility would deprive them of engineers, guards, and doctors. As regards these persons it would be best that the law should remain as it was. Unfortunately it generally turned out that indictments for manslaughter in cases of homicide by misadventure could not be sustained, and the accused got off, after temporary anxiety and incarceration, with mere ruin. An express statute, therefore, might be passed declaring all acts whatsoever, of casual omission or commission, resulting in any one's death, manslaughter. The only objection to this step was derived from cases such as those of the Shoreditch paupers of whom one died, and the other was driven to self-destruction by the neglect of workhouse authorities. The projected law might subject officials to a charge of manslaughter for every wretched pauper whom they turned away from the workhouse to starve in the streets. This would never do. All law was primarily intended for the protection of the ratepayers; and relieving officers and poor-law guardians should enjoy a special exemption from liability under the new Act. He would add exemption from liability under the existing law; for if coroners' juries are empowered to return verdicts of manslaughter against careless railway servants and doctors, they also have the right, if they choose to exercise it, of sending negligent officials of workhouses, at whose doors lie the deaths of paupers, to take their trial, at least, for felony.

Mr. Punch concluded by suggesting another alteration in "Crowner's Quest Law." He would ask—Did a man, who, knowing what he was about, jumped out of a burning ship into the waves and perished, commit an act of *felo de se?* If not, what should his drowning himself be legally described as? "Justifiable Suicide?" Juries might perhaps be allowed to return that verdict in the case of a pauper who had hanged himself at once in preference to dying slowly of cold and famine. Verdict of respectable Coroner's Jury of the Future—Justifiable Suicide! If you hold all suicide unjustifiable, you should make starvation impossible.

Sir C. C.'s Last.

WHAT DENISON makes seems to turn out but ill:
There's a flaw in his bell, and a dent in his will.

Court of Probate. CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.

PITY THE POOR POPE!

ORTHY Gentleman, drop a tear of pity for a Sovereign Pontiff, who hardly has a shilling wherewith he may bless himself, which I haven't touched a fi'-pun' note, your honour, lawks! I can't say when; for it's them low blayguard fellers who say they're my *protectors* as takes care of all my property, and it's gospel-true they've eatin' of me out of house and Rome, and here am I reduced to try and earn my living in a foreign land, which it's hard on a old man to sleep upon a doorstep, while Emperors as should know better snaps their fingers in my face, and acts as though they had been born with a tiara on their heads, 'cause I'm the rightful owner, as you know, kind Gentleman, and they've robbed me of my crownd, and not left me so much as five shillings in my pocket; so drop a tear of pity, if you please, kind Gentleman, and drop a copper too, and receive my benediction, for you see my Peter is a getting dreadful slow in the col-lection of his Pence for me, and I'm growing a old man, and when I wants a crust of bread it's hard to have to work for it by lying on a flag-stone; so drop a tear," &c., &c.

Such, done into plain English, may be the words in choice Italian that, ere many months are past, may meet the ear of loungers in Lei-ces-ter-r-r-r-e Squarr, and attract their generous notice to a seedy but still rotund and sleek-faced elderly person, who has been sketching loaves and fishes in chalk upon the pavement. The circular letter lately issued for collecting Peter's Pence shows clearly that His Holiness is on his last financial legs. A man must be getting hard-up, when he has to beg for coppers; and if this circular letter fails to square the POPE'S accounts, Leicester Square, we fancy, is the only resource left him. Persons who can't raise the wind generally prescribe themselves a sudden change of air; and if with all their brass his Cardinals can't get tin for him, the Holy Father, speaking figuratively, will be forced ere long to hook it. Without money of course he cannot pay his mercenaries, and without their help he cannot long retain his throne. If the POPE can't fill his purse he must vacate the Holy See, and come—as *Punch* predicted in his Fourteenth Volume (see page 146)—sailing in his cockboat across the British Channel.

Other reasons than financial ones there are, too, for his going. Of those whom he still calls the "true sons of the Church," there are not a few who wish to see him farther; and would if need be lend a hand, or a foot even, to send him there. Besides, the world is growing wiser than it was, and Popes no longer are necessities of spiritual life to people. Here is the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH taking a leaf from English history, and threatening to take any Pope's Bull by the horns that enters his dominions. LOUIS, like our HENRY, seems thoroughly prepared to try on the tiara, and if the cap fits we have small doubt that he will wear it. "Every Emperor his own Pope" will be soon the pope-ular motto, and as for poor old PAPA PIUS we fear that his rebellious sons will play a little game with him of "no child of mine," and get up a collection of more kicks than Peter's Pence for him.

OUR WONDERFUL ALLIES.

AMONG the people whom PRINCE ALFRED lately had the honour of being introduced to in his Visit to the Cape, was a native who, according to the *Times* and other newspapers, rejoiced in the imposing title of "KING MOSHESH." Now there is something in a name, despite *Miss Juliet's* seeming doubt of it; and as that of "MOSHESH" may possess somewhat of interest to some few of our readers, we propose, as we have nearly half an hour to spare and nothing else we want to do in it, to furnish a few details concerning this KING MOSHESH, who has been exchanging salutations with our Prince.

By a Black Book, which is studied in high Hottentot society with scarcely less avidity than our Red Book is in ours, it is stated that KING MOSHESH sprang from Negro extraction, and that on either side his family is of very ancient date. One writer pretends to trace in a direct line the genealogy of this black sovereign up to our BLACK PRINCE; while another strives to strengthen this preposterous assertion by showing how KING MOSHESH levies black mail on his subjects,—a practice which was once pursued extensively in England, and which proves that certain of the ancestors of MOSHESH must have had acquaintance with the customs of that country, if indeed they were not of true British blood and birth. Other allegations, equally absurd, have been made to prove his Majesty of right royal descent; and several of the allegators appear inclined to shed some rather crocodiley tears at their failing to establish this important point. We regret we cannot say much to assist them in the matter; but seeing that his skin is somewhat of the sootiest, we think that there are certainly some grounds for the conjecture that KING MOSHESH is remotely connected with the potentate now known as *Old King Coal*.

A Portrait of KING MOSHESH has recently been published in a Blackamoor *Book of Beauties*, which, we believe, has an extensive Caffre circulation, and has portraits of the chief celebrities of Fashion at the Cape. If the King be half as black as he is painted in this picture, he need not fear that London smoke would injure his complexion; and as fresh *troupes* of Niggers are continually coming, it is not impossible he may be induced to visit us. According to his portrait, KING MOSHESH'S Court costume combines Simplicity with Elegance in a remarkable degree. It consists of a dress coat and pants of the last century, worn over a suit of bears'-grease. For crown, KING MOSHESH usually sports a porkpie hat.

News for the Fancy.

THE Directors of Exeter Hall are evidently alive to the requirements of the Ring. "A Serious Boxer" was allowed to exhibit in the revered edifice a few nights ago, and a smiling one, perhaps our friend MR. TOM SAYERS, or the Infant, may hope for his turn next. With the "Corinthians" on the platform, and the Umpire in the chair, the next battle for the Belt might be fought out delightfully in the Hall. Only we suggest the erasing "Philadelpheion," and resuming the title of Exeter Change.

ON AN EJECTING BISHOP.

ONE hopes he's a PLUNKETT, and yet there's a doubt.
It's the very first time that a PLUNKETT *turned out*.

CAMPBELL, C.

Electoral Analysis.

THE electors of Southwark have been divided into two classes—the Ninnies, and the Nineveh's; the latter are friends of MR. LAYARD, and those who have been opposing his return, are, of course, the Ninnies.

"A VICIOUS CIRCLE."—A Guardsman's Belt.

A NEW LINE OF ART.

OOK, *Mr. Punch*. I'm a plain man, and I come of a plain sort. My father was a tailor, and so, Sir, am I. He was not ashamed to own it, and no more am I: and nowadays, it isn't everyone who keeps a tailor's shop, I think, can say as much. This advertisement, at any rate, appears to me to prove so:—

BENJAMIN BOUNCE, No. 1, Swells Street, W. By Special Appointment to the QUEEN. And Brevetted by the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, Artist in Draping the Real Figure. Court, Diplomatic, Military and Naval Uniforms. Practical experience, combined with a scientific knowledge of external anatomy and the definite proportions and forms of the human figure, gives him confidence in soliciting patronage.

"Merely altering the name (for I don't want you to puff a rival in the trade, or, as MR. BOUNCE would doubtless call it, the 'Profession') I copy this verbatim from a late number of *The Journal of the Society of Arts*—rather a fine vehicle for a tailor's advertisement, but as an 'artist,' MR. BOUNCE, of course, has claims upon its columns. Being a plain man and not having the 'confidence' or brass of MR. BOUNCE, I own I should have feared to publish such a notice, lest somebody should question me about my education, and examine me to see how far I really had a title to the titles I assumed. For instance, might not one inquire in what studio MR. BOUNCE formed his acquaintanceship with art, and acquired his proficiency 'in draping the real figure?' And when one finds him bragging of his 'scientific knowledge of external anatomy,' might not one inquire, without being thought rude, under what physician his studies were pursued, and in what dissecting-room the 'practical experience' he boasts of was obtained? I confess that for myself, I should not much have liked to run the risk of such inquiries, which through the medium of *Punch* or any other ugly customer, are certain to be put. For fine words fail in general to hide a false pretence, and no more serve to butter customers, than they do to butter parsnips. Besides, Sir, after all, an 'artist in draping,' is but another phrase for 'draper,' and in spite of all the chaff about a man in our trade being but the ninth part of a man, a 'tailor' is every bit as good and high-born-sounding a title as a 'draper.'

"At least, so thinks your obedient, humble servant,

"SNIP."

"P.S. With all his genius for fine language, I wonder what new phrase MR. BOUNCE could find for 'cabbage?' Does he bid his shopmen—I beg pardon, his *employés*—only mention it as 'greens?'"

White Slaves.

AT the Repeal meeting "The" O'DONOGHUE complained "that the Irish in Parliament were obliged to adopt the habits and manners of the English." It is sad tyranny. The Hibernians are expected to wear whole coats, and to speak the truth, and we blush to say that most of them have truckled to English dictation—upon the first point.

A BOTTLEHOLDER'S ADVICE TO HIS JOHNNY.

BEING AN INTERCEPTED LETTER THAT SHOULD HAVE REACHED THE P——N S———Y THE DAY BEFORE HE RECEIVED THE DEPUTATION ON SPANISH INTOLERANCE.

"MY DEAR JOHN,

"I SEE that you have promised to receive a deputation of serious blokes who feel aggravated because a couple of Spaniards, one a soldier and the other a hatter, are being persecuted in their own country for taking to Protestantism. Now, as your Premier, I am particularly desirous that you should, if possible, avoid making another mull just now; and therefore 'this letter comes hopping' (as the woman said), that you will be pleased to mind what you are about. My having recently declared you to be rather, on the whole, superior to SOLOMON in wisdom, and to HAMPDEN in patriotism, entitles me to speak a friendly word to you, to say nothing of the increased responsibility which I took upon myself by that generous declaration.

"I am the more nervous about it, because there is a theological elephant—element I mean—in the business. You always get into a mess when you have to deal with such matters. Between friends, one may talk of oneself, and there are few people who have my happy knack of dealing with theology. You can't forget how I knocked over the orthodox doctrine, and instructed my hearers that all babies were born good. Well, if you had said this, the Archbishops would have torn their wigs, and there would have been a row in Exeter Hall that you might have heard at Woburn. But I smashed the Article as neatly as you would—or rather would not—smash the pipe of Aunt Sally, and with as much applause. I wish I had to see these Anti-Spanish-Popery bloaters to-morrow.

"Now, please JOHNNY, don't promise anything. For I declare to you that I *will not* have a row about a hatter and a soldier. As for the hatter—O, JOHNNY, I *ought* to have seen the deputation. What a capital bit I should have got out of him! 'Without wishing to display levity on a serious subject, the noble Lord went on to say, it was really enough to make one as mad as a hatter to hear of such tyranny (*laughter*), and whatever the poor fellow's hats might be, his convictions must indeed be felt (*great laughter*).' Hey, JOHNNY, ho, JOHNNY, you can't afford epigrams like those, and therefore you do wisely in not attempting them. But confound the hatter, why doesn't he attend to his business, instead of muddling over theology? We can't get up sympathy for a hatter at any price, my boy, so do you take the matter uncommonly easy.

"I need not tell you that you may go the entire animal about liberty of conscience, *auto da fé* (mind you pronounce it right) TORQUEMADA, PHILIP THE SECOND, and all that kind of thing. That is in your way, and if you like a retrospective shy at SANGUINARY POLLY, I do not know that anybody will object, except MR. FROWDE. But be sure that you do not give any undertaking to remonstrate with the Spanish Government, for if you do, I shall be obliged to repudiate the obligation. I know that you would like to write a despatch like NOLL CROMWELL's about the Waldenses, but you musn't. Times are changed, and if the Spanish people like to roast a heretic soldier and hatter, I cannot think that the true spirit of civilisation permits the English to object. I said something of the same kind the other day, when they wanted me to send out ships and prevent the KING OF DAHOMEY from cutting off a couple of thousand of his subjects' heads, by way of spending a pleasant birth-day. We won't interfere. You know that I have always been celebrated for never interfering in anybody else's business.

"I confess I am in a fidget about you and this deputation, because it affords just one of the pegs on which you delight to hang a blunder, and really you must not. Of course I acquit you of any such nonsense as caring a farthing whether all the hatters in Spain were hung to-morrow, with your friend DR. CUMMING's last book tied to their necks; but you have a Dissenting twang about you, and you always want to make yourself acceptable to the *Non-Cons*. All very right, in its way, but Dissenting admiration may be bought too dear, and decidedly any pledge to try and deliver these Protestant coves would be an extravagant price for a cheer at the next Missionary Meeting. Suppose you did commit us to anything of the kind, and I let you write the sort of despatch you would like, protesting against the persecution of Spanish Protestants. Don't you see that it would be giving the other side the most splendid opportunity of telling you to mind your own business? It is just what Spain would like to do just now, being still sore about having had to pay us our money, and being also in a state of sympathy with your friend the POPE, whom we have treated so kindly. You would have back the most insolent answer that could be devised, and it would come like a potatoe with a stone in him, as my Irish friends say, because it would have a backbone of common sense. Please, JOHNNY, don't expose us to such a missile.

"Now get to work on your Reform Bill, and bother all Spanish hatters, converted and unconverted. Get your details right this time, and don't give EDWIN JAMES another step towards the Solicitor-Generalship. Try and make a coherent bill, and if you can't do it yourself, humble yourself before BETHELL a little, and get him to do it for you. He'll make waterproof work of it, and if you can make him take an interest in the affair, he'll stand by you like a brick. Think of that, which is really your business, and case off these serious bloaters as soon as you can. Bless you, my dear JOHN.

"Ever your devoted "P."

"The Treasury."

A VIEW OF OUR VOLUNTEERS AS THEY WILL NEVER BE SEEN BY THE ENEMY!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

THE Star-spangled banner that blows broad and brave,
O'er the home of the free, o'er the hut of the slave—
Whose stars in the face of no foe e'er waxed pale,
And whose stripes are for those that the stars dare assail—

Whose folds every year, broad and broader have grown,
Till they shadow both arctic and tropical zone,
From the Sierra Nevada to Florida's shore,
And, like *Oliver Twist*, are still asking for more—

That banner whose infantine bunting can boast
To have witnessed the Union's great charter engrossed;
Which at Boston saw Freedom's stout struggle begun,
And from WASHINGTON welcomed its victory won—

For our fathers in rebel defiance it spread,
But to us it waves brotherly greeting instead;
And Concord and Peace, not Bellona and Mars,
Now support England's Jack and the States' Stripes and Stars.

Can it be there are parricide hands that would tear
This star-spangled banner, so broad and so fair?
And if there be hands would such sacrilege try,
Is the bunting too weak the attempt to defy?

Alas! while its woof Freedom wove in her loom,
She paused in her work, and the Fiend took her room,
And, seizing the shuttle that Freedom had left,
Threw Slavery's warp across Liberty's weft.

How the Fiend laughed and leaped, as the swift shuttle flew,
With its blood-rotted threads, the fair weft running through,
"Now cut out your web—it is broad, it is long—
Twixt Fiend's work and Freedom's, let's hope it is strong!"

And now that the blood-rotted warp is worn bare,
The flag it is fraying, the flag it may tear;
For the Fiend cheers on those who to rend it essay,
And the work he's had hand in is apt to give way.

Now Heaven guide the issue! May Freedom's white hands
Ere too late, from the flag pluck these blood-rotted strands,
And to battle and breeze fling the banner in proof
That 'tis all her own fabric, in warp as in woof.

If this may not be, if the moment be nigh,
When this banner unrent shall no more flout the sky,
To make fitting division of beams and of bars,
Let the South have the Stripes and the North have the Stars.

A BENEDICTION FOR OLD BUCKS.

THE command of the Austrian army in Italy has been given to GENERAL BENEDEK. What of that? Let us hope that BENEDEK will lead his rascals where they will be well peppered—you say. Yes but the announcement of BENEDEK's promotion is accompanied by a contemporary with the following agreeable remark:—

"BENEDEK is still in the flower of his age, having just completed his fifty-sixth year."

This statement is so calculated to give pleasure to our senior readers that we gladly afford it the benefit of our enormous circulation. Happy shall we be if we shall thereby succeed in rousing any despondent middle-aged gentleman, who thinks that he is getting old, and is delivering himself over to the blue devils, out of his arm-chair, and shall induce him to grasp his walking-stick, and start forth in good spirits for a wholesome "constitutional." Many young fellows, who fancy themselves old fogies, on learning that BENEDEK, past fifty-six, is in the flower of his age, will begin to discern that they themselves are still in the bud. Not a few, perhaps, though aware of their inability to reach the condition of BENEDEK the General, will be encouraged to recall hopes which they had long abandoned, and to entertain the expectation of attaining to the dignity of BENEDICK the married man.

A FRIENDLY VISIT.

ENGLAND. "HOW FRIENDLY! WHY DON'T YOUR HUSBAND CALL IN THIS QUIET WAY?"

A BIT OF REAL BURLESQUE.

As Christmas is approaching, the writers of burlesques are busy looking out for subjects; and it perhaps may be refreshing to their facetious faculties if they cast their comic eye on this suggestive paragraph, which a correspondent sends us from a weekly Plymouth print:—

"STRINGENT LAWS AT PENZANCE!!—The authorities, acting, it would appear under regulations adopted for the proper government of the Market, caused MR. PETER JOHN RICHARDS, an old and well known butcher of the town, to be summoned on Monday last, for appearing in the Market and carrying on his business without having on a clean apron and sleeves. It appeared from the evidence, that this respectable tradesman wore a blue frock or blouse, and that such had been his custom for 47 years. He refused to change to the new fashion, contending that there was no law to compel him to do so. After a remonstrance from the Mayor the butcher said, 'If convicted, I shall carry it to a higher court. A nuisance, indeed! You may see if I am a nuisance' (raising his blouse); 'my trousers, shirt, and drawers are all clean; the Bench may strip me if they please and see whether I am a nuisance,' *(loud laughter)*. MR. PEARCE, the officer of the Court. 'You must not insult the Court.' The Mayor. 'The blouse you have produced is not an apron and sleeves.' Defendant. 'Better still, it is an apron and sleeves all in one, and it is perfectly clean.' In reply to the Mayor, the Beadle said, all the butchers in the Market appeared with sleeves and aprons. The Mayor. 'MR. RICHARDS, we must carry out the law, and you are fined 1*l.* and the expenses.' Defendant. 'My case does not come within the meaning of the Act, and I won't pay a penny.' The Mayor. 'I am sorry even to mention the alternative, but there is seizure of goods and imprisonment provided by the act for those who won't pay.' Defendant. 'Not a penny will I pay. You may incarcerate me, you may make me drink the waters of affliction and the bread of punishment, you may take me to the Green Market, tie me to a stake, pile up the faggots, and burn me to a cinder before I will pay' *(loud laughter)*. The Mayor. 'Oh! our remedy inflicts no martyrdom; the unpaid fine only requires a distress warrant.' Defendant. 'You may take away my bed, if you like; you'll have to answer to a higher court. MR. TOM BOLITHO told me you missed your point in taking out your warrant.' The Mayor. 'It is time for you to learn better.' Defendant. 'Well, Sir, I shan't be much longer in the market.'"

It would need but slight invention to make a really first-rate funny scene of this. Were it adapted for a pantomime, of course the part of Butcher would be played by Clown, while Pantaloon would figure with his brethren on the Bench. An attitude of digital defiance to the law, presented by Clown's stretching out his fingers from his nose, would doubtless draw a roar of hearty laughter from the Gallery; and if, to close the scene, he bonneted the Beadle, and then touched up the Mayor with the point of a hot poker, the pantomime would certainly achieve a great success.

The scene might also quite as fitly be used in a burlesque, or, if need be, might be spun out into a whole piece of the extravaganza sort. The First Act might be occupied with the usual fairy business, with *tableaux* of little incidents in the hero's early life. We should see him in the cradle, at school, and making love, and then, through means of the Bad Fairy, getting his ears boxed and being sent about his business. To him, moody and disgusted, and meditating suicide by swallowing "South African," should come in the Good Fairy to set him up in trade, giving him the Magic Blouse, warranted by her to last clean without washing for "forty-seven years." At the moment of investiture, the Bad Fairy should appear in the form of an Old Magpie, and should intimate by pantomime of pecking at the Butcher's boots that, though she could not stop the gift, but little good should come of it, and that if the Blouse were worn the wearer would be brought to grief. Here the music might be borrowed from the celebrated trio in the *Mountain Sylph* ("This magic-wove Blouse," &c., &c.), after which the Magpie should be hooted and hop off, and to a Chorus of Congratulation the corps of *ballet*-Butchers might bring the act-drop down upon a Dance of Delight.

In the Second Act we ought to see the Butcher in his blouse, prosperous and happy, and on the point of being married to the Princess who had jilted him, and had boxed his ears. On the day before the wedding she might come to him to buy some beefsteaks for the breakfast, and this would nicely give occasion for some sentimental business, with the usual admixture of MOZART and Nigger Melody, terminating, of course, in the usual comic dance. Then the *Magpie* should hop in and aggravate the Butcher by indulging in a furtive wink at the Princess. Vowing vengeance for such impudence, the Butcher then should chevy the Magpie with his cleaver, and at last succeed in chopping off its tail. With a meaning croak of mischief away would fly the bird, and the happy lovers would resume their comic dance, too soon, alas! to be cut short by a Policeman, who, with a rattle in his hand and the Magpie at his back, should arrest the blissful Butcher for having been a "nuisance," because he had been seen at market in his blouse. Into the details of the scene in Court we need not enter, for the report which we have quoted suggests them clearly enough. Nor need we take the trouble to describe the language that might fittingly be used, for anything more funny than the words which we have cited it would puzzle the most clever of burlesque-wrights to invent. The scene of course might be a parody of those so often witnessed in our trans-Thamesian melodramas, where threats are hurled, and fingers snapped, at all legal authorities, where justice is defied and judges are denounced in the huskiest of voices and the haughtiest of struts. As a specimen, for instance, a portion of the Butcher's speech on hearing condemnation, might run thus:—"Ha! Minion!! You may rack me with the tor-r-r-ments of the torture-chamber, you may load these legs with fetters and these limbs with ir-r-r-on gyves,—you may haply make me drink the bitter waters of hafliction, and hemaciate my car-r-r-r-case with the coarsest prison fare, but know you that beneath the blouse of the poor butcher there beats an 'eart as 'aughty as that of any spangled noble in the land!"

We have said enough, we think, to show how well *The Blue Bloused Butcher, or Peter of Penzance* would do to be placarded as a Christmas piece. Whether we have also said enough to show how justice is occasionally burlesqued in country courts, and with what trifles the "authorities" of our old beadle-ridden boroughs often trouble their wise heads and allow their precious time to be engaged, our readers at their pleasure and their leisure may decide.

STALE BEER!

GOOD people all, of you I call
To lend me a patient ear,
Whilst a song I sing of a horrible thing;
A brewer supplying stale beer!
Now I honour and revere
The purveyor whose ale is sincere;
But do despise the brewer who tries
To do a poor man with stale beer.

He had bought the drink, fit to throw in the sink,
From a certain trade-compeer;
But not paying his friend, was sued, in the end,
For the price of the bad stale beer.
Now I honour, &c.

This case of hum into Court did come,
In the *Times* it doth appear,
Where the story you'll find of the man of low mind
Who is noted for selling stale beer.
Now I honour, &c.

A dead take-in is swipes too thin:
When 'tis likewise flat and queer
The brewer who puts such stuff in his butts
Should be drowned in a butt of stale beer.
Now I honour, &c.

This trash in beer's shape had a narrow escape
Of costing our soldiers dear;
To Gibraltar it went, then back was sent;
For the troops wouldn't stand stale beer.
Now I honour, &c.

Hog-wash by right, at half-price not quite,
The plaintiff sold it here:
For Christians' supply what a shame to buy
That nasty and cheap stale beer!
Now I honour, &c.

In future Jews I'll ne'er abuse!
A fellow, Thames Walton near,
Deserving stripes, buys villanous swipes
To mix with the haymakers' beer!
Now I honour, &c.

To trifle with thirst of all crimes is worst,
Most cruel and severe.
How the people will shout, as that chap goes about,
Crying, "Who sold the mowers stale beer?"
Now I honour, &c.

COPPERS FOR THE TRIPLE CROWN.

THE subjoined telegram is calculated to reassure the faithful:—

"£65,000 of Peter's Pence have arrived from America."

The POPE complains of persecution; but he seems to be making a very good thing of it. His paternal heart may be sadly grieved by the attacks which are made on the see of Peter, but must derive no small consolation from the Peter's Pence which flow into his paternal pocket. The pocket of the Holy Father may be said to be lacerated no less than the heart; at least there is a hole in it at which all the money runs out to pay troops and purchase ammunition. This might soon be mended if he would renounce bayonets, abjure guns and gunpowder, and send his army to the right about. His Holiness would then be both pocket-whole and heart-whole, and would no longer give the incorrigible scoffer occasion to call him more holy than righteous. No reasonable man would grudge the POPE any number of Peter's Pence that his flock may be willing to drop into the tiara of their pastor; but if the money is spent in soldiering, that application of Peter's Pence will be even more objectionable than robbing Peter to pay Paul.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XL.—SHOULD BE READ BY ALL TRAGEDIANS BEFORE THEY DRESS FOR RICHARD III.*

RICHARD THE THIRD. FROM A SKETCH TAKEN AT THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FOR AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER OF THE PERIOD.

THUS far into the history of costume having marched on without impediment, we come now to describe the arms and armour of a period which must interest every reader who is conversant with SHAKSPEARE, and they who are not, are, of course, unworthy of our thought. As the Wars of the Roses ended with the battle of Bosworth Field, and on the crook-back tyrant's death grim-visaged war awhile removed his wrinkled front, and left fair England to be smiled upon by smooth-faced peace, the reign of RICHARD THE THIRD, may be viewed as being the climax of a period of slaughter, in which the arts of shooting, swording, stabbing, spearing, sticking, slitting, spitting, smiting, smashing, slashing, and in other ways destroying, attained the greatest height of excellence to which such evils could be brought. We who have the happiness of living in a later age, have the advantage of appliances a million-fold more deadly; and the spears, and swords, and matchlocks of the fifteenth century, sink into insignificance beside our Armstrong guns, and Miniés, and other

"Mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread terrors counterfeit."

In RICHARD'S time, however, gunpowder was little known, and, perhaps, less trusted; and plate armour, which was cast aside when better guns were cast, was wrought, and sought, and bought at figures as extravagant as the wearers of it cut. What sort of Guys they looked when "cased from head to foot in panoply of steel," the pencil of our artist will tell better than our pen, and we need only direct the notice of the nation to such points in his drawings as chiefly mark the period which they represent.

One of the first things to observe is, the covering of the body from the waist down over the hips with flexible and horizontal plates of steel, which it appears were called either taces or tassets. To the lowest of these, in front, were affixed two pendent plates that hung to shield the thighs, and "were called tuiles, from their semblance to the tiles of a house," a statement which, if true, serves to show that tiles were quite as differently shaped then as were hats, to the housetiles and silk "chimney-pots" which are now in use.

Other points to notice are the great size of the shoulder-plates, called otherwise the pauldrons, and the still vaster proportions of the pointed elbow-pieces. These were generally fan-shaped, and so large that at a front view they looked like little shields. Their long projecting points were sometimes hooked like lion's claws, and were mostly made so sharp, that it could have been no joke to get a poke in the ribs with them by a funny man who wanted to emphasise a jest.

Apparently, the Knights in these old days were rather proud of the distortion which in fashionable language is known as a "good figure," for their effigies are sadly small about the waist. This elegance, however, they in some cases concealed by wearing a loose tabard, or emblazoned surcoat, upon which their armorial bearings were displayed. But we sometimes find the tabard made to fit tight to the body, so as not to hide its fashionable slimness, whereof an instance is still visible at East Herling Church in Norfolk, in a window representing the good knight SIR ROBERT WINGFIELD kneeling at his devotions, with spurs at least a foot in length projecting from his heels. This fashion of covering the armour with a surcoat was a revival of the custom in the reign of EDWARD THE FOURTH. We may suppose that knights kept generally a change of tabards in their wardrobe, just as their descendants keep a change of coats; but how much more costly were the former than the latter may be inferred from the letter we have previously quoted, written by KING RICHARD while at York to his Clothes-Keeper, wherein he orders "three coats of arms, beaten with fine gold, for our own person." RICHARD, we may repeat, it is historically certain, was a swell of the first water; and tragedians who present him as "lamely and unfashionable," and "scarce half made up," will show they have read SHAKSPEARE more than they have read ROUS. This old writer was a chantry priest at Guy's Cliff, near to Warwick, where he resided from the time of EDWARD THE FOURTH to that of HENRY THE SEVENTH. He commands our admiration as being one of the earliest of English writers on Costume, *Mr. Punch* being acknowledged as the latest and the best. For the benefit of readers who look to us for funniment more than they do for fact, we may add that ROUS at one time earned the name of "Bravo ROUS," from his habit of purloining good bits from other writers without ever condescending to notice their true authorship. Among the tales he thus appropriated were several of KING RICHARD, whom the old chroniclers concur in describing as a restless and uncomfortable person, always drawing his ring off and on, or continually sheathing and unsheathing his dagger, while he was engaged in thought or conversation, as if his mind was so unquiet that it would not let his fingers rest. The same uneasiness, says ROUS, he showed when trying a new coat on, or walking in new boots: indeed in later life his clothes were invariably altered a dozen times or more ere he would own they fitted him. One of the stories tells us that, after winning a new hat in a wager with the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, who had bet him that he would not woo and wed the LADY ANNE, KING RICHARD sent the hat back sixteen times to be made bigger, and every day just after breakfast used to ride down to the maker's and roar out in blank verse, which he always spoke when angry:—

"What! is my beaver easier than it was?"

During this period the dagger was as usual attached to the right hip, while the sword was belted so as to make it hang almost in front, the top of the hilt being about level with the waist. By inclining the point a little towards the left, the wearer saved himself from getting the blade between his legs; but it must have knocked his knee at every step he took. The admirers of SHAKSPEARE doubtless would contend, if the point were only mooted, that it was in obvious allusion to this fact that in the play of *Richard the Third* he makes RICHMOND use the phrase:—

"Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath."

The salade still continued the helmet most in use, and was generally surmounted with the wearer's crest and *chapeau*, or else surrounded with his colours woven in a wreath, and having at the side a feather made to match. RICHARD, on his great seal, is represented with a *chapeau* over the salade, surrounded by the crown and surmounted with the lion, which was his kingly crest. The *chapeau*, we should add, was a chaplet, not a hat, so readers must not fancy the King looked like an

FROM THE RARE OLD BALLAD HERE MENTIONED. WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

old clo'man, because he wore three head-covers, *chapeau*, helm, and crown, which latter, you remember, was knocked off at Bosworth and discovered in a bush.

To close our description, we may mention that the feet were still encased in long steel sollerets, or shoes of flexible plate; and that to shield the neck was worn a steel gorget, called a "hausse-col," which

* As in point of date this Chapter ought to have preceded Chapter 39, we may explain that it was written mainly to oblige a valued correspondent, who thought that for the benefit of future playgoing generations, the military properties of the reign of RICHARD THE THIRD ought to be correctly pictured in our Book.

sounds as though it bore some connection to a horse-collar, and provokes a misquotation of the sadly hackneyed phrase :—

"At least we'll die with harness on our necks!"

Unlike the horsecollar, however, the hausse-col could have hardly been big enough to grin through; at least we judge so from the effigies and other figures bearing it, that look as though they were garotted and were very nearly choked. Some such an appearance is presented in a portrait of the *Lord Lovel* of SHAKSPEARE, who, in the tragedy of *Richard III.* has but two lines of speech allotted him (see Act iii., Sc. 7) which hardly afford the actor much insight to the part. The curious, however, may learn more about his character from an old ballad which has lately fallen into our hands, and which, so far as we can learn, has not been previously in print. Of this the first two verses run, or halt, as follows:

"Lorde Lovel hee stode at hys Castel doore,
A combyng hys Whyte Surrie,*
When up to him stalked hys mothere-in-lawe,
Whom he didn't morhe care to see-see-see.
Whom he didn't morhe care to see.

"Now where are you going, Lorde Lovel," she said.
"I'm a goingg to towne," quoth hee:
"And you needn't sitte up, but hie thee to bedde,
For I've taken my Chubbe hys latch keye-keye-keye.
I've taken my Chubbe hys latch keye!"

* This allusion to the fact that *White Surrey* was a charger belonging to Lord Lovel surely justifies our thinking that, besides his other virtues, KING RICHARD was a horse-stealer. We merely throw out this suggestion to tragedians who wish to take a new view of his character, and strike out something original when they undertake the part.

A GHOST STORY FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

How sceptical soever we may be on the subject of ghosts, yet when a story of an apparition is authenticated by evidence taken before a Magistrate, we must not allow our preconceived ideas about things of that sort to prevent us from allowing such testimony its due weight, no matter to what conclusion it may point. Now, really, there seems no just reason for doubting the truth of the subjoined statement, openly made the other day at the Thames Police Court, in the presence of MR. YARDLEY, by Captain JOSEPH HOSSACK, master of the ship *Cyclops*, trading between London and Hong Kong. It should be premised that an entry had been made in the ship's log book of the disappearance of PETER PETERSON, the dead steward below alluded to, who was lost in a gale of wind, and believed to have fallen overboard and perished in the waves. Eighteen days after this the second mate, who was in the cabin, stumbled over an obstruction, which felt in the dark like a man's feet; and upon obtaining a light he discovered under the table a human form resembling that of the departed steward. It may be as well to mention that PETERSON was a black man, a circumstance which may be supposed likely to render his identification under the conditions stated, difficult if not impossible; but subsequent events leave no room for question as to this particular. These are Captain HOSSACK'S words:—

"The mate called out to the man at the helm, saying, 'BILL, here's the dead steward!' BILL came to look, and was so terrified that he rushed back, and though one of the strongest men in the ship, he went into a fit, and was ill for four days afterwards."

So far, to be sure, the facts of the case might be admitted, and ascribed, as usual, to imagination. But let us proceed:—

"He thought he had seen the steward's ghost. A Newfoundland dog, which came down at the same time with BILL, was struck with terror, ran back howling, and jumped overboard and was drowned."

How is this manifestation of terror on the part of the Newfoundland dog to be accounted for? Indisposition might be a cause sufficient to produce the appearance which presented itself to the mate; a figure which he naturally took for that of the defunct steward. Mental contagion, operating through a nervous system, which, although that of one of the strongest men of the crew, may probably enough have been under the influence of grog, and affecting a mind perhaps as weak and superstitious as the frame which it actuated was powerful and robust, would afford a possible, if not a satisfactory explanation of the transference of the mate's hallucination to BILL, and the consequent terror, fit, and illness of that seaman. Had the mate and BILL, or to give him what most likely was his proper name, WILLIAM, been the only witnesses of the apparition under the table, the mere evidence of their senses would be inconclusive. But what frightened the Newfoundland dog? Was the poor animal nervous, or superstitious, or drunk, that, "struck with terror," it "ran back howling and jumped overboard and was drowned?" What has incredulity the most determined to say to that?

Proceeding in the examination of the Police Report, we find that—

"It turned out that the steward had been all the time in the bread-locker, where he had lived concealed, but he had gone out at night and procured food for himself."

So, then, the Newfoundland dog jumped overboard to no purpose, except that of proving himself to have been a very dull dog to mistake a skulker for a ghost. This foolish act of his must tend to cast great discredit on the evidence of other Newfoundland dogs; indeed, on the whole accumulated testimony of the canine species to the objective reality of spectres. In connection with ghost-stories, this Newfoundland dog seems to have thrown all dogs overboard together with himself. All that can be said for the sagacity of *Nero*—if that was the name of the unhappy dog—is, that the faithful creature perhaps lost himself in astonishment at the steward's deceit. The most incredible part of the story remains to be told. MR. PETER PETERSON, after having played the crafty trick above described, and been, at the unanimous demand of the ship's crew, put in irons for the same, had the audacity to summon Captain HOSSACK to the Thames Police Court for the amount of his wages at £5 a month—£24! He had thrice before been guilty of playing a similar trick in other vessels. He had made a pigstye of the bread-locker, wherein he had secreted himself. It is needless to say that the Magistrate dismissed the summons of this nigger. Dogs are supposed to have an intuitive perception of character; and it is possible that when the Newfoundland dog caught sight of MR. PETERSON under the table, he was immediately frightened out of his wits at seeing such a monster of impudence, and threw himself overboard in a paroxysm of canine madness.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

THE mildness of the season, evidenced by an extraordinary variety of still blooming flowers, is also attested by a corresponding profusion of brilliant novelties in dress. The paletot is now decidedly in favour. It is made to button over a ruche, and is trimmed with a negligé. The revers of the pardessus are made with small sleeves of which the favourite material is bouillonné, and a biais of guipure at the back gives it an elegant appearance.

Dresses are made with taffetas waists, open in front to disclose the basquine which is composed of tulle illusion. The Brandenbourg, looped and trimmed with pompadours, is considered very stylish. The skirts are, in some cases, edged with fichus, which is still more distingué.

We have seen some coquettish bonnets of guipure and moire antique, of which the curtains are green velvet, and which are beautifully adorned with wheat-straw, periwinkles, and oystershells.

PILL-MAKING AND BILL-MAKING.

ARE the Homœopathic Doctors homœopathic in their fees? Do they, after dosing you with microscopic medicines, send in microscopic charges for the cure? Are their bills as infinitesimal as the globules they serve out to serve in lieu of pills? Because, if so, we really should be tempted, the next time that we feel a little out of sorts, to pay a visit to a Homœopath instead of to an Allopath, on the ground of the less fee that we shall have to pay for it. It is bad enough to bear the torments of an illness, without having the infliction of a big bill at the end of it. And really some doctors run up such wondrously long bills that had they been born lawyers they could scarcely have made longer ones. For instance, in the case of DENISON *v.* DENT, the Surgeon's little account for not three months' attendance was in evidence alleged to be £962; and this, be it remembered, was merely for attendance, and was exclusive of the charge of £76 14*s.* 3*d.* that had been brought for pills, wherewith the wretched patient during that brief period had nightly been besieged. Surely such a bombardment of boluses as this is enough to frighten anyone of ordinary nerves; and when one thinks of being charged well nigh a thousand pounds for some ten weeks' attendance, one instinctively determines to do all within one's power to keep oneself in health. There is no denying a good Doctor in one's need is a friend indeed; but we cannot help exclaiming, "Save us from such friends!" when we find such cause for fear that, dearly as we prize them, their prices may still prove them to be dearer than we think.

Isn't it melancholy and ridiculous to see poor Hodge, our Artist, Walking about the Station with that Railway Notice in his hand, instead of his Portfolio of Sketches! He suffers dreadfully from Absence of Mind, and has no idea of getting Married at all, yet this Placard proclaims to the world on one side that he is "Engaged," and on the other that he is "Unclaimed Baggage"!!

REPEAL AND LIBERTY.

THE Greeks of old Greece, says the poet, LORD BYRON,
Were governed by Tyrants when happy and free;
The fetters they wore were of silk, not of iron,
For their countrymen then were their Tyrants, says he.
As it was with the Greeks that we read of in story,
So it is with the Romans, those blackguards, just now.
Which our gallant Brigade, winning honour and glory,
Have vainly been fighting to make them allow.

So 'twould be with yourselves, if, the thraldom rejecting,
And the yoke of a base constitutional throne,
And the men of your choice for your rulers selecting,
You served under masters and lords of your own.
The burdens that they would impose your proud backs on,
By your leave and consent, you would willingly share:
But the liberty wrung from the heretic Saxon,
Being not what you want, is too heavy to bear.

Your priests might prohibit free speech of opinion,
But then if they did you 'd know what they were at:
And if you were free from VICTORIA'S dominion,
Losing all other freedom, you wouldn't mind that.
When we see foreign nations around us rebelling,
Be aisy we can't; but with patriot zeal,
Let us go about howling, and shrieking, and yelling,
Native Tyrants for ever! Hurrah for Repeal!

Any Alteration would be Welcome.

We are told that "Habit is second nature." We wish, then, that some ill-natured persons we know would get into some such habit, for we must say a "second nature" would be a great boon to them as well as a great blessing to their friends. In fact, any nature would be preferable to the one they possess.

THE ANATOMY OF SLAVERY.

AMONG the American news in the *Times*, the other day, appeared the following paragraph:—

"A Meeting of the Southern medical students in New York was held on the evening of the 9th at the Breckenridge head-quarters on the Broadway, opposite Astor House, to take action as to whether they should go home or remain, since MR. LINCOLN had been elected. The Hon. MR. CLINTON, of Mississippi, DR. SIMES of this city, CAPTAIN MORGAN of Tennessee, COLONEL DICK of Maryland, and GENERAL BYNAM of Tennessee, addressed the meeting. The spirit of the assemblage was decidedly in favour of disunion, and of Southerns leaving the city immediately. Speeches favouring these views were applauded, whilst those advocating milder measures were hissed down."

What is there in the prospect of moderate anti-slavery legislation that can be so peculiarly distasteful to Southern medical students? Of all men in the world medical students ought to know, because anatomy teaches them, that there is no essential difference between white men and black men. Physiology instructs them to infer that niggers are men and women from the knowledge that there are such people as Mulattos and Quadroons. Therefore it is impossible to entertain a certain supposition, which alone seems adequate to account for the hostility of medical students to even the most distant idea of acknowledging the humanity of the coloured race. Otherwise that feeling on their part might be referred to a consideration, which, if not anatomical, is connected with anatomy. If negroes have no souls, they differ only from the ape tribe in affording the anatomist better subjects than monkeys. Surely the Southern medical students are not afraid that the result of MR. LINCOLN'S election may be a law to prevent them from having niggers knocked on the head, or strangled, or smothered, to obtain bodies for dissection?

Members for Rome and Repeal.

THE O'DONOGHUE and MR. MAGUIRE wish to dismember the Empire, do they, by Repeal of the Union? Certain gentlemen would do much better to dismember the House of Commons by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds. It would be a good riddance of bad rubbish.

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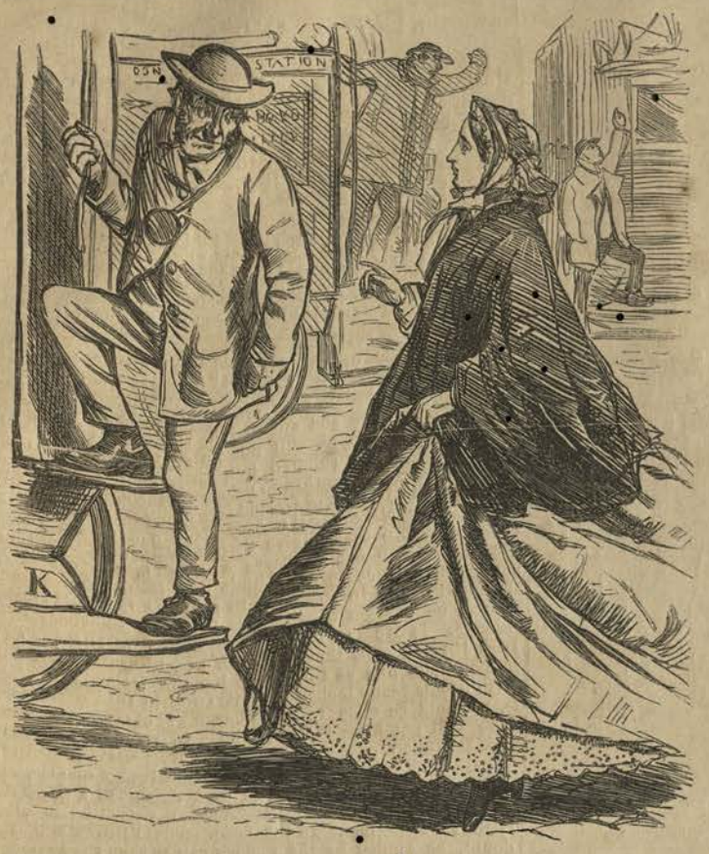


CONDUCTOR (loq.). "*Going to get in, Mum?*"

LADY (hesitating). "*Why! There isn't room.*"

CONDUCTOR (derisively). "*It'll be a long time, Mum, afore you gets a hempty bus. Go on, Bill.*"

A MORAL BACCHANALIAN SONG.

SCENE—*A College Room.*

OH! haste to the wine-cup, my boys,
And drown all your sorrows in noise,
There's nothing like drinking
To cure one of thinking—
Mortals should laugh at care! Hurrah!

(*Echo in opposite room.*)

Alas! what a sorrowful noise,
To me is the mirth of those boys,
There's nothing like thinking,
To cure one of drinking,
Mortals who laugh! Beware!

Fill again, for there's bliss in the cup,
As you'll find when you've drunk it up,
Oh! talk not of reason,
He's quite out of season,
But we'll give him a parting shout. Hurrah!

(*Echo in opposite room.*)

Ah! you'll find, when you've drunk it up,
There's bitterness in the cup,
Till late in life's season
You'll call upon reason,
Regretting you drove him out.

Bright visions are closing our revels,
We'll dream not of duns, or blue devils,
Or if they attack us,
We'll call upon Bacchus,
For he's the best friend of Man.

(*Echo in opposite room.*)

Long visits from duns and blue devils
Will close the bright scene of your revels,
Till you say to old Bacchus,
'Tis you that thus rack us—
Most treacherous Foe of Man.

A Pasha in Pawn.

SINCE the Viceroy of Egypt, SAID PACHA, was hooked into the acknowledgment of liabilities to the tune of three millions, on account of M. DE LESSEP'S Suez Canal Bubble, he ought to change his name from "Said" to "Done."

OUR WONDERFUL CABINETS.

EVERY one has heard—for has not *Punch* announced the fact?—of a Wonderful Cabinet that is being here exhibited, and which is really quite a marvel of constructive ingenuity. The maker is a foreigner, one M. NADOLSKI, and as foreign art is always patronised in England, his exhibition doubtless will achieve a great success. While, however, we award him all the praise he merits, which really is not small, for the credit of our country we ought not to forget that several Wonderful Cabinets have been constructed of late years, by makers who are purely British born and bred, and lay no claim to foreign parentage or genius. Some of these Cabinets, such as those, for instance, which were constructed not long since by LORDS ABERDEEN and DERBY, have been wonderful not merely for the oddities that they contained, but for the rapidity wherewith they came to pieces. Others have been wondrous for a quality just opposite, for they have held together somehow in spite of flaws and splits, and all attempts to disunite them; of this sort is the Cabinet constructed by LORD PALMERSTON, who perhaps is the most skilful master of the cabinet-making art. Among his other strokes of cleverness, his Lordship shows great skill in hitting the right nail upon the head when it is needful, and this assists him much in keeping his Cabinet together. Not long ago it was reported that there had been a split, and that the Foreign Office hinge was not working very well, and was getting rather rusty; but LORD PALMERSTON in quick time set all this to rights, and now his Cabinet seems stronger and more durable than ever.

Perhaps, however, the most wonderful of all the wonders of our Cabinets is their exceeding elasticity and power of prehension. Any one who has had experience in packing politicians knows how difficult it is to make them go together, and fit their angular opinions with those of their next neighbours. Our Cabinets, however, are so caoutchoucic in construction that the most wonderful of combinations are sometimes found to be contained in them. Tories, Whigs, and Peelites, Conservatives and Radicals, are somehow crammed together in our Wonderful Cabinets, and everybody marvels how they could have been got into them. Being so got in, another wonder is that they should keep together: but their adhesion is accounted for when one thinks what glue it is that binds them with such marvellous tenacity to office. Even politicians will stick like wax together, when they find that by so doing something is left sticking to the lining of their pockets, which is quite enough to make them disinclined to split.

CREDO, QUIA IMPOSSIBILE EST.

MR. PUNCH observes the following advertisement in the *Times*:—

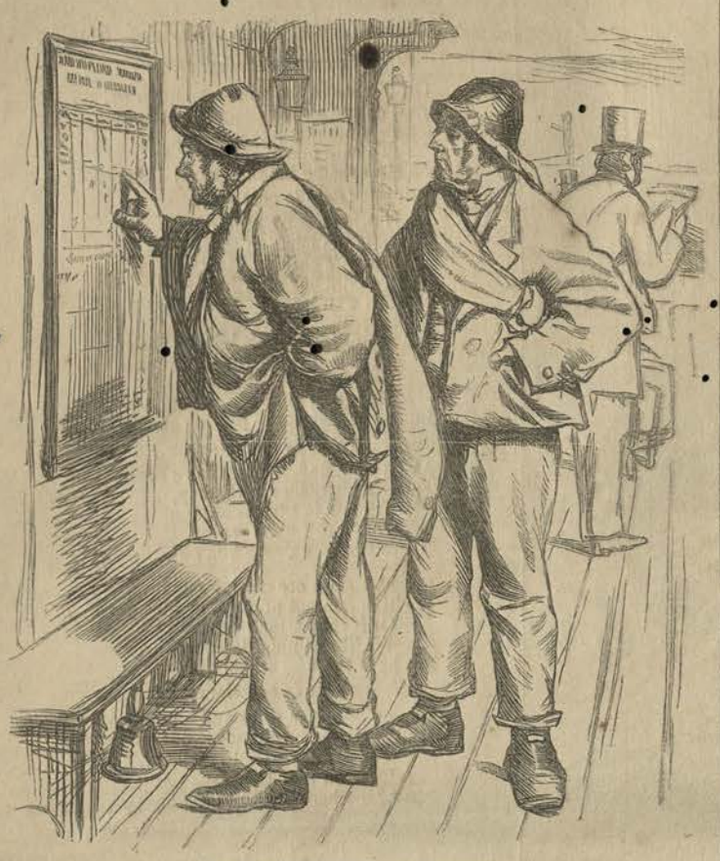
SHOULD this CATCH the ATTENTION of a CAPITALIST whose faith in three per cents. subserves the better creed, a Catholic gentleman, a convert, would be glad to confer with him. Address Credo, &c.

"There is much matter in these convertites," says *Jaques*, and we should like him to have "conferred" with this amusing party. The "better creed" is most likely a misprint for the "better's creed," and the advertiser is, in all probability, a starved-out racing prophet, who always sent the right horses for every race, only somehow they never came in first. He wants to try a new field of spooneyism. "Credo, &c." must mean, "I believe you, my boy." We wish the converted buffer all the luck he deserves.

How many Different Varieties of Riots are there?

WE read in the police reports of a "serious riot" that took place last Monday at Knightsbridge Barracks. It is the word "serious" that tickles us. We confess we never heard of a "comical riot," unless indeed it is an Irish Pat-riot, such as that great burlesque actor, The O'DONOGHUE, has been giving us an amusing specimen of in Dublin. We hope he will soon repeat the performance of his comical Pat-riotism.

FAVOURITE FRENCH MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—The Loot.



WEDNESBURY STATION.

FIRST COLLIER. "*Trains leave for Birmingham*, 10·23 A.M., 6·23 P.M."
SECOND COLLIER. "*What's* P.M. ?"
FIRST DO. "*A Penny a Mile, to be sure.*"
SECOND DO. "*Then, what's* A.M. ?"
FIRST DO. "*Why, that must be a A'penny a Mile.*"

KING O. AND KING MAC.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN refused to subscribe to the MCMAHON sword. He considers that the presentation thereof as "intended to be an intimation that MCMAHON would be welcome" in Ireland "at the head of a French army." He does not relish the idea of KING MCMAHON. For, he demands in a letter which has just been published by the *Irish American*—

"What is MCMAHON? It is true he belongs to an ancient Irish family—is in fact a scion of the race to which I myself belong—but he has neither done nor suffered in the cause of Ireland. He is simply the agent of a military despot, and he dares not even accept the sword which you offer him without the permission of that despot. Yet the Irish people are encouraged to look upon MCMAHON as the future King of Ireland."

Are Irishmen really the warm-hearted people they have so long had the credit of being? Is gratitude a sentiment which glows in the hearts of Irish patriots with any high degree of ardour? Here is MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, who has both done and suffered in the cause of Ireland. He has done what he will not be such a fool as to do again; and he has suffered less than he deserved, and more than he will venture to deserve a second time. Yet here are all the traitors of Ireland forgetting SMITH O'BRIEN and running after MCMAHON. Not one of all those rascals has proposed to give SMITH O'BRIEN a sword, or even a knife to cut cabbages with. On the contrary, adding impudence to ingratitude and insult to neglect, they invite him to subscribe to a sword for MCMAHON, —for a mere scion of that race to which somebody else belongs. Is MCMAHON the representative of the ancient Irish Royal Family that the Irish people are encouraged to look upon him as the future King of Ireland? If the Irish people really looked at MCMAHON in that character, they would be open to the charge of base ingratitude. They will not have that pretender to reign over them. The sovereign of their choice will be SMITH O'BRIEN, in case they should ever have the opportunity of electing him, which would be afforded by a default of succession to the Crown of the United Kingdom occurring in MR. O'BRIEN'S lifetime. In the meantime, O'BRIEN will, no doubt, be guided by the remark rather than the example of *Macbeth*, considering that if chance will have him King, why chance will crown him without his stir, and therefore he won't stir, but bide his time like a caterpillar under the shade of his greens.

A BRITISH FARMER'S PHILOSOPHY.—The philosophy of Bacon.

THE APPETITE OF LONDON.

HERE is an appalling fact for Vegetarians to ponder over. We take it from the *Times* reporter on the Cattle-show:—

"The enormous appetite of London is fed every year by about 270,000 oxen, besides 30,000 calves, 1,500,000 sheep, and 30,000 swine. Of the dozen different breeds and sorts of beasts, fully one-third are shorthorns, one-sixth are of cross-breeds; next in number come the foreign supplies; then the Herefords, then Irish breeds, then Irish crosses, then the Devons; while polled Scots, Highlanders, Welsh runts and longhorns make up the remainder."

When to this account are added all the venison, hares, and rabbits, grouse, partridges, and pheasants, ducks, chickens, geese, and turkeys, which annually go down the "red lane" of the metropolis, it must be certainly acknowledged that however much the votaries of Vegetarianism may have increased, there still survives a portion of the London population at present unpersuaded to live upon green meat, It says something, we think, for the health of the metropolis, that such a prodigious quantity of good, substantial food, is every year consumed in it. A good appetite is generally a sign of good condition. and a city that can put away three hundred thousand oxen and a million-and-a-half of sheep, must have a pretty healthy digestive apparatus. We have sometimes heard it said, that it is easier for some men to find appetites than dinners. If so, they could not well do better than come and live in London; for, to judge by the above quoted account of its consumption, at no place in the kingdom can good food be more plentiful. But, be this so or not, a person must indeed be born of a "cross-breed" who would not at Christmas-time be put in a good humour by the picture of good living this paragraph presents.

THE BEST PLACE FOR MR. SCOVELL, AS A M.P., TO GO IN FOR NOW.—"Lethe's Wharf."

A TRIP TO KISSINGEN.

IN the *Newburyport Herald*, which is an American paper, and where *Newburyport* is, the reader of course knows too well for us to tell him; and, supposing that he does not, we recommend him to apply to the nearest Government clerk of his acquaintance, or else to send a letter on the subject to LORD MALMESBURY, who will be sure to send him an answer, "with his compliments,' by return of post; well, as we began by stating, it was in the *Newburyport Herald* (please exchange) that we read the following fact, which has an agreeable smack of romance about it:—

"One time when HENRY CLAY came to New York, he kissed a mile and a half of women."

We thought that the proverb assured us that "every miss was as good as a mile," but in New York (happy city, where travelling is carried on by busses!) it would seem that the Misses ran to the extent of a mile-and-a-half—and every Miss, too, was as good as a mile. The New World seems to go further in everything than the Old World—even in kissing. By the bye, with all due respect, the proper locality for the above little incident should have been the Mississippi.

Apropos of the New Turks.

THE project on the market's thrown,
And now the question I'd inquire is,
Will MIRÈS float the Turkish Loan,
Or will the Turkish Loan swamp MIRÈS?

THE MERMAID'S SERENADE.—"*Comè à Gentil.*" ALFRED MELLON'S First and Last.

THE FIRST BRIEF.

A BALLAD OF THE TEMPLE.

SIR BRIEFLESSE he sate on his leather-back'd chair,
With statutes and books at his side;
And pen, ink, and paper before him all lay,
And a dusty old dummy or two for display,
Round which the red tape was tied—was tied,
Round which the red tape was tied.

But nathless unopen'd the law books were,
Unopen'd the Statutes at Large;
And his pen it was dry, and his paper all white,
For he 'd nothing to read for, and nothing to write,
And what 's worse, he 'd nothing to charge—to charge,
And what 's worse, he 'd nothing to charge!

CLERKE TAPE he sate in his little back-room,
And mused on his country's wrongs,
As he read by the light of the *Morning Star*,
How bloated the proud aristocracy are,
To whom all the power belongs—belongs,
To whom all the power belongs.

But a terrible smile there play'd o'er his lips,
As he read of his country's oppression;
For the thought of one Champion, y-clept JOHN BRIGHT,
Who could set ev'ry body and ev'ry thing right,
If the Lords were put down and the duty were quite
Ta'en off from our paper next Session—next Session,
Ta'en off from our paper next Session.

Each morn SIR BRIEFLESSE he rang at his bell,
And he rang each eventide;
"Has any one called, CLERKE TAPE?" he would say.
"No, Sir, no one has called, I think, to-day,
Except a few duns which I sent away;"
Was all that CLERKE TAPE replied—replied,
Was all that CLERKE TAPE replied.

"This never will do!" SIR BRIEFLESSE he said,
"This never will do!" quoth he;
"'Tis strange that attorneys can't find their way here;"
Quoth TAPE, "Sir, it certainly is very queer,
That such talent unnoticed should be—should be,
That such talent unnoticed should be."

One day there came a rap at the door;
And a strange little rap was there;
It wasn't the postman, who comes Rap! Rap!
Nor a dun who calls with a different tap,
Concerning that leetle affair—affair,
Concerning that leetle affair.

CLERKE TAPE rose up, and he open'd the door;
SIR BRIEFLESSE he chanced to be out;
For a summons within him, unknown by few,
Used to solemnly warn him each day at two,
To go for his oysters and stout—and stout,
To go for his oysters and stout.

CLERKE TAPE had a paper thrust into his hand;
'Twas a scroll right fair to see;
Outside, a few words endorsed had been,—
"Exchequer—*re* JENKINS—Instructions within,
SIR BRIEFLESSE—*five guas*," which I 'm told means the tin,
That professional men call the fee—the fee,
That professional men call the fee.

SIR BRIEFLESSE returned to his legal retreat,
And seated himself on his chair;
When in walk'd CLERKE TAPE with his usual grace,
The scroll in his hand and a smile on his face,
And thus spoke with a *nonchalant* air—air, air,
And thus spoke with a *nonchalant* air.

"A Clerk, Sir, has called with these papers to-day,
To which your attention 's desired.
I told him I thought you *might* find a spare minute
To examine the case and the points that are in it,
If dispatch were not greatly required—required,
If dispatch were not greatly required."

Uprose SIR BRIEFLESSE and eyed CLERKE TAPE,
And his colour it went and came.
"And is it a Brief, at last?" he cried,
"Or is it a phantom my fate to deride,
Which appears when all is departed beside
In hope's still flickering flame—hope's flame,
In hope's still flickering flame."

Then he clutch'd at the brief, and he look'd at the fee,
And he cried, "By Jove! It 's a topper!"
And *something* he said, as he gave it a swing;
It should have been "Dash it!" which means the same thing,
And which isn't thought quite so improper—improper,
And which isn't thought quite so improper.

Then he toss'd the brief up high in the air,
And he bang'd his books on the floor,
And seizing the poker with all his might,
He poked till the heat of the fire was white,
And TAPE soon thought he was crack'd outright,
And began to retreat to the door—the door,
And began to retreat to the door.

"For this," cried BRIEFLESSE, "each morn and eve
Have I prayed on bended knees;
And now it has come! and I see my way,
I shall be Chief Justice, I know, some day."
Quoth TAPE, "Sir, I only hope you may
Preside at the Common Pleas—the Pleas,
Preside at the Common Pleas."

But many a day glided slowly away,
As he paced the road of fame.
Perhaps on a hoarded store of fees,
CLERKE TAPE and SIR BRIEFLESSE are living at ease,
For upon the bench of the Common Pleas
I haven't yet seen his name—his name,
I haven't yet seen his name.

A FLASH OF TELEGRAPH-LIGHTNING.

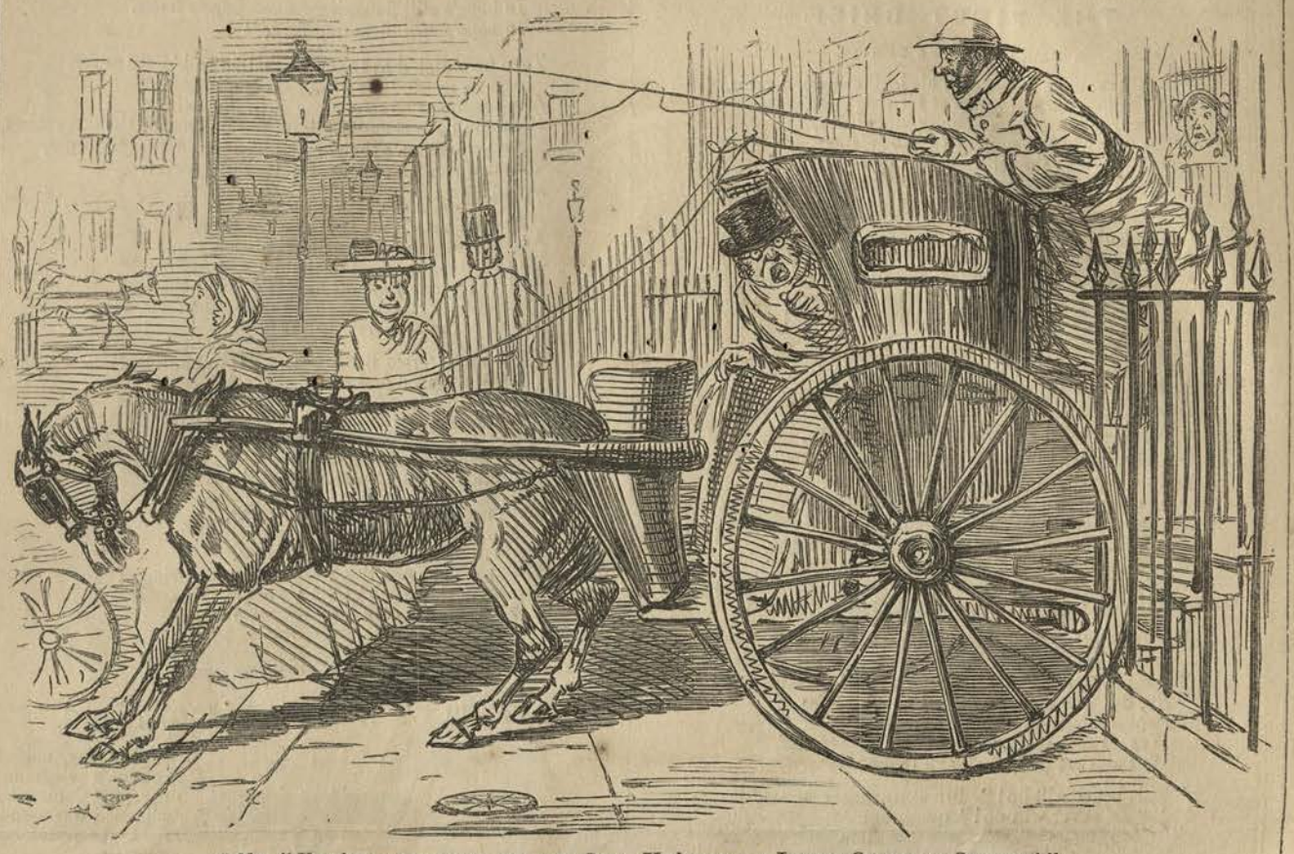
THE other day, one of REUTER'S telegrams, conveying Chinese intelligence, was couched in the terms ensuing:—

"The Emperor's Palace was looted on the 6th of October."

Everybody knows that "loot," plunder, and the verb "to loot," to pillage, are terms derived from the dialect of Sepoy mutineers and robbers. It must be pleasing to the Swell Mob to see these expressions getting adopted in military despatches and official returns. The rogues and rascals of our native land may now cherish the hope that their own peculiar phraseology will soon be honoured with employment in public documents by commanding officers, and other gentlemen in high and honourable situations, and will pass into the language of Government and diplomacy.

"I have much pleasure in informing your Excellency that we have whopped the enemy into fits. Our men fought like bricks. We have lagged no end of prisoners, and collared several guns. Besides the tin which was secreted in the cellars, all of which we nabbed, we have prigged a precious sight of gimcracks, and boned some valuable toggery. Our coves also grabbed a variety of grub, which they shared with their pals; but the brads and all the rest of the swag were carted into the citadel, into which we quietly walked when our antagonists hooked it. All serene; and I have the honour to be."

This is the style in which we shall soon have our generals reporting the exploits of the British Army; for if they descend to the use of Sepoy slang, why should they not pay other thieves the compliment of expressing themselves in thieves' Latin?



Cabby. "YOU 'VE NO CALL TO GIT OUT, SIR! HE 'S ONLY A LITTLE OKARD AT STARTIN!"

HARSH TREATMENT OF A HEBREW.

WHAT funny things one finds in the papers. Did *Mr. Punch's* readers see this police report in the *Daily Telegraph?*—

"MANSION HOUSE.

"A cunning-looking middle-aged Jew, named ABRAHAM MOSES, was yesterday brought before the LORD MAYOR, charged with an attempt to defraud HENRY HARRIS.

"The complainant, a very young man, but who appeared in the sequel to have been much more than a match for the Jew, stated that on Sunday evening he was in Bishopsgate Street, when MR. MOSES accosted him, and wanted to sell him what he described to be a real Australian gold ring and a silver chain for a sovereign. The complainant, being in the service of a pawnbroker, he at once discovered the articles to be almost worthless, and he gave the prisoner into custody. He now stated, in addition to his former evidence, that since the prisoner had been remanded he had tested the articles in question, and had ascertained that the ring was made of copper, slightly washed with gold, and the chain was also of copper washed with nitric acid and quicksilver."

But why does such a thing appear among the police reports? It ought to have come in among the "*Facetiæ*," or should have been headed "A Hint for the Pantomimes." So thought the amusing MR. MOSES; for when—

"The LORD MAYOR asked the prisoner, whether he wished to make any answer to the charge?—

"He replied that all he had got to say was, that he was a dealer in the articles, and that what he had tried to do was done every day in Petticoat Lane and Houndsditch, where the Jews every day sold brass articles for gold.

"The LORD MAYOR told the prisoner he should commit him for trial.

"The prisoner wanted to know what he was to be committed for?

"The LORD MAYOR said for falsely pretending that the ring was made of Australian gold.

"The prisoner said that all he told the young man was, that the ring came from Australia, and this was the truth; it did come from Australia—a very long way from it—it came from Houndsditch. (*A laugh.*)"

Laugh—of course. A mere bit of Mosaic-Arab fun; and *Mr. Punch* protests against the dulness of a Magistrate who could take such a thing *au sérieux*. Why, according to the *Times* report, this unfortunate *farceur* added, that "if all the Jews who did such things were to be taken up, the gaols would be full of them." This may or may not be, MR. MOSES may be more competent to say than *Mr. Punch*, but never will the latter willingly see a bit of fun treated harshly, and he begs to remonstrate with the LORD MAYOR, who seems to have no perception of humour, and who actually sent MR. MOSES for trial. Christmas time, too! Oh, LORD CUBITT! LORD CUBITT!

SOUTHWARK, PUNCH LOOKS TO-WARDS YOU!

THAT *Mr. Punch* can eject or inject anybody for anywhere is a truth too universally acknowledged to need iteration. It is the consciousness of his gigantic strength that prevents his interfering, save rarely, in the quarrels of the lower creation. But he regarded it as a matter of importance that Southwark should be lifted out of the mud of local interests, and should be assisted to elect a Member of European and Asiatic name and fame. Therefore, unlike Hercules in the case of the Carter, he descended from Olympus, and gave the Nineveh Car an immeasurable shove, which sent it rolling over the necks of all the prostrate jobbers, bribers, publicans, Bumbles, and boobies of the borough, and drove it, with AUSTEN LAYARD in it, right up to the door of the New Palace of Westminster. *Mr. Punch* has triumphantly returned MR. LAYARD, just as *Mr. Punch* indignantly hurled MR. COX of Finsbury into the abyss of obscurity. MR. LAYARD will therefore take *Mr. Punch* as his guide, philosopher, and friend, and (which is tautology) pursue the brilliant career before the Honourable Member. In the next place, *Mr. Punch* hereby shakes hands with every one of MR. LAYARD's voters, kisses (paternally) the feminine portion of that voter's family, and pats his washed children on the head. He promised to patronise Southwark in the event of its doing its duty; and although all election promises are not invariably kept, *Mr. Punch* never broke his word. As soon as the weather is at all decent, he will make a triumphal entrance into the borough. Meantime, he drinks the health of Southwark and its new Member.

The Battle of the T's.

THERE has been a great struggle between single *t* and double ditto on the new penny-pieces. Is it to be *Victoria Brit. Regina*, or *Victoria Britt. Regina?* The Doctors have at last decided that *Brit.* is short for *Britanniæ*, meaning England alone; while *Britt.* is the classical abbreviation for *Britanniarum*, which includes England and Ireland also. So MR. GLADSTONE is right to a *t*, after all.

AN INEVITABLE CERTAINTY OF CATCHING A COLD.—Being asked to sing.

WHAT WE OUGHT TO DO IN CHINA.

GRUB FOR THE MIND.

WHAT do you think? At a meeting of the Linnæan Society the other evening, MR. LOVELL described "a parasite grub found inside of humble bees, but not in the intestinal canal, which he had minutely examined." It is strange that humble bees should be infested with parasites. Such creatures are more commonly associated with proud drones. The grub that is found inside the bees but not in the intestinal canal, is evidently a case of grub that has gone the wrong way. No doubt the learned naturalists of the Linnæan Society greatly enjoyed the grub which MR. LOVELL placed before them. That grub must have afforded them a high treat and a rich intellectual repast, and they ought to be much obliged for it to MR. LOVELL, who had evidently taken some trouble to *cater for them.*

A DITTY BY A DOCTOR.

Written in the Prospect of a nice Unhealthy Winter.

HURRAH! 'tis drear December,
It snows and blows like fun,
Abroad is influenza
As sure as any gun;—
The fogs are growing yellow,
There 's jaundice in the air,
And ague, cramp, and asthma,
To earth will soon repair.
Chorus.—All among the bottles
Who would not be gay?
While physic for some throttles
Is wanted more each day!

The spring is not a bad time
When hooping-cough it brings,
The summer is a glad time
With fever on its wings;
If autumn be but sickly
Our profits are not small,
But in winter far more thickly
Complaints around us fall.
Chorus.—So, all among the bottles, &c.

"The Soldier Tired."

WE fancy that every soldier, who was either at Delhi or Lucknow, must be pretty well "tired" by this time of waiting for the prize money that is due to him.

COSTERMONGERS AND CHERUBS.

THE Costermongers of the City of London met a few days since to get up a petition to the Aldermen for the discontinuance of the Police persecution to which they have lately been subjected. These are times of progress, and obstructives ought to be forced to move on; but when you tell the Costermonger to get on with his barrow, you invite him to bring his business to a stand-still. Popular preachers and performers cause obstructions in the streets, consisting of lines of carriages, which are more in the public way than vegetable carts and apple-stalls. It does not lie in the mouths of the Corporation, blocking up the thoroughfares annually with their Lord Mayor's Show, to bid the Policeman say "Move on," to the Costermonger. Live and let live; live on buck's haunch and green fat, and let live on 'taturs.

A street nuisance, for which the Costermonger's barrow would be an acceptable exchange anywhere, is the perambulator. That and Crinoline are the Scylla and Charybdis of the streets. You avoid the hoops of the fashionable, or unfashionable female to get your foot crushed under the wheels of a machine with a heavy baby in it, propelled by a blundering nursemaid. And what remedy have you under these painful circumstances? None, except you are a savage old fogy and can read with delight the letter lately written by an eminent physician in the *Morning Post*, wherein he disinterestedly protests against the practice of taking children down from a hot nursery and wheeling them about the streets in the most inclement weather, the result being their seizure with "dyspnœa, hooping-cough, mumps, bronchitis, aphthæ, or whatever name you may please to affix, which, in the great majority of cases, soon terminate in death." All these effects of the employment of perambulators, except just the fatal termination of the diseases thence resulting, must be advantageous to doctors; and therefore it is very liberal of a physician to publish them. The Policemen who order Costermongers to move on with their stock in trade would be much better employed, and would confer a real blessing on unthinking mothers, as well as on the pedestrian public, in obliging nursemaids with their pestilent perambulators to move off. If parents make idols of their children, they ought not to expect that other people will worship them by submitting to have their toes smashed beneath the cars in which stupid servant-girls drag about these little Juggernauts.

Anglo-Mania.

THE latest *Nouveauté de Paris* is a strong reaction in favour of the English. In proof of this, a rich London November Fog went over there a week or two ago, and the whole town, with the exception of a single house, illuminated in its honour during the whole time of its stay! As a further testimony of respect, we may also mention, that business was almost entirely suspended so long as the fog remained in the lively capital.

DRAW THE CORK, SCOTLAND!

Now that, thanks to *Punch*, the Spiritualists have found their occupation gone in London, we almost wonder that they do not try their luck across the Border, and see what business (and believers) they could do in Edinburgh, or any other place where the Thistle is the crest. It may be that the Scotch are too far North and canny to be taken in and done as many Southerns have been lately by spiritual conjuring and clairvoyant second-sight. We, indeed, can scarcely picture a party of cool, cautious, calculating Scotchmen, sitting gravely round a table and expecting it to move. Such a process would at best be deemed a waste of time, with the risk, nay, utter certainty, of being made a fool of, from both of which results the mind of a shrewd Scotchman instinctively would shrink. Yet, that Spirit influence is largely felt in Scotland, this extract from a Parliamentary return will surely show:—

"While England, with its 20,000,000 of people, consumed 17,000,000 gallons of spirits last year, Scotland, with its 3,000,000 of population, took 5,600,000; and Ireland, with perhaps only its 6,000,000 of inhabitants, very nearly that precise number of gallons; so that in England we do not take quite a gallon of spirits a year apiece, but Scotland drinks the deficiency for us, so as to bring the consumption of the United Kingdom up to about that rate."

Clearly, no one who reads this will doubt that there are lots of people now in Scotland who are once a-week, at least, under the influence of spirits. Instances of second-sight, or of persons who see double, are by no means rare in London on occasions, such for instance, as a Southwark Election; but they must certainly occur much more frequently in Scotland, where the spirits yearly called from the vasty deep of whiskey-cellars, are at a double rate per throttle to what they are with us. We may add, to show our learning, that DR. DEE and other ancients raised spirits by the aid of what they called a Magic Crystal, whereas, in our more modern time, no magic is required, and a common piece of glass suffices amply for the purpose. Merely with the aid of an ordinary wine-glass, any Scotchman can raise spirits as high up as his lips, which everybody knows is a sufficient elevation for anyone whose aim is simply to get elevated.

Adieu to the Empress.

(For the "Moniteur.")

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH quitted London for Paris on Wednesday last, by the South Eastern Railway, saluted with an ovation.

Her Imperial Majesty was attended on the platform by an enthusiastic multitude, and a large number of illustrious personages, at the head of whom was *Mr. Punch.*

EUGÉNIE took her departure amid cries of *Ourée! Vive la France! Vive la Crinoline!*

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XLI.—BIDS ADIEU TO HENRY THE SEVENTH AND AU REVOIR TO HENRY THE EIGHTH.

FLUTED ARMOUR, TEMP. HENRY THE SEVENTH. FROM A SUIT IN MR. PUNCH'S COLLECTION.

THE first of these two sovereigns was peaceful, we are told, because he was penurious; and the other was less famous for fighting than for flirting. It is therefore not surprising that, however much the civil costume may have changed, we find in neither of their reigns much novelty to notice in the military equipment. As the royal fingers failed to give the necessary fillip to it, the armourers no doubt found their trade grow somewhat slack; and so long as their old stock remained upon their hands, it is not very likely that they troubled their heads much to think of new improvements.

It seems childish to inquire whether it was because the knights were fond of playing the flute, that their armour in these days was generally fluted. But inquiries as ridiculous have ere now formed the subject of the learnedest discussion, and the point which we have mooted may for aught we know be used as a sort of mental pickaxe to bring to light long-buried and most interesting facts. Whatever were its cause, however, fluting became generally adopted at this period, and all parts of the armour were more or less thus decorated. That the beauty of the ornament might not be obscured, the tabard, or emblazoned surcoat, was discarded; the arms or badges which it bore being in some cases engraved upon the armour. An instance of this is shown in the suit which was presented by the EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN to KING HENRY THE EIGHTH, by way of souvenir upon his marriage with KATHARINE OF ARRAGON,* whose badges are engraved with those of her bad husband, their initials being united by a true lover's knot. Such of our young readers as in their Christmas holidays may have their minds improved, by being taken to the Tower, should beg the beefeater to pause in his rapid act of showmanship, and give them time to get their breath before this interesting suit. It has the credit of being the best specimen existing of the period now under notice, and must especially command the admiration of the ladies when they remember the occasion for which it was expressly made. Besides the badges and initials, it is tastily adorned with engravings which are chosen from the Lives of the Saints; an ornament as fitting to our virtuous KING BLUEBEARD, as is the decoration of the true lover's knots.

The enormous elbowpieces which were worn in the last reign were pretty nearly out of fashion in the time of HENRY THE SEVENTH, and the sword which had been slung in front for a brief period, was now restored to its usual place as a side-arm. To guard the neck from lance-pokes, plates which were called passe-gardes were appended to the shoulders, rising perpendicularly on each side of the head, and giving wearers somewhat the appearance of the Quakers, who used to show that they belonged to a stiff-necked generation by the way in which their coat-collars were cut so as to stand up. For further shield, the helmet was frequently provided with flexible and overlapping plates or ribs of steel, which fell upon the neck; so that the blow that is in schoolboy parlance called a "rabbiter," could have hardly caused much hurt if given only with the fist. The helmets for the most part took the shape of the head, and had sometimes a serrated ridge upon the summit, looking not unlike the coxcomb worn by many of our Clowns. Somewhat in the fashion of the hats of the civilians, they were adorned with an extremely long and flowing plume of feathers, inserted in a pipe just where a pigtail would have sprouted, and streaming down the back sometimes below the waist. It is stated by authorities whose truth we dare not question, that these helmets were called burgonets, because they came from Burgundy: an assertion which seems scarcely more supported by the words, than if we said that trousers were commonly so called because they came from Troy.

As presenting a good picture of the armour of this period, we may direct the nation's notice to the brass of "RICHARD GYLL, late Sergeant of the Bakehouse,* wyth KYNG HENRY THE VII., and also wyth KYNG HENRY THE VIII." This old worthy died in the year 1511, the second of the reign of his latter king and master, and his brass is still preserved in the church of Shottesbrooke, Hampshire, which it may be he enriched with some few handfuls of his tin. From this figure it will be seen that the sollerets, or steel shoes, were worn no longer with long toes, but had them broad and rounded instead of coming to a point. The passe-gardes we have mentioned are also clearly visible, and notice should be taken of the horizontal plates, called taces, extending from the breastplate to protect the hips. As we have seen in the last reign, two small pointed plates, called tuilles, are affixed by straps in front to the lowest of the taces, so as to give a further protection to the thigh; and underneath them there is visible a short tunic of mail, which, we thus learn, still continued in military use. In this respect, however, SERJEANT GYLL was certainly old-fashioned in his dress; for instead of tuilles and taces, skirts of steel, which were called lamboys, were coming into vogue as being more convenient. These lamboys (a name doubtless corrupted from *lambeaux*) were narrow plates of steel which hung in fluted folds, covering the body from the waist to the knee, and looking at a distance not unlike a highland kilt.

BURGONET. TEMP. HENRY THE EIGHTH. SUPPOSED TO BE THE IDENTICAL ONE WHICH FELL INTO THE COURT-YARD OF THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO.

CAPTAIN OF HEAVY DRAGOONS. TEMP. HENRY THE EIGHTH. WITH THE STEEL PETTICOAT OF THOSE DAYS.

They are shown in a small way on the Great Seal of HENRY THE EIGHTH, which represents him seated on a prancing wooden rocking-

* We often read of presents being made of armour, and had the mania for giving Testimonials existed, doubtless beadles and Lord Mayors, and other public benefactors would have been presented with a neat suit of plate armour, just as now-a-days they are with a neat service of plate.

* In the next course of Law Lectures delivered in Lincoln's Inn, we trust that full light will be thrown upon this ancient office, and that students will learn how the "Sergeant of the Bakehouse" was officially connected with the Master of the Rolls.

horse, brandishing with his right hand a formidable sword, and having quite a forest of feathers at his back.

With regard to the arms which were used chiefly at this period, we reserve for the present a particular description, and content ourselves with merely noticing the fact, that the arquebus was introduced about this time, being an improvement on the hand-cannon, or gonne, invented in the reign of KING EDWARD THE FOURTH. Its novelty consisted in having a sort of lock with a cock to hold the match; and that this appliance was suggested by the cross-bow, may be reasonably inferred from the name of arc-a-bouche, which the Britannic tongue, of course, soon corrupted into arquebus. It seems the military authorities were not much quicker then than now in adopting innovations, for we find that though the arquebus and other firearms had come in, the ancient bow and arrows had not yet gone out. When that formidable body, the Yeomen of the Guard, were established in the year 1485, they were armed half with the bow and the others with the arquebus; just as until *Punch* brought his cudgel into play, part of our army had the rifle, while the others were left harmless by being armed with old Brown Bess. The parallel, however, is not quite correctly drawn, for the first fire-arms were scarcely an improvement on the bow; indeed, what with their clumsiness and aptitude to kick, we may doubt if they were much in favour with the troops. Bows, however, had been brought to a very perfect state, as even the best shots among our riflemen must own, when they read of hitting bullseyes at three hundred yards range, and splitting rival arrows by striking on their notch.

DANCING CHRISTIANS.

HERE are people to whose mouths the Early Closing Movement had need to be applied, to prevent their doing damage to the doctrines they whole-hoggishly endeavour to support. Such a person is a recent correspondent to the *Record*, who, in giving his opinion upon "Social Amusements," denounces dancing as a devilish and irreligious practice:—

"I fear that many a so-called Christian will set me down for an ascetic, because I condemn *in toto* this fascinating but ensnaring amusement. . . Whatever may be said of dancing, abstractedly, as an innocent and healthful recreation, it is a well-known fact that praying dancers have never yet made their appearance in this world; the species is altogether unknown. An earnest humble spiritually minded dancing Christian is a phenomenon not yet brought to light. Apologise for the practice as we will, all evidence tells us that Satan has never yet devised a better instrument than dancing for filling the heart and mind with every principle opposed to the religion of the Bible."

There is a smack of strained facetiousness in the idea of "praying dancers," which makes us doubt whether the writer intended to be serious in the rest of his remarks. Indeed, the levity with which such persons often treat the most solemn of subjects would sadly shock a sinner, though it might not offend a "saint." That there are dancing dervishes everybody knows—except the gentleman who states that they "have not yet made their appearance;" and that there are Christians who are capable of dancing and likewise of being devout, each at the right season, nobody, save fools or fanatics, can doubt.

As to calling dancing an invention of the devil, and saying that "all evidence" proves it is opposed to the religion of the Bible, we know that general assertions are generally fallacious, and "all evidence," if sifted, might turn out none at all. That dancing *may* do harm, under some conditions, we are ready to admit. For instance, at Casinos it becomes a recreation neither innocent nor healthful; and the sooner such ensnaring places are abolished, the better will it be for the morals of our sons. But to confound such dens of vice with virtuous English drawing-rooms is to slander the fair name of every lady in the land. The mind that can see evil in the exercise of dancing as practised in society at the present day, must be morbidly alive to the terrors of the evil one, and dead to the enjoyment of any healthy pleasure. We know that there are men who are so weak in will that they dare not drink one drop of wine lest they be tempted to get drunk; and similarly imbecile are they who dare not enter the most innocent enjoyment for fear it should excite them to plunge headlong into vice. They see peril and temptation where purer eyes see none; and as they pass their lives in looking out for sin, for their credit's sake they feel they ought to find it omnipresent. We, who hold a healthier faith, maintain that there is far more good in life than evil: and a much less rare phenomenon than a Christian who can dance, we hold to be a so-called "saint" who can keep his tongue from slandering, and his heart from thinking badly of his fellow-creatures.

THE BUMPKIN AMONG THE BEASTICES.

My dwellun is in the Zouth-West countree,
Wherein I farms zome yeacres o' ground;
I heer'd of an ox as there was to zee
In Lundun, nine foot four inches round.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

Zo up to Town I resolved to go,
To ha a look into the Cattle Show,
And zee that there live mountun o' beef.
'Tis a zayun of old that zight 's belief.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

Straightways to Lundun Town I come,
Havun left the old ooman whilst I was gone,
To look arter the men and the maaids at whoam,
And to mind and observe how things went on.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

Well, off I started droo Temple Bar;
And thence I manidged to rache Long Yeacre.
Then I blunder'd on to the Hoss Bazaar,
Turnun out o' a street o' the neam o' Baker.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

And there I zee the wonderful ox,
Which I couldu't believe until I zeed un,
And all the pride of the herds and vlocks,
As won the prizus for beauty and breedun.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

I zeed the machines for tillun the earth,
Which zum on um was to me a puzzle.
For my shillun I got a shillun's worth,
What wi' Swedes and coal-rabby and mangle-wuzzle.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

But of all the picturs as there I zaw,
I wus pleased wi' the pigs the most of any,
Lyun snortun and squeakun among the straw,
As fat as butter and clean as a penny.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

How 'tis to be a pig! I cries,
The zight must meak our labourers jealous.
To be sure they must envy them swine their styes,
Which is palaces like to their homes, poor fellers.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

'Tis a credit to fat up hogs that big,
And to keep um that clean and sweet and pleasant,
But if you meaks so much of a pig,
You med meak zummut more than you do of a peasant.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

An Explanation Quite as Good as any Other.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, who for some time held a good appointment in the Admiralty, has been kind enough to send us the following:—

Why are there so many deserters in the British Navy?

The reason is plain—no man gets his proper desert in it, and so he goes elsewhere to seek it.

Bravo, BERNAL! We shall be happy to hear from you again.

Free Soil all Over.

IN the United States the North and South seem to be resolving themselves, on the Slavery question, into absolutely opposite poles. Could not they compromise the matter in dispute by a mutual arrangement in which both sides would engage to concede something to the demands of Liberty? Suppose the South consented to accept Negro Emancipation, whilst the North agreed to adopt Free Trade?

A DEPLORABLE MISTAKE.

IT is no end of pities that MR. BECKETT DENISON'S name is EDMUND. Why wasn't it WILLIAM? His friends would have been sure to have called him, if it was only for the abstract of the thing—*Will.*

LA MODE.

Rude Boy. "OH, IF 'ERE AIN'T A GAL BEEN AND PUT ON A DUSTMAN'S 'AT!"

MUSKETS FOR THE MILLION.

ARM, brave Italians, arm now while you can.
No tyrant your freedom could stifle,
If all your young fellows were armed, every man,
And each a dead shot with the Rifle.

Soon from fair Venice you then might expel
The Austrian whippers of women,
You being such marksmen as Switzerland's TELL,
But weapons superior to him in.

Then you the French might invite to go home:
Perhaps they would go ere invited.
Unity's banner would float over Rome,
And Italy's wrongs would be righted.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

THE KING OF NAPLES is still continuing the game of *Prisoners' Base* that he has been playing now for some considerable time. He has had a good long innings, but we do not see how he can avoid being eventually turned out. He would not have kept in so long as he has done, if he had not had the French on his side. However, we must in fairness compliment the King on his admirable running. Very few BOURBONS, quick as they are in that respect, could have done it better. The game of FERDINAND *v.* UNITED ITALY promises to be one of the most interesting in the Italian *Bell's Life* of popular sports and amusements. The only regret is that GARIBALDI, who, at one time, had the whole field to himself, should have retired at so early a period from the game.

An Unexpected Return.

WE have the greatest pleasure in congratulating MR. SMITH O'BRIEN upon his sudden return to reason. The return is all the more welcome, as it was totally unexpected by any one of his friends, the Honourable Member not having given to a single soul the slightest intimation of his happy recovery. Every one was taken by surprise, and no one more so than ourselves.

IN THE NAME OF HIGH-ART!

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,

"MY hair stood on end eight days ago (and has ever since obstinately refused to lie down) as I read in last week's *Spectator*, in a review of a New History of EDWARD THE FIRST, the following passage, for which I can only find the epithet 'Outrageous:'—

"'In a credulous age fictions will grow up; but in an incredulous age why should they be repeated? We would ruthlessly extirpate all 'graceful fancies' and 'beautiful legends' from history, making them over to the poets, to whom they properly belong. When they are admitted as *facts* into the historian's page, they sometimes falsify and pervert reality to a degree that justifies any amount of indignation. *Among these picturesque lies, we believe*, are now included the story of ROSAMOND and her Bower; the story of ELEANOR's heroism in drawing the poison from EDWARD'S wound; the tale of QUEEN PHILIPPA and the Citizens of Calais; the murder of the Bards; the tale of CANUTE, &c. &c."

"Really, *Mr. Punch*, it is difficult to retain one's patience at such profanity. Is the senseless miscreant who penned the above, blind to the fact, that if there *be* incidents in history which come home to men's businesses and bosoms, they are precisely those which he has the impudence here to describe as 'picturesque lies?' Is he not aware that they are exactly the subjects invariably selected by our historical painters (from the Royal Academicians upwards) for their illustrations of the History of England? Does he not know, or must I tell him, that at the great competition of the cartoons in Westminster Hall, there were no less than four ELEANORS, three PHILIPPAS and six CANUTES sent in? Need I inform him, that there is no Exhibition of the Royal Academy but has treatments of these soul-inspiring subjects sent in by the score—though the majority of them are, of course, rejected by the venal stupidity of the council? Will he allow me to state that I have myself in my own studio (102, Newman Street, first-floor bell) at this moment, designs for these very five incidents—with CARACTACUS, ALFRED founding Trial by Jury, ditto Burning Cake, and Discovery of the body of HAROLD)—as portions of my series of colossal subjects from the History of England, intended for the decoration of Westminster Hall, so soon as the direction of the Fine Arts of this country is transferred from the hands of an irresponsible German-ridden clique, and a toad-eating, tuft-hunting Academy, to men capable of discovering and rewarding real genius? And am I to be told that facts on which my youthful imagination has feasted—I designed a PHILIPPA and Citizens of Calais in their shirts, at thirteen, in chalk on the garden palings (which excited the astonishment of all who saw it till erased by a brutal and soulless incoming tenant)—occurrences which have employed the research of a GOLDSMITH, the picturesqueness of a PINNOCK, and the glowing periods of a HUME and SMOLLETT—actions which have inspired the pencils of our noblest painters from the gigantic but ill-requited FOGGO, down to the writer of this letter, whose name, though not yet inscribed in the scroll of fame, cannot, I feel, long be excluded from its place there, by any efforts of fashionable namby-pambyism, or titled and salaried imbecility—am I to be told that these subjects are 'picturesque lies?'

"On what, I ask, is the Historic Art of this country to feed, if these favourite themes of its glowing aspirations are to be rudely snatched from its lips by the daring pen of hebdomadal insolence, or crushed under the audacious hoof of Germanising rationalistic criticism?

"I trust, *Mr. Punch*, that in signalising such un-English irreverence for all that truly historic and artistic minds hold most dear, I am ensuring a universal and overpowering protest from the national heart, to which no louder or more emphatic utterance can be given than by instantly subscribing for the production—by line engraving in the best manner at £10 10*s.* artist proofs before letters; £5 5*s.* ordinary proofs; and £3 3*s.* selected impressions of each subject—of my colossal series of designs from English History, above adverted to, and which are always on view at my studio at the address already given, but which I subjoin for the convenience of your numerous readers.

"I have the honour to remain, your faithful servant,

"MICHAEL ANGELO MAULSTICK, S.B.A."

102, Newman Street (First-floor bell).

Our Court Circular.

WE have not the slightest regret in stating that the KING OF NAPLES is still confined to his castle in which he has been laid up now for some time. He is suffering from a violent blow dealt to him by one GARIBALDI on his crown. His recovery is extremely uncertain—almost as uncertain, we should say, as the recovery of his throne.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, December 22, 1860.

SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

AUDACIOUS JOHN J. PETTUS, the Governor of slave-holding and repudiating Mississippi, in his Message to the State Legislature, makes the following proposal, among other suggestions for organising rebellion:

"I recommend that a coat of arms be adopted for the State of Mississippi."

There's chivalry for you. The like of it has been seen since the Crusades, but not since the extinction of the British chivalrous Ministry that opposed Free Trade. Freedom was the enemy with whom the Derbyite chevaliers contended. The foe of the Mississippi chevaliers is also Freedom. Our native knighthood struggled against commercial liberty. Their brethren of the American order are contending against the liberty of man. Such sons of chivalry ought, by all means, to have a coat of arms; as the Commandant of the Mississippi branch or chapter of the order rightly suggests. A slave-owner rampant azure, on a field argent, between a nigger sable, fettered, at work, and an Abolitionist proper preaching on a stump of the same. Crest: a cowhide, gules. This blazonry would, perhaps, meet the necessities of the case, and answer the requirements of Transatlantic heraldry. The motto of the Mississippi shield might be *Fiat Injustitia, ruat Cœlum.*

The conclusion of knight-errant SIR JOHN J. PETTUS's address is a fine specimen of the knightly faith and devotion characteristic of his peculiar order of knighthood:—

"Can we hesitate, when one bold resolve, bravely executed, makes powerless the aggressor, and one united effort makes safe our homes? May the God of our fathers put it into the hearts of the people to make it."

The Crusaders invoked ST. MARY when they charged the Saracen or rushed to the slaughter of any other fellow-men. Bolder in blaspheming is the champion of slavery.

PUNCH AND PLAUTUS AT WESTMINSTER PLAY.

WHEN *Mr. Punch*, a year ago, complained of having to pass Christmas without going to Westminster Play, he felt sure that the authorities would pay due heed to his complaint; and he begs now to remind "Old Westminsters" in general that it is to him their thanks are mainly due, for reviving an old custom which was threatened with disuse. "All work and no Play" was about to be adopted as the maxim of the School, when, happily, the just wrath of *Mr. Punch* was aroused, and by a timely word of warning he saved many a future JACK from becoming a dull boy through the fate that seemed impending. *Mr. Punch*, who is all modesty, would not have hinted at this fact, but that there are people who are painfully unconscious of it, and who, when "*See, the Conquering Hero comes,*" was played the other evening upon *Mr. Punch's* entrance (arm-in-arm with his good friend the Head-master of the School), were not aware that it was to the former learned gentleman that the compliment was paid, for his bravery in conquering the giants Whim and Prejudice, who had succeeded, for a time, in prohibiting the Play.

Could old PLAUTUS have obtained leave of absence from the Shades, and brought his opera-glass to Westminster, for a look at his *Trinummus*, he would somewhat have been puzzled to recognise his offspring, so much was it improved and so decent was its dress. JUSTUS LIPSIUS, the reader knows, called PLAUTUS the Tenth Muse; but it is not every one would echo JUSTUS LIPSIUS, who might rather be called SLIPSIUS, for having made so great a slip. Were PLAUTUS to write now, his jokes would not be listened to in any decent society, and their point would scarcely even be thought sharp enough to do for a burlesque. The wit of the old playwright is a great deal more remarkable for breadth than for its depth; and, in spite of their good scholarship, it would puzzle the young Westminsters to translate his plays entire, if their mothers or their sisters asked them so to do. It must, however, be remembered that, in the classic age, the world was not yet blest with the presence of its *Punch*, and had therefore not yet learned the lesson he has taught,—that it is possible to be most exquisitely funny without offending either good morals or good taste.

"'Tis sixty years since" (to quote the title-page of *Waverley*) a play of PLAUTUS has been played before a British audience; and, clearly, the revival must not pass unnoticed in the columns of so classical a journal as is *Punch*. But space is here so precious, that an inch or two is all which can be spared to tell the universe that, thanks to a judicious use of the pruning-knife, the *Trinummus* has been fitted for the modern stage, and acted with such success, that *Punch* really half expected to hear the cry of "Author!" raised at the conclusion, and to see the ghost of PLAUTUS bowing his acknowledgment from a private box. The old man eloquent, *Charmides*, the comic servant, *Stasimus*, the good young man, *Lysiteles*, and the *Charles Surface Lesbonicus*, carried on their conversation with such extreme vivacity, that one could hardly believe one's ears were hearing a dead language; while many a "heavy father" of the trans-Thamesian stage might have fitly learned a lesson from the *Messieurs Megaronides*—a character so ponderous that it took two actors to sustain the part.

Nor can *Punch* pass the Epilogue without a word or two of praise. Especially he owns, he was tickled with the passage describing the position of Westminster School, and the privilege of its scholars to attend the House of Commons during a debate:—

"Thamesis hic refluit vitreis argenteus undis,
Et placido lintres fertque refertque sinu:
Atque ubi vicinas præterxens Curia ripas
Vertici multiplici tollit ad astra caput,
Audit quanta fori facundia, quanta Senatûs,
Discit et eloquii fingere verba puer."

The notion of its nearness to the "glassy waters" of the "silver Thames" being cited as a reason for not rusticating the School, struck *Mr. Punch* as being most deliciously facetious; and when he pictured the young Westminsters learning eloquence by listening to such speakers as the WISCOUNT, *Mr. Punch* broke out at once in such a choking fit of laughter, that all the ladies in the stalls had to pat him on the back, before he could succeed in recovering his breath.

A DISTINCTION FOR LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE.

A WHIP, we know, the Tory party needs,
Now JOLIFFE'S vigorous hand has grown enervate,
"LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE," say some, "succeeds,"
"No," says the *Press*, and hints he don't deserve it.

Now, in his Garibaldi-letter's name,
Let not LORD ROBERT'S budding fame be nipped,
His Lordship to the lash has clearly claim—
If not to whip, yet surely to be whipped.

FOLK LORE.

THE custom of putting the Yule Log on the fire at Christmas originally arose from the inclemency of the season, and the want of coals. It is now practised chiefly in places where coals are dearer than wood, for the purpose of saving them.

Mistletoe was suspended from the roof-tree, because it grows upon other trees, and also because of a superstition connected with it. This parasitical plant was supposed to protect children from the thrush, which feeds on its berries. The reason why mistletoe is now hung on to the ceiling is too ridiculous to be mentioned.

Holly is stuck about the house on account of the holydays.

A Capital Bad One.

IF prizes were to be given for bad conundrums, we think the following would infallibly and triumphantly win the biggest prize:—

Why is the Electric Telegraph no new invention?

Because it is precisely the Same-afore (*Semaphore*).

The prize adjudged accordingly. It is a copy of MARTIN LUTHER FARQUHAR CONGREVE TUPPER'S *Proverbial Philosophy*, bound in extra calf.

Finished HIM Off.

IMPROMPTU by *Mr. Punch*, on his being asked to read MR. GILPIN'S speech:—

CHARLES GILPIN is a Minister
Of credit nor renown;
And what he says on any point
Is not worth writing down.

A FEE SIMPLE.—The guinea given to a homœopathic physician.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XLII.—IN WHICH WE TAKE ANOTHER SIGHT AT KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

HENRY THE EIGHTH. FROM A RARE PORTRAIT BY WHOLESINE. IN THE PUNCH COLLECTION.

BLUFF KING HAL, the British Bluebeard, whose more flattering appellation was "The Rose without a Thorn,"* is known to people who read history before they were at school from the picture books containing his "livelie effigy," taken from the woodcut which was done by his own artist, and which affords us a fair sample of the drawings of the time. The portraits of kings previous, wherewith our histories are furnished, are all as vague and visionary, and almost as much alike, as the ghosts seen by *Macbeth*. Indeed, so strong is the resemblance between their "gold-bound brows," that one feels tempted to exclaim, with him, "Why do you show me this?" It is a pity that the pliant and retentive mind of childhood should be stamped with such absurdly false impressions of our sovereigns; and some time or other, when we have a month's leisure (a period which may arrive when they have paid the Delhi prize-money, and put up NELSON'S lions, and the monument to WELLINGTON in the Cathedral of St. Paul), we mean to write a *Book of British History for Babies*, in which the kings shall all be dressed in the costume of the period, their portraits being copied with the utmost pains and nicety, from photographs supposed to have been taken from the life.

HALL, the noted chronicler, who lived in the sixteenth century, thus describes KING HARRY'S "get-up" at a banquet held at Westminster in the first year of his reign, which, our readers may remember, was the nineteenth of his age:—

"Hys Majesty dyd wear shorte garments reaching but little beneath ye pointes, of blew velvet and crymosyne, with long sleeves, all cut and lyned with cloth of gold, and ye utter (i.e. outer) parts of ye garments powdered with castles and sheafes of arrowes (the badges of his Queen, CATHERINE) of fyne dokett (ducat) golde; the upper part of the hosen of like sewte and facion; the nether parts of scarlet, powdered with tymbrelles of fine golde. On hys head was a bonnet of damaske silvre, flatte woven in ye stoll, and thereupon wrought with golde and ryche feathers in it."

The sovereign clearly thought no small change of himself when he carried on his person such a lot of gold and silver. But it was not merely by the richness of his dress that the young monarch displayed his love of being in the fashion. The "shorte garments of blew velvet" were a recent innovation, probably from Paris, at least, if we may trust to the authority of SHAKSPEARE, who makes *Sir Thomas Lovell* quote a proclamation, bidding all the travelled gallants of the Court, that they must—

> "leave these remnants
> Of fool and feather, that they got in France, * * *
> (Out of a foreign wisdom) renouncing clean,
> The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
> Short blistered breeches, and those types of travel."

These breeches extended to the middle of the thigh, and were slashed and stuffed and puffed so as to give a rather swollen appearance to the hips. They were made of velvet, silk, and satin, coloured and embroidered cloths, or gold and silver stuffs, and were attached by points or laces to the doublet, just as small boys used to have their trousers buttoned to their jackets, when they wore those frightful "roley-poley" suits. Properly, these breeches were called a "pair of hose;" a name which must not be confounded with the long close-fitting stockings which covered the remainder of the leg down to the feet. The writers of the time not being so in fear of critics as they might be now, applied the term of "hose" to either of these garments, and have thereby greatly puzzled the wise heads of many antiquaries. We must, however, caution people against fancying that the stockings which were worn beneath the hose were a whit like what we buy as hose, or stockings, now-a-days. In an inventory of the Royal wardrobe (kings were much more careful then than even commoners are now, we think, for we know no one who would dream of keeping a Best Clothes list), we find an entry of "A yarde and a quarter of grene velvet for stocks to a payr of hose for ye king's grace," and another of the same quantity of "purpul satin to cover ye stocks of a payr of hose of purpul cloth of gold tissue for the kynge."

The first use of the word "waistcoat" occurs in an inventory towards the close of this reign, and the garment which it designated was made apparently to supersede the stomacher and placard, which had been previously worn as a protection to the chest. The waistcoat, like an ostler's, had a pair of sleeves, but, unlike an ostler's, was made of rich materials, such as "cloth of silver, quilted with black silk, and tuffed out with fine camerike," as cambric was then called. It was worn under the doublet, but was visible, no doubt, through the slitterings and slashings wherewith all the upper garments were disfigured at this period. Illustrating this queer fashion, CAMDEN, in his *Remaines*, tells a "merrie jeste" anent a shoemaker of Norwich, who was named JOHN DRAKES, and deserved, as we shall see, to have been called a goose! Of this worthy we are told that—

"Coming to a tailor's and finding some French tawney clothe which had there been sent to be made into a gowne for one SIR PHILIP CALTHORP, he dyd take a fancy to ye colour, and dyd ordere ye taylour to buy as much of ye same stuff and make a gowne for him precisely of ye fashion of ye knight's. SIR PHILIP, coming to be measured, dyd spy this piece of clothe and dyd ask ye snip who was ye knave that ordered it. 'JOHN DRAKES,' replied ye tailor, 'and hee will have it made ye selsame facion as your own.' 'Well, well,' growled ye knight, 'so in good time be it. I will have mine as full of cuts as thy shears can make it.' Both garments being finished according to ye order, ye shoemakere on seeing his was slashed almost to shreds dyd begin to swere most lustilee, but said to him ye taylor, 'I have done but what you bade me, for as SIR PHILIP'S gowne is even soe have I made yours.' 'By my latchet!' groaned ye cobblere, 'I will stick to my old clothes, then, and will never seek to dress as a gentleman again.'"

The gown which is here mentioned was worn over the doublet, and was a short garment with sleeves, stuffed and puffed so as to give a great breadth to the shoulders. These sleeves were made detached, and were fastened on by means of points or buttons, the latter often being of the finest gold, begemmed with pearls and precious stones. The words jacket, coat, and jerkin were indifferently applied by way of synonym for gown; and we find in the king's inventories mention made of several descriptions of coats, such as long coats* and short coats, demi-coats and tunic coats, riding coats and walking coats, leather coats and coats with skirts, which show the gown or coat was capable of change in cut. Judging from his clothes' lists, King Bluebeard must have been as fond of changing coats as he was of changing wives, and we can fancy how he used to call upon his tailor, and order "some more coats," in the manner of the exquisite who, to pass an idle hour, used to dawdle about town, and order "some more gigs."

COSTUME OF THE NOBILITY. TEMP. HENRY THE EIGHTH.

To finish our description, we may add that shirts were worn by those who could afford them, a qualification which an Act of Parliament defined to be the having of an income of a hundred marks a year. They (we mean the shirts) were embroidered very frequently with either silk, or gold or silver, and were made plain or plaited, which was then called "pinched." Cloaks and mantles are described by HALL of wondrous great magnificence, the former being sometimes slung baldrick-wise across the chest, so as not to hide the gorgeous undergarments. Slashed shoes of velvet, with very broad round toes, making their wearers look as though they had the gout, are the form of pedal envelope peculiar to this period; and—to jump from toe to top—the broad slouched hat of HENRY THE SEVENTH, with its gigantic peacock's-tail-like spreading plume of feathers, gave place in this reign to a small flat cap or bonnet, which looked like a smashed gibus, and was adorned with a single ostrich feather at the side. We may add, too,

* This title HENRY gained on coming to the throne, being then, says SNOOKE, "in ye flowere of hys youth, and not having shewed hys thorne by sticking it intoe people in ye shape of taxes." The words were out of compliment stamped upon his coin: just as "PUNCH PROTECTOR" should have been on the new penny.

* It seems from this that long coats were not solely the distinction of the clergy, as might be inferred from the *Earl of Surrey's* speech to *Cardinal Wolsey*, which doubtless every play-goer must quite well recollect:—

> "By my soul,
> *Your long coat, priest, protects you: thou should'st feel*
> *My sword i' the life-blood of thee else!"*

that while the face was either shaved or not, according to the pleasure or the nature of its owner, the hair upon the head was compulsorily cropped; for King Bluebeard (who perhaps was blessed with a short crop) issued the most peremptory orders to his Court, that the long hair which had been in fashion in his father's time should be worn no longer. How the Absaloms of the period relished this new edict, history omits to state; but we think they must have gone as regretful to the polling-place as an elector who is voting to oblige his Tory landlord, and has therefore to decline a liberal offer for his vote.

☞ *With this Chapter* MR. PUNCH *closes, for the present, his History of Costume. This he is impelled to do purely by the fear lest he should overwhelm his readers with the mass of erudition he has weekly been imparting to them.* MR. PUNCH, *however, hopes ere many volumes pass, to give a second course of lectures on the subject: to which completing series, all the pupils he has had, will be privileged to subscribe, as will any body else who is competent to pay for it.*

CHARACTER OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

A LEADING article in the *Morning Post* contains the alarming statement subjoined:—

"It is no doubt more difficult to maintain discipline in the British than in the Continental armies, for this among other reasons—that for the most part the man who enlists in the British army is in general, as the DUKE OF WELLINGTON said, 'the most drunken and probably the worst man of the trade or profession to which he belongs, or of the village or town in which he lives.'"

If this declaration of the great Duke's still holds true, we are in a bad way. We have an army consisting of blackguards, whom we have no Iron Duke to keep in order, though the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE seems to manage them pretty well. The above-quoted passage relative to the components of the British Army quite surprises us. We thought the British soldier enjoyed the certainty of three meals a day, well cooked; was housed in warm but well ventilated barracks, provided with clean and comfortable dormitories, in which the married men were all separated from the single—dormitories furnished with every convenience. We believed that the soldiers were clothed and armed, as well as fed, wholly and entirely at the public expense, which would fully account for the Income-Tax. In addition to all gratuitous necessaries, and some comforts, equally free, we imagined them to be in the receipt of a daily shilling pocket-money. If it is indeed still true that, for the most part, the man who enlists in the British Army is not, contrarily to what the DUKE OF WELLINGTON once said, one of the best men of his trade or profession, we shall begin to think that we were mistaken in our ideas of the soldier's lot, and shall be led to fancy that he must be ill fed, ill lodged, and supplied in a great measure at his own cost, having his pay subject to various stoppages, which reduce it to a figure considerably under fourpence a day.

THE POPE AND THE BALLET.

THE Pontifical Government, according to the *Times*, allows the Roman opera 18,000 crowns a-year. A good many Peter's pence, therefore, go into the short petticoats and pink tights of the ballet-girls, unless their petticoats are as long as those of his Holiness himself, who also, like the *danseuses*, wears white satin shoes. The POPE patronises the ballet, like a good old gentleman. Fancy the Jolly Father going behind the scenes, and imparting his paternal benediction to the *coryphées* by poking them in the waist with his thumb and two first fingers.

A New Musical Movement.

WE have already had *Songs Without Words*. Now, as the words of an opera are never heard, and, moreover, as the libretto of an opera, when heard, is not, nine hundred and ninety-nine instances out of a thousand, ever worth listening to, would it not be a great gain to have an *Opera Without Words?* No one would miss the absence of the latter, and the omission might probably be an additional inspiration to the composer, inasmuch as he would not be hampered by the nonsense to which he is generally called upon to wed immortal music. The public would gain largely on that score.

The New Bishop.

"A GOOD appointment? No, it's not,"
Said old beer-drinking PETER WATTS,
"At Worcester one but hears 'PHIL-POT,'
At generous Exeter, 'PHIL-POTS.'"

A Rale Splitting Compliment.

IT is not often we pay compliments, especially to Americans, but we confess we do like complimenting an honest man, when by chance we meet with one. We suggest, therefore, with great pride and pleasure, that the White House at Washington should change its name, and henceforth—out of honour to the President elect, and as a graceful record commemorating his election—be called LINCOLN'S Inn.

SEASONABLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW BRONZE COINAGE? If you have, you may perhaps be interested to know that it was struck expressly to assist the British public in receiving pleasant change when they are buying *Punch's Almanack*. For a shilling tendered over the counter of the Punch Office you may obtain three *Almanacks* (no family can do with less) and get three, six, or a dozen of the elegant bronze medals of HER MAJESTY supplied to you, according as you wish your change in farthings, halfpennies, or pence.

THE BEST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS is clearly *Punch's Almanack*, for it contains a feast of all the "good things" of the season, which will disagree with nobody, and please every taste.

HUSBANDS, IF YOU BEAT YOUR WIVES, you should be kept on water gruel, and not allowed to get a sight at *Punch's Almanack*, until it is found that you have no strength left to laugh at it. A harsher punishment than this it would puzzle the invention of a Chinese to suggest.

IS LAUGHING INJURIOUS? Because if it is, the publishers of *Punch's Almanack* have a great deal to answer for. It can be proved by the most reliable statistics that more laughing has been caused by this mirthful publication than by all the jest books and *Joe Millers* that ever have been written, and all the Christmas games and pantomimes that ever have been played for amusement at this festive and facetious season.

DO YOU BRUISE YOUR OATS YET? Many who are asked this question will return the stupid answer; "No, but we cut our corns." A certain cure for these bad jokes is supplied by *Punch's Almanack*, which, in addition to its gallery of pictures (any one of which is worth all that REMBRANDT, RUBENS, VANDYKE, TITIAN, CLAUDE, SALVATOR ROSA, POTTER, CUYP, or TINTORETTO ever painted) contains above a million model jests to study from, any one of which would make the instant fortune of a writer of burlesques.

NO PASSPORT REQUIRED by purchasers of *Punch's Almanack!!* On and after Tuesday next the possession of this interesting and invaluable work (which may be bought at all the railways for the trifling sum of Threepence) will entitle British subjects to land and stay in France without hindrance or inquiry by the gens d'armes or police. One trial will prove the fact. Millions selling daily! Be in time!! Be in time!!!

"IS YOUR HEART IN THE HIGHLANDS?" If so, you ought certainly to purchase *Punch's Almanack;* where, besides a thousand other things that will amuse you, you will see how your friend BRIGGS went out Deer Stalking in Scotland, and came to grief as funnily as you might do yourself.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIOUS WHISKERS? Then by all means buy a hundred dozen copies of the *Almanack*, and distribute them with barrels of oysters to your friends. Far better spend your money rationally than lay it out in "balms" and beastlinesses which destroy the hair, and prevent its ever being apparent on your cheeks.

DIZZY TO THE RESCUE.

WHEN British Bucolicals cowered in dismay,
As COBDEN and PEEL struck the Corn Laws away,
Who lifted the flag they had dropped in the path,
Gave voice to their vengeance, and wit to their wrath,
Set flame to the fire that they hid in their hearts,
With poison and point tipped their impotent darts,
Though in BURKE'S *County Gentry* his name was unknown,
Though no rent-roll he showed, called no acre his own,
Though he ne'er handled ox, nor knew barley from rye?
"Who," *Vivian Grey* may ask proudly, "but I?"

And now, when the Church in alarm looks around,
When its canons are rusty, its mitres unsound,
When its synodals rive, and its articles rend,
And the garrison squabble that ought to defend,
When Neology scales e'en the citadel's walls,
And Heresy whispers in grey College Halls,
When tolerance holds to Dissenters the hand,
And Church-rates by tott'ring majorities stand,
Who springs to the helm, at the ship's deepest lurch,
And summons to quarters the crew of the Church,
Though one whom no Oxford nor Cambridge has nursed,
With orthodox swaddlings unblessed or uncursed,
Who from Abraham's bosom his nourishment drew,
In name, as in look and lineage a Jew—
Who, with alien hand the Church flag lifts on high?
"Who," *Vivian Grey* may ask proudly, "but I?"

The Political Chess-Board in America.

THE game is still going on. It is for Black to make the next move, and White is waiting with the greatest anxiety. Thousands are dependant on the result. Some say that White must win, whilst others contend just as confidently that Black, if there is anything like fair play, must sweep the board; but the knowing old players, who are up to every turn of the game, and have calmly calculated the chances on both sides, declare, without the slightest hesitation, that it will be a drawn game. Our good wishes are all on the side of White.

AN IRISH "BRADSHAW."

SCENE—Westland Row Station, Dublin.

BRITISH SWELL TO NATIVE INHABITANT. (loq.) "*Haw, haw, pray will you direct me the shortest way to Baggot Street, haw?*"

NATIVE INHABITANT. "*Bäggit Street, yer honor, yis, yer honor, d' ye see that sthreet jist forninst ye? Well, goo oop that, toorn naythor to yer right nor to yer lift, till ye khoom to the foorst toorn, and when ye khoom to the foorst toorn, don't toorn down that aythor, but walk sthrait on and that 'll lade ye to the place* Igs-actly."

SUPERCILIOUS SAXON. "*Haw, thank yaw, haw!*" (And walks off more mystified than ever.)

A CANZONET FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY A POET WHO LOOKS ALWAYS ON THE BLACK-DOSE SIDE OF THINGS.

Happy ye who gaily go
'Neath the joyous mistletoe,
Or enjoy life's giddy whirl,
Waltzing with a lively girl.

Happy ye of riper age,
Who in the dance no more engage,
But deem of Christmas joys the chief,
Its turkey, pudding, pies, and beef.

But ah! The mistletoe looks grim
When you see *her* there with *him!*
Nor is there vast delight in dancing,
When on plaguy corns you're prancing?

And ye who feast on Christmas fare,
The pangs of biliousness beware,
Lest haply one for draughts and pills
May help to swell your Christmas bills.

CIVILISATION IN RUSSIA.

THE Deuce is not so deep of dye as painters have represented him, nor are the Russians so barbarous as they are commonly supposed. Fools and bullies are discouraged from duelling as far as possible by heavy penalties. Nevertheless, a duel was fought the other day between two blockheads in the Russian army, LIEUTENANT PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF and LIEUTENANT BARON FITINGHOFF. The name of the latter fool or ruffian was, we trust, a nickname which he acquired by his fire-eating propensities. He got his bellyful this time, however: he was shot. Three other numskulls acted as seconds and participators in this affair of folly. The surviving duellist has been deprived of his orders and reduced to the ranks. The two more culpable of the seconds are imprisoned in casemated barracks, one for four and the other for six months. These are commuted sentences. The bullet-headed fools had incurred social as well as military degradation and eight years' confinement in a fortress. They manage these things in Russia better than in France, where society is at the mercy of practised assassins, whom it permits to hold a pistol to the head of anybody they may wish to murder, and demand his money or his life.

LATIN UNDER THE LASH.

A SCHOOLMASTER, in giving a boy a flogging, waited about a minute between the cuts of the rod. *Bis dat qui citò dat*, cried the victim to the tormentor.

JOHN BULL'S CHRISTMAS-BOX.

Go on only as you have been going of late,
And, NAPOLEON, you 'll get named NAPOLEON THE GREAT.
The new freedom you 've granted Debate and the Press
Is a move in the right line, JOHN BULL must confess.

Of Passports he thanks you for setting him free,
And is glad to accept from your hands a latch-key,
Right oft his vast shadow will darken your door,
Now his visit you 've rendered exempt from a bore.

In another point also he owns you 've done good;
In giving France free trade—as free as you could.
And gratitude under his great waistcoat glows,
For the Treaty of Commerce, as far as it goes.

Now if you will only recall your troops home,
And let Italy deal with Gaëta and Rome,
We shall say that you 've nobly wound up a good year,
And your health drink in claret—exchanged for our beer.

From "The Hue and Cry."

THE Pugilists boast that they often give effectual assistance to the Police. We never heard of their really doing so, until the other day, when they published a picture said to contain capital likenesses of all the habitual Patrons of the Ring.

PILLARS OF THE PAPACY.

ACCORDING to telegram:—

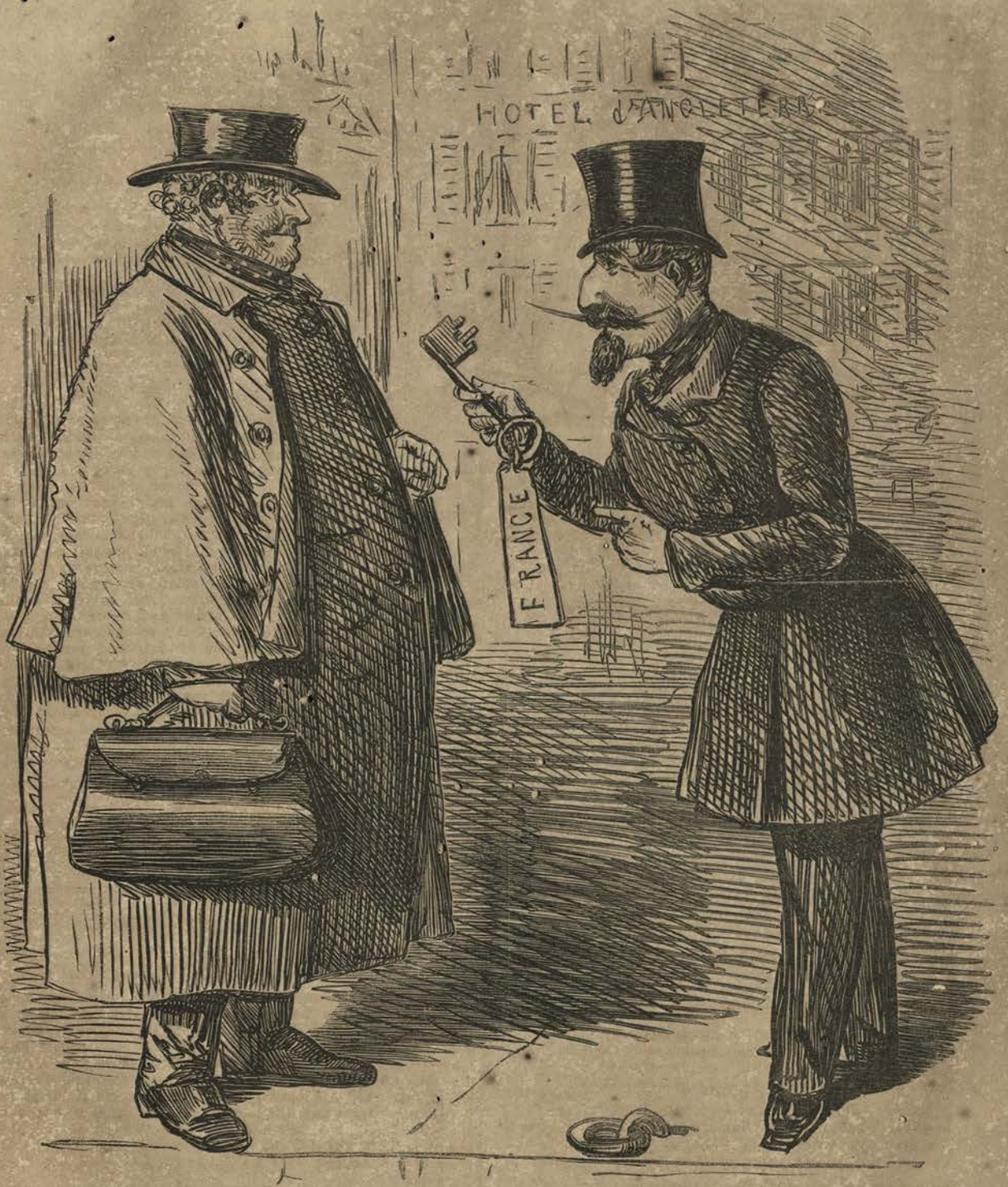
"The Pontifical Zouaves have re-entered Rome.'

Just the men to sustain the Papal chair on the points of their bayonets! The late LADY MORGAN'S revelation touching ST. PETER'S chair, showed that if PETER owned that chair, he probably bought it at some Mahometan sale, or was presented with it by a Mussulman convert; moreover, that PETER thought fit to retain the inscription on the chair, which acknowledged MAHOMET for the Prophet. As ST. PETER could not have possessed that article of furniture consistently with chronology, the fact of his chair is, of course, a miracle; and accordingly, the chair ought to support itself as well, at least, as one of MR. HOME'S tables; but, if not self-sustaining, this Ottoman-chair of PETER can have no better support than the bayonets of Zouaves.

Holy Vestments for the Church.

THE attention of every one is requested to the fact, that there exists a Society for supplying the Clergy with cast-off clothes. Please copy the address, 345, Strand. It is really the fact, and no mistake, and no joke—except at the expense of the opulent Bishops and rich Deans who permit the Society to exist.

BEST TOP-DRESSING FOR CARROTS.—ROWLANDS' Macassar.



A SENSIBLE MOVE.

EMP. "THERE, M'SIEUR BOOL! NO MORE NONSENSE ABOUT PASSPORTS. HERE'S A LATCH-KEY, AND COME AND GO WHEN YOU LIKE!"

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